

The Book of Fair Devon.

W. Martin

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THE BOOK OF FAIR DEVON.

UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION,
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SECRETARY: CHAS. R. ROWE, M.J.L.

1899—1900.

THIS BOOK IS THE
OFFICIAL INVITATION
OF THE
UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION
TO VISITORS AND OTHERS
WHO DESIRE TO
BECOME MORE THOROUGHLY
ACQUAINTED WITH
THIS BEAUTIFUL COUNTY,
SO FULL OF
HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS AND ROMANCE,
OF DELIGHTFUL SCENES,
AND UNSURPASSABLE VARIETY AND
EXCELLENCE OF CLIMATE.

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EXETER.



EXMOUTH FROM THE BEACON.

PREFACE.

This invitation to Devon is issued by the United Devon Association, an organisation recently formed for the purpose of improving the accommodation and facilities of the county of Devon as a place of residence and as a touring ground. It proposes, among other objects, to secure better means for reaching the West, and enjoying its varied and little-known attractions. It contemplates a gradual development of the means which will enable residents and visitors to move about with ease and comfort in the byways and open country, and on the sea coast.

The scenery and other attractions of Devon have afforded infinite pleasure to the comparatively limited number which has visited the West, but in these days of speedy transit, when the world is open to travellers, this Association is desirous of making better known the claims of the West to the attention of all who seek "new" pastures.

This organisation is recognised by the Lord Lieutenant of the county of Devon, by the principal county magistrates, as well as by the whole of the mayors of the boroughs, to whose exertions and co-operation it owes its existence.

This volume has been compiled by many loyal sons of Devon, to whom the thanks of the Association are due, and are here expressed. It is not possible to name all who have shared in making the volume what it is, but mention may be made of those who editorially and otherwise with pen and pencil have assisted: Rev. Canon Edmonds, B.D., Mr. Sydney Hodges, Mr. A. Gregory, Mr. W. Crossing, Mr. Edward Windeatt, Mr. F. P. S. Amery, Dr. P. Q. Karkeek, Mr. Thos. Wainwright, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Mr. Walter D. Finch, Mr. Harbottle Reed, Mr. O. Ralling, Mr. J. Fairweather, Mr. A. S. Stoneman, Mr. E. H. Micklewood, Mr. J. Blampey, Mr. W. P. Ditcham, Mr. C. Jefferd, Mr. T. Vanstone, Mr. W. H. Puddicombe, and Mr. C. Vickery.

The special subjects have been contributed as follow: "Introduction," Mr. Sydney Hodges; "The Climate of Devon," Mr. A. Chandler, F.R.M.S.; "Education," Mr. E. H. Shorto; "Flora and Natural History," Dr. E. A. S. Elliott; "Devon Water Sports," Mr. A. H. Bridson; "Sea Fishing," Mr. W. Hearder; "Hunting," "A Veteran"; "Fresh Water Fishing," Mr. Alfred Burden ("Noss Mayo," of *The Field*); "Cricket," Rev. J. H. Copleston, M.A.; "Golf," compiled by Mr. Chas. R. Rowe; "Football," Mr. Cecil R. M. Clapp; "Cycling," Mr. Herbert M. Rankilor, C.C., C.T.C.; "Devon as a Health-recovering Ground," Dr. W. Harvey; "Health Reports of Principal Towns," by the Medical Officers of Health.

For the purpose of working out the scheme the county has been divided into four sections, Central, Southern, Western, and Northern, and this volume deals with the towns and localities in accordance with this arrangement.

INTRODUCTION.

In the old days, before Messrs. Cook and Gaze had familiarised half the world with Switzerland, a sort of fraternity existed among those who had visited that wonderful land which was denied to those who had not. If two people who knew the Alps well met in a mixed assembly, and happened by chance to get on their favourite topic, they became so absorbed in their mutual experiences that they refused to talk about anything else, in spite of the protests of their friends, who naturally felt left out in the cold. Precisely the same sort of fraternity exists between all lovers of Devon. No matter whether it is the land of one's birth or only that of adoption; whether one had dwelt in it for a few years or for a lifetime, or has even only occasionally explored its beauties, the spell is on us all the same. To have seen it once is to love it, to have dwelt in it is to have added a brightness to life, and between those who know and love it there must always be a bond of union analogous to brotherhood.

Only a year or two since at Grindelwald we remember meeting with two ladies on a mountain excursion with whom our party exchanged some ordinary civilities. The day was a long one, and at times conversation languished. Presently one of our new-found acquaintances likened some passing bit of scenery to Devonshire. Then came the eager inquiry, "You know Devonshire?" "Oh, yes, well," came in response. In a moment an *entente cordiale* was established, and ten minutes after we were indulging in an outburst of Devonshire dialect, to the astonishment of the natives and the intense amusement of our friends.

And what is it that constitutes the great attraction of the country? It is difficult to specify in a few words. The charms are so many and varied. The health-giving breezes, the beauty of the women, the straightforward honesty of the men, the innate refinement even of the poorest classes, and, in addition to all this, the exquisite beauty and variety of the scenery, equalled in but few places, surpassed in none. As we write, visions of breezy hilltops clothed in the exquisite purple and gold of heather and gorse rise before our view; visions of seas of the deepest blue, reflecting clouds of swan-like whiteness; visions of leafy vales in whose depths the clearest streams sparkle and gurgle on their way to the distant sea; of rugged tors crowning the moorland heights, unchanged and majestic as in the days of creation; of white cottages nestling amid the wealth of blossoming orchards; of verdant fields whose greenery is intensified by the deep Indian red of the soil; of the thousand and one beauties that chain our hearts and make Devonshire a memory which can only cease with life.

But there must be still something apart from and beyond all these charms which wins upon the heart. Other parts of the country have grander mountain slopes, broader lakes, deeper cascades, and more stupendous precipices, but Devonshire has them *all*. There is not a feature of natural beauty which elicits the wonder and admiration of the

tourist in other parts of the country which Devonshire does not possess. It might indeed take for its motto *multum in parvo*, for all these charms are comprised within the compass of one county.

And although possessing this diversity of scenery, it is yet unlike anything else. It has a distinctive character of its own. Take for example the Dartmoor district. It is absolutely unique. A wild upland of pointed hills, tossing their crests heavenward like the waves of a vast sea suddenly frozen into stillness; each one crowned with a huge granite tor or a wilderness of rocks that stand out in fantastic relief against the sky, as they have stood unchanged ever since the world was young. The vast hillsides, clothed for the most part with miles of heather and gorse, the purple and gold mingled with the delicate greys and greens of the mosses and bracken, presenting a richness and variety of colour which sparkles and scintillates in the sunshine in indescribable splendour. Here and there, where the herbage is more scant, mysterious circles of stones appear, and if we dig deep enough within them we come upon fragments of ancient pottery, charred bones, and even the very charcoal of the fires with which primeval man prepared his food in those dim ages separated from us by a lapse of time which must be counted by thousands of years.

Then the marvellous views from the summits of those peaks! Standing on the summit of Rippon Tor, one of the eastern buttresses of the Moor, the sea in the neighbourhood of Plymouth may be traced away to the south, and to the north Dunkerry Beacon on Exmoor; a stretch of country extending from the English to the Bristol Channel. If this wonderful region with its grandeur, its beauty, its associations, and its marvellous traditions were in some remote quarter of the globe, far from railways and the latest developments of civilisation, people would flock by thousands to see it, but lying, as it does, close to our own door, it is comparatively unknown and unvisited.

As to climate, statistics tell us that the climate of Devon is more equable than that of the rest of England, but what need is there of statistics to recall to us the exquisite softness and purity of the air that we know so well? The enchantment of well-remembered days, even in mid-winter, when the intense blue of the skies, the brightness of the sunshine and the genial warmth rival the Riviera itself. This charm of climate is—unconsciously to ourselves perhaps—another of the mysterious influences which make Devon so dear to all who know it.

As to the county's associations with the past—the long list of noble names which Devon has given to the history of our land—is there not a further charm in the recollection of these men and their deeds? Does not the heart thrill at the mention of the names of such men as Hawkins, Drake, Davis, Raleigh, Sydney, and Gilbert? Who can walk upon the Hoe at Plymouth—that historic spot which has looked upon such varied events of history—without recalling the deeds of the “glorious great ones gone”? Who can tread

the now quiet streets of Dartmouth without thinking of the old sea-dogs of the past who sailed from that beautiful harbour, indifferent alike to defeat or victory, so long as they might win renown and show the foe of what stuff they were made, no matter what the odds were against them? Has not Devon also given to England her greatest painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and who shall say how many thousands of hearts in distant climes have been moved by the stirring narratives of Kingsley and Blackmore, who have upheld the glories of Devon in a fashion which has seldom been equalled and never exceeded?

But enough has been said to indicate briefly the many sources of the fascination which Devon exercises upon those who know her. These will be dwelt upon in detail in the following pages, the object of which is to make these many and varied charms more widely known. Visitors from America, from the Colonies, and from other remote parts of the world come to England full of enthusiasm, and filled with a desire to become acquainted with all the most interesting spots. Having "done" London, they hurry off to North Wales, to the Lakes, and to Scotland, and then make their way to the attractions of the Continent, having missed one of the brightest jewels in England's diadem of beauty. If by some rare chance their steps are drawn to Devonshire they are filled with astonishment, and exclaim, "How is it that we have not been told of these beauties? Why are they not more known?"

It is the object of the United Devon Association to remove this reproach; to give to Devon that proud position among the beauty spots of the world to which she is so well entitled, so that when our Transatlantic or Australian brethren return to their far homes they may carry with them the recollection of Devon as one of their most treasured memories.

CENTRAL SECTION.

This portion of the county, as arranged for this work, embraces a district ranging from Axminster on the east to Bude on the west (though strictly this latter place is in Cornwall), and takes in that wonderful domain, Dartmoor, the pride and boast of the county, an area giving magnificent variety in the matter of scenery, and affording abundant opportunity, from the recuperative power of its air, for those who want bracing up. Its headquarters is the venerable and interesting city of Exeter.

EXETER. In the "ever faithful" city of Exeter, Devonshire boasts a county town possessing numerous attractions and many advantages, social and educational; its situation, good health record, and freedom from objectionable factories combine to render it a pleasant place of residence. It has an agreeable dryness of atmosphere, favourably comparing with the most popular seaside resorts, and has a warm winter temperature, the averages of twenty years for the months of December being 42.1° , January 40.0° , February 41.1° , and March 43.5° .

The meetings of the County Council, Devon Quarter Sessions, and the Assizes are held at the Castle, near which are the barracks of the 11th or Devonshire Regiment, the barracks of the Royal Artillery being on the Topsham Road. The Militia and Volunteers have good bands, so local social functions are considerably enhanced by the presence of the military element.

Of the three railway stations by which it may be entered, Queen Street immediately adjoins Northernhay, one of the city pleasure grounds, where under shady elms and linden avenues hours may be pleasantly passed to the music of some of the best military bands. The greensward with its floral inlays has its statues and sculpture of to-day, while in the background rise the old high-bastioned red walls of Rougemont Castle.

The site of a Saxon stronghold, it was occupied by William the Conqueror, and of the castle built there a gateway remains of evidently eleventh century date, although known as Athelstan's Tower. From the ramparts a charmingly comprehensive view of the city may be obtained, with its environment of undulating landscape bounded by tree and copse-clad hills, with the estuary



THE
CASTLE.

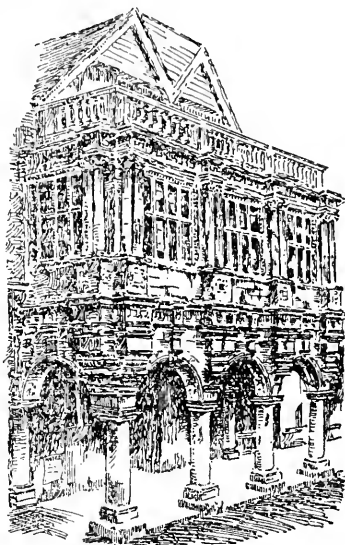
of the Exe winding away until, turned by the yellow sand dunes of the Warren, it mixes with the blue of the English Channel over Exmouth bar.

The most exciting period of the castle's history belongs to 1140, when it was garrisoned by its keeper Baldwin, Earl of Devon, for the Empress Matilda against its lawful lord and king, Stephen. Stephen closely invested it for three months, when Baldwin capitulated, and was allowed to retire with his followers.

The castle had its share in the civil wars, and was twice besieged in 1642, being held for the Parliament, and surrendered to Prince Maurice. But Rougemont was a royal castle, and did not form part of civic Exeter, the strength of which lay in the independent spirit of her burghers, and the stout walls by which she was begirt. Although the gates are gone, some four-fifths of the city walls have survived, mute memorials of numerous sieges. Possibly on the lines laid down by the Romans—of whose occupation (as *Isca Dunmoniorum*) coins and fragmentary evidences are continually being unearthed—Athelstan surrounded it with stone walls; these, and their successors, battered and beaten down by the Danes and Normans, have been re-erected and repaired so frequently that they are now a most interesting red patchwork girdle, here and there festooned with ivy and garlanded with vines, while on the sloping earthen ramparts grow splendid trees and luxuriant flowering shrubs. The five gates are gone with their memories of defiance bid to the Conqueror by the city, which was the Queen's morning gift, and the last refuge of Gytha, Harold's mother, the stubborn defence ending in better terms than generally fell to the lot of the vanquished. Among many royalties who have entered its gates were Charles I. and his Queen, who in the troubles of the Civil War, a few days after giving birth to the Princess Henrietta in Bedford House, was obliged to flee to France for refuge. Here, it may be remarked for the lovers of the dark and mysterious, there are subterranean passages of uncertain age and problematic use extending in several directions under the streets; some with exits outside the walls, and so adapted for military purposes.

Passing along the streets, it will be noticed that to one building (the Guildhall) has been allowed the right to project on arches over the pavement, and there in the busiest thoroughfare, with windows like ever watchful paternal eyes, commanding views up and down the High Street, is the rendezvous of the city fathers, the gravity of whose deliberations seems to have been imparted in the passing centuries to the venerable building itself; its sturdy granite columns are bowed, and its grey front, wrinkled and mouldered with age, commanding a degree of respect that no modern or restored building could inspire. For as Ruskin observes, "The greatest glory of a building is in its age and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy . . . which we feel in walls that

have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity." But the picturesque facade of 1593 is not its only charm, for in the Guildhall is focussed the civic history of Exeter. Kings have trod its precincts, feasting and revelry have held sway in the high hall, which has also been the scene of many a trial; the inner hall was rebuilt in 1466, and, at a later date, surrounded with elaborate oaken panelling emblazoned with the arms of the mayors and city companies. In this place of honour hang several portraits, one of them being that of the hapless but beautiful Princess Henrietta (born in Exeter), presented by her brother Charles II., and near by is that of General Monk, who had so large a share in Charles's restoration, a Devonshire man and grandson of a mayor of Exeter.



THE
GUILDHALL.

In the city archives are hundreds of manuscripts, some of them being deeds many centuries old; also charters, maps, records, and ancient seals of the city and of local monasteries; but in the regalia Exonians have especial pride, swords said to be those given by Edward IV. and Henry VII. (as well as a cap of maintenance by the latter) when they visited the city. In the floor of the police courts behind the Guildhall is part of a Roman mosaic pavement, and on this spot or its immediate locality antiquaries locate the site of the Roman pretorium. But to the pomp and display occasioned by many royal visits, and to the frequent strifes between the Guildhall and the lords spiritual at the Palace, and also the Earls of Devon lords temporal, we have not space to refer.

Although a large amount of business is done here, and several industries flourish, in addition to a gas engineering firm across the river of world-wide repute, and a firm of well-known ecclesiastical sculptors, the city rejoices in freedom from objectionable trades or manufactures, while a perambulation of its thoroughfares reveals the quaintest of old street fronts that rival those of Chester. Houses of the Elizabethan mayors and wealthy citizens, with oak wainscoted walls and wonderful plaster ceilings, beneath which news of ventures on the western main would be discussed when city merchants sent their fighting traders to the golden new world. One of these, known as Moll's Coffee House, is said to have been frequented by some of the tough sea dogs of Devon who singed the Spaniard's beard, and in later days was the rendezvous of county gentlemen in default of the modern club. There are the halls of the

times when crafts were close corporations. There are town houses of the county gentry, where oaken panel and plaster ornament are lavishly used ; elaborately-carved gates open into quiet flower-decked quadrangles, where sunlight loves to linger with a play of light and shade on the red conglomerate walls and old oak timbering.

The Cathedral Close, once cut off from the city by gated walls, has its delightful old residences, halls with magnificent ancient carved hammer beam roofs, the old-world quiet gardens of the canons' houses, and the Deanery, which latter has often had kings and princes for its guests ; in 1688 William of Orange was lodged here after landing at Torbay, but met with a cold welcome, for the dean had fled, following the example of the bishop, who had gone in post haste to King James, who, with the sceptre falling from his hands, rewarded him with the then vacant Archbishopric of York.

On the sunny side of the grey old cathedral is the episcopal palace with its velvety turf and splendid trees, which with the sloping ramparts of the city wall so cut it off from the town as to seem a sylvan retreat undisturbed by the nearness of any dwellings, a place of peace and dreamy quietude ; yet there on the old wall are the ruins of the Lollards Tower, where many a strong heart has been confined, and just over these walls lies Southernhay, at one time the place of execution, where Agnes Prest suffered martyrdom in 1557. These grounds afford by far the finest view of the cathedral, while the palace itself has much of interest in its Early English work, its Courtenay mantelpiece, chapel, and series of portraits of the bishops, to which just recently has been added that of the present much beloved occupier of the see, the Right Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. In 1648 (during the Commonwealth) the palace was bought by the city, and leased to a sugar baker, who used it for a factory until 1662.

Exeter has had its famous bishops who have been scholars, as Bartholomew ; soldiers, as Brewer the fighting crusader ; statesmen, as Stapeldon, the Lord Treasurer of Edward II., Fox, Lord Privy Seal to Henry VII., and the present Archbishop of Canterbury. It had also its great architect bishops, but these will be referred to by Canon Edmonds, who writes thus :

The beauties of Exeter are manifold. Like an arrangement of jewels in a setting worthy of them, the city is attractive at every point, but the central gem is the cathedral. There is much of interest in the castle and in the red mound, the Rougemont, on which it stands ; there is still to be seen in the castle walls the oldest masonry in Exeter. The Guildhall has its special charm, and its documents are of high value ; there are also crypts and hidden corners each with its own tale to tell of years and centuries departed ; but the cathedral, in its stately dignity, its singular beauty, its restfulness, its embodiment of old and new, not as of different elements, but as the evolution of the continuous life of a city and a diocese, holds the first place.

Exeter had a long history before the English came. It was a place of importance in Roman and pre-Roman days. But it never had heathen English masters as York had, and Canterbury had, and London and Winchester had; when the English came into Exeter they came as Christian men. The precise date at which they came is as yet unsettled. It was probably earlier than the second half of the eighth century. As late as Athelstan's time the two races, the Celtic and the Teutonic, dwelt apart, worshipped apart, each using its own speech. Then the English ruled alone, and the church life of Exeter flowed on in a single stream.

Athelstan built a church and founded or enlarged a monastery. There was then no bishop of Exeter, and, of course, no cathedral. The first bishop of Exeter came in 1050; he had been bishop of Crediton four years. Those were the days of Edward the Confessor. Of the church in which Leofric was enthroned, nothing is left but the memory. It took the place of an older church burnt by Sweyn, itself built by Canute. But, with the coming of the Normans, church building began again; the cathedral of Exeter starts with the year 1112. Then began to rise the very towers that are standing now, on either side one,



THE
CATHEDRAL

the long roof stretching out between them; the nave roof as long as it is now, the choir roof shorter, for the eastern limb was of three bays only, the whole church ending in an apse. Round-headed windows, "dog-toothed" mouldings, plain flat buttresses, a roof lower than the present roof, marked the first stage of the present church; it lasted for ninety years.

The Dean and Chapter have recently discovered and carefully preserved enough of the details of its characteristic ornaments to be able to say with certainty what it looked like in the time of its Norman bishops. Its chief material was a sparkling sandstone, and in the circle of red walls that girdled it it must have looked like some pale gem in a hoop of rubies. Long after it was first consecrated the same stone continued to be used, till the yet paler and finer grained Beer stone took its place; but the Salcombe stone dominated in colour and in character, and carefully chosen

as is the Douling stone, now used for repairs, nothing can quite make up to the appearance of the cathedral for the loss of the clue to where in the depths of the earth stones might be found with the light and sparkle in them that caught the eye of the Norman builders in the early years of the twelfth century.

It was while the Salcombe quarries were still accessible that Bishop Henry Marshall (1194 to 1206) lengthened the choir, built a lady chapel, and gave to the whole edifice its present ground plan. His own tomb is to be seen in the choir on the north side. It is a beautiful bit of very Early English work, wrought in Purbeck marble, and it is the more interesting in that so little exists in the cathedral of the beautiful work of the first pointed period.

The thirteenth century was, everywhere in England, the high water-mark of creative genius in architecture. Constructive skill increased indeed for a long time, but never was Gothic architecture so living, so soaring, so inspired as in the second half of that great time. At the beginning of the century the kingdom lay under an interdict, and when in 1214, after a gap of eight years, there was once more a bishop of Exeter, he was a foreigner. His successor's interest lay rather in the Holy Land than in the diocese, and half the century was over before Exeter Cathedral felt the thrill of the sense of the beauty which was changing the face of England. The hour and the man came in 1280, with Bishop Peter Quivil, with whom the history of the cathedral, as we see it, begins. It is beyond controversy that he is the founder of the Decorated cathedral, which is the pride of Exeter.

Let us then, with this introduction, look more closely at the building, and let us do it first from the north-west.

The ancient close, which once was literally a close, shut up straitly every night, is approached by five or six avenues, of which two or three require no special notice. Those

THE
CLOSE.



who come in by the Broadgate find themselves standing on ground higher than the cathedral. On that side it looks low. Those who come in by the Southernhay entrance do better, for they see the Lady Chapel, the choir, the North

Tower, and, over the crested ridge of the lofty roof, the turrets of the South Tower. But it is best to enter the close by St. Martin's Lane, and see the building from a point on which its whole length is revealed in a retreating perspective, which allows the eye to follow the series of flying buttresses till it rests upon the pinnacled enrichments of the beautiful Lady Chapel.

Here then let the visitor stand, and he will in a little while be better prepared than otherwise he could be to enter upon an examination of the interior.

First there is the Northern Tower, Norman in almost every detail, the highest storey alone being of later date. Nothing like it is visible at first sight anywhere else in the building except its fellow tower. No windows, no mouldings, no buttresses right or left resemble those of this impressive structure. Yet, cut through the older work on its northern face is the fine pointed window with which, right and left of the tower from end to end, every other window claims relationship. One family they dwell, each in its place, all alike in that high similarity which allows every one to be different, and yet does not suffer one to be solitary, for that every window has its fellow on the opposite side of the church. Whoever wants to see how beautiful bar tracery can be, quite apart from the glass which may fill it, can hardly do better than look at the windows in the aisles and clerestories of Exeter Cathedral. So much for the tower and the windows; a word as to the roof above and the greensward below. That crested roof is the longest unbroken roof in England; underneath its leaden covering are the fine original oaken rafters of the fourteenth century. It is not to hold the weight of that roof that the flying buttresses lift their mighty arms, but they take over the thrust, and support the burden of the massive stone vault, which is the inner roof of the church, a glory of groining from end to end. The carefully-kept green covers the ancient burial ground; for seven centuries at least the only burial ground in Exeter. Two other views the visitor may take before he goes away from the cathedral, the South Tower and Cloister Garth, the Chapter House and Library, and, by the bishop's courtesy, the view of the palace and the cathedral in one picturesque grouping, obtained from the south-east of the Palace Gardens. Having seen all this, the visitor may, with much advantage gained, enter the church.

The cathedral should, on the occasion of a first visit, be entered from the west. The visitor should stand at the end of the nave, and wait till his eye has adjusted itself to the building. Then, as in a moment, the unity and the harmony of the church will make themselves felt, and the mind will see as well as the eye. It may not be all at once that the building will give up its secret and explain its own wonderful beauty, but the effect of the whole will certainly begin to tell upon every thoughtful observer.

If the visitor is familiar with other churches of the first rank, at home or abroad, so much the better, but, if not,

he will still be fortunate in beginning with so noble a building as this.

And first let him notice what is called "The Exeter Pillar," the cluster of sixteen shafts set "diamond wise" with their angles to the four chief points of compass. All through from west to east this noble pillar will be found, till, at the extreme east, the visitor finds two clusters of only eight shafts, and two of only four, and recognises that the Exeter pillar was no stranger, but was indeed born there. Purbeck marble has done much for Exeter Cathedral, and the sun of an autumn day brings out lovely cerulean tints that sleep in the grave-looking material that Bishop Quivil chose for his arcade.

He chose it, and his choice compelled his successors to adopt his views. One bay only of the nave, the first from the east, he reared, and in either tower he placed the great wheel window, which is its glory still. Then he went east and took in hand the Lady Chapel, where a Purbeck slab records his name, and plays upon it, *Petra tegit Petrum*. Less than twelve years he ruled and built, and then he left behind an everlasting monument. Almost as much as of Wren at St. Paul's you can say of Quivil in Exeter. "Look round you, all this is his memorial."

Still standing at the extreme west end, let the visitor look up and notice the fine windows of the clerestory. They flood the church with light, and adorn it with beauty, and the distribution of the wall space so as to obtain a dignified arcade, a beautiful triforium gallery, and a bright clerestory, by itself marks the rank as an artist of the designer of Quivil's new work. All this nave work, however, except the first bay, was done in the days of John de Grandisson, 1327-1369. This magnificent prelate admired the work of his gifted predecessor, and wrote to the Pope at Avignon, who was himself a great builder, that if Exeter Cathedral were finished in a manner worthy of what had been already done, "it would be admired for its beauty above every other of its kind within the realms of England or France."

The special objects which claim attention as the visitor passes up the nave are the font, made for the christening of the youngest child of Charles I.; the minstrels' gallery with its fourteen winged figures, each bearing an instrument of music, and the Patteson pulpit, the memorial of a Devonshire man and a missionary bishop.

The clock, too, should be noticed for its quaint and unscientific arrangement, and for the grave warning of its brief inscription.

Through the golden gates that guard the approach to the choir, we pass under Bishop Stapeldon's beautiful screen, on which the fine organ rests, into the eastern limb of the church. There is no need to repeat what has been said already of the structure of the church. In the Norman days the choir had three bays only; it now has eight. Marshall lengthened it, Bitton transformed it, and Stapeldon furnished it. Brewer, who was before Bitton, and who went

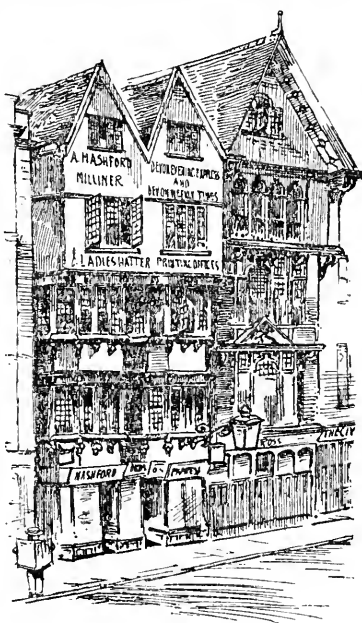
to the Holy Land crusading, gave the carved misereres on which the figures of living creatures, natural and supernatural, tell their tale of the days when the East commanded and fascinated the powers of the West. And yet, here in the choir, where all is beautiful, two things demand special attention, the bishop's throne and the sedilia, the first a wonder in wood, the other a marvel in stone.

The bishop's seat is a fine example of fourteenth century workmanship. There is no nail in it. It has been twice taken to pieces and fitted together again. Its cost was under £13, and half of that was for the materials that went to its making.

The sedilia, light, graceful, soaring, marks the highest achievement of Gothic ornamental workmanship. The modern reredos, costly as it was, does not rank with these creations of five hundred years ago. The pulpit in the choir is modern.

The Lady Chapel has reached its present harmony of beauty and use through many changes and chances. It was built by Marshall and transformed by Quivil. Quivil, as is noticed above, was buried there. Lady chapels after his time began to lose somewhat their prominence in Christian worship, and when the Reformation came they fell into neglect. In Exeter the Lady Chapel was used for a long time as the Chapter Library, and it is only in recent years that the larger Christian life of our time has found constant need and faithful use for this queen of the chapels in Exeter Cathedral.

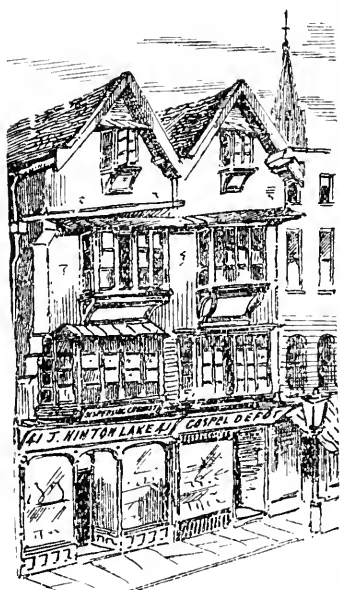
Leaving the cathedral with a more satisfied feeling than is produced by some buildings of greater magnitude, we turn to the humbler parish churches, which are many, and none devoid of interest. Those dedicated to British saints point to an early foundation, St. Pancras being claimed by some to be in part a British building; it certainly has early characteristics, yet it must be remembered that the British had a separate quarter, and dwelt for long years in Exeter side by side with their English conquerors. There are St. Olaf's, endowed by Gytha, the mother of Harold; St. Stephen's, with its chancel as a "bow" over a side street; St. Mary Arches, with its Norman



IN
HIGH
STREET.

arcade ; St. Mary Steps, with its carved oak screen (taken from the rebuilt St. Mary Major) and early font, where quaint figures hammer out the hours from the tower hard by the site of the old west gate as they did on the day

when William of Orange, after landing at Torbay, passed through its portal ; St. Sidwell's, with its traditional martyred Sativola and its later record of the imprisonment of the father of Sir Walter Raleigh during the Prayer Book rebellion. Of this same civil outbreak we have another reminder in St. Thomas's Church, upon the tower of which its athletic and warlike vicar was hanged for his share in taking a leading part in the siege of Exeter, despite the fact that he saved it from being burnt by attacking rebels. The new church of St. David's is a fine structure, while the well - proportioned



IN
HIGH
STREET.

Jubilee Tower of Heavitree forms quite a landmark, as does the tall spire of modern St. Michael's. On Mount Dinham some free cottages perpetuate the memory of one of Exon's conscientious merchants. There are several new churches, and some of the Nonconformist places of worship are large and well filled, the Congregational Church possessing a graceful spire.

Another link with the past is supplied in the chapels, with their old-time surroundings, belonging to the Almshouses of St. Anne's, Wynard's Hospital, St. Catherine's, and Liverydole. And of more ancient date are the monastic remains, the chief being St. Nicholas's Priory, founded about 1089 as a cell of Battle Abbey. The Norman undercroft remains as a most interesting example of exceptionally early vaulting, and the three-storeyed tower presents a very picturesque appearance with its ivy-wreathed crumbling stonework of red and brown. Its records are full of interest, but it is impossible here to more than merely refer to them and to the site of Cowick Priory on the opposite bank of the river to St. James's (Cluniac) Priory, a mile further down, and the nunnery of St. Catherine at Polsloe. (There were only two others in the diocese.) This convent was founded not long before 1159, and we have a pastoral letter from Bishop Stapeldon in 1320 throwing a good deal of light upon the life of the nuns, and the restrictions placed upon them in those days. Proceeding down Fore Street on the right-hand side we notice a lane labelled

Friernhay Street, and we also may notice that near the Salvation Army Barracks is called "The Friars." These names are almost our sole memorial of a wonderful religious movement; the buildings have perished, but the memory lives on in the place name. On land belonging to the monks of St. Nicholas the Franciscans or Greyfriars set up a convent before 1250, but ere the century closed their increased popularity compelled them to find more room, and a second convent was founded on what is now known as "The Friars." The Dominicans or Black Friars had their convent where Bedford Circus now stands, the church being dedicated in 1259. On the dissolution it passed into the hands of Lord Russell (whose coat of arms in carved stone may still be seen in Bedford Circus). The house he built there became the birthplace of Princess Henrietta during the Civil War in 1644.

Near by is the old town house of the Bamfylde (now represented by Lord Poltimore), with mullioned oriel windows, oak panelling, and wonderful plasterwork, where Queen Henrietta is said to have been hidden before secretly escaping to France.

In the happier days of the present time, when one can scarcely imagine such a state of affairs and majesty so dishonoured, we note the latest visit of royalty, that of the Duke and Duchess of York in July, 1899, which marked the forward stride taken by Exeter in the advancement of education, since it was to open a new wing of the Albert Memorial College, until then known as the Technical and University Extension College, having been established in 1893. The technical side is under municipal control, and consists of schools of science and art with well-equipped chemical and physical laboratories and studios. The University Extension side provides courses of lectures on art, history, literature, and science, and is "affiliated" to Cambridge.

The Exeter Grammar School ranks among the public schools, and its lists record an unusually good average of passes in the various higher examinations, while the successes attained by the boys at the Universities, Woolwich, and Sandhurst attest the thoroughness of the preparation it affords, and, further, the endowment of exhibitions is exceptionally large. The present school buildings were erected in 1880 on a healthy open site in the suburb of Mount Radford, the chief promoter of the removal being the present Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Temple). The founder was another bishop, Stapeldon (1308-1326), to whom also Oxford owes Exeter College. The old school-house stood just within the east gate, and formed part of St. John's Hospital. At the High School first-class education is provided for girls in a pleasantly-situated modern building with up-to-date appliances. The thoroughness of the curriculum is evident from the increasing honours gained by the pupils, several of whom have passed on to Newnham. The Middle School for Girls and Hele's School for Boys are very successful, while in St. Luke's Training College for Schoolmasters the education of the educator is carried on

at such a high pitch that there is always a demand for teachers from this college, the premises of which have had to be enlarged from time to time.

Of scientific and literary societies Exeter has no lack. The Public Free Library contains over 21,000 volumes, with commodious reading rooms and reference departments, the latter containing 13,768 volumes and the recent Fisher bequest of 4,700 volumes of valuable works on topography, natural history, botany, archæology, and other sciences and arts. These are housed in the Albert Memorial Museum, in itself a fine building, erected to the memory of the late Prince Consort. The collection embraces local antiquities, of which Roman coins, mosaics, and pottery dug up in Exeter form part, as do palæolithic implements. The birds fill a large room, and the ethnological specimens cover much space. To the bequest of the late Kent Kingdom the city is indebted for a good collection of pictures, as well as the gallery containing them, and some fine old furniture. Exeter Literary Society has for many years not only maintained a well-furnished library, reading, and lecture rooms, but it has been the chief means of bringing eminent literary and scientific lecturers to Exeter. In the old town house of the Courtenays, in the quiet of the Cathedral Close, is the Devon and Exeter Institution, with an extensive library and spacious reading rooms, its members including many of the *savants* of the county. Other societies with their particular advantages are numerous, as the Y.M.C.A. with a capital gymnasium, and this turns our thought to sport, for next door to it is the large public swimming bath, well constructed and well kept; adapted in the winter for rinking. Natation in the open may be indulged in at Head Weir, the city bathing place, where an expert swimming master is stationed. For those who are only satisfied with a dip in salt water, bathing trains run in the mornings to Dawlish for the modest fare of sixpence. Excellent Turkish baths have been recently erected, where skilful attendance is provided, and comfort ensured. Both on the river Exe and on the canal good boating may be had, the latter reminding one of the Dutch canals, and not to be associated with the usual English type of waterway. The Exe Yacht Club and Topsham Sailing Club have matches on the estuary, and a row down the seven miles of canal is a favourite summer pastime, with a dish of whitebait at Turf Entrance Lock, or strawberries and cream in season. Of athletic clubs there is much choice; cycling and football clubs are plentiful, Devon holding the county football championship for 1899, the county ground being well laid for both football and a cycling track. There are cricket, tennis, and lacrosse clubs, and the golf links are airily situated, while within a short distance huntsmen and fishermen can indulge their tastes, and the less energetic may be gratified in the well-appointed theatre, which is visited by the best companies.

Music is represented by the Western Counties Musical Association, the Oratorio Society, and the Orchestral



EXMOUTH: THE PLANTATION.



BUDLEIGH SALTERTON.

Society, and festivals are held in the Victoria Hall, which has a very fine organ. There are several good ballrooms. Of social clubs the Northernhay takes premier position, and is conveniently situated for members from outside the city. The Devon and Exeter and the Constitutional Clubs have also attractive accommodation.

A feature which visitors cannot help noticing is the large extent of open space occupied by gardens and orchards in the city, boasting two famous nurseries, which have been the means of introducing into England many beautiful trees and plants from other climes, the magnolia being a notable instance.

But we must bid adieu to the many attractions of Exeter ; there is so much before us that we must not loiter longer in the famous old city, so again we take the train at St. David's Station, and enter upon the South Devon line, which is now a part of the Great Western system.

If the tourist be wise he will choose a seat on the left side of the carriage facing the engine on leaving Exeter for the South. Most of the beauties of the line are on this side. In a few minutes St. Thomas's Station is passed, and soon, away to the left, we see the old seaport town of Topsham, which was the port of Exeter before the opening of the ship canal. The shores of the river, diversified by rock and wood, with an occasional village, stretch away towards Exmouth, which lies bathed in sunshine at the mouth of the river, some six miles distant.

EXMINSTER, with its little church, is passed to the right of the line in which the traveller is going, and further away the beautifully wooded slopes of Haldon, crowned with the Belvedere Tower, rise to an imposing height ; a striking range of uplands, which, divided into Great and Little Haldon, dominate the view this way, with but little interruption, as far as Dawlish and Teignmouth. On this range of hills are situated two important seats : Haldon House, from the grounds of which the Belvedere rises, commanding a magnificent view, and Mamhead, the seat of Sir Lydston Newman, which also commands a splendid view, and the range of coast as far as Portland.

Even when the tide is out, the estuary of the Exe is not to be despised. There are reaches of golden sand-bars, tinted with green and crimson patches of seaweed, which it is refreshing for the jaded toiler in cities to look upon. Mysterious forms are moving to and fro over these sandy flats—whether of men or women it is next to impossible to decide, so weird and wonderful is the costume. It is as if the skirts of a woman were thrust into the garment peculiarly belonging to men, and which it is a reproach for women to wear. These mysterious figures are gathering into their baskets cockles, or shrimps, or winkles, or whatsoever treasures the retreating tide has left high and dry.

But we are passing POWDERHAM, which lies to the right. This is the ancient seat of the Courtenays, who have been baronets and earls of Devon for countless generations. It

is a fine old mansion, well seen through avenues of magnificent oaks, beneath which deer are quietly browsing. It is a curious fact in connection with this earldom that the title was extinct from 1606 until William Courtenay succeeded in establishing his claim to it in 1831. Shortly after passing Powderham, we reach

STARCROSS, a quiet little town where tourists who wish to visit Powderham and the village of Kenton, with its fine church, will alight. Thanks to the many substantial breakwaters and the stout sea-wall, there is now little chance of a recurrence of former catastrophes, and we may sit quietly in the carriage gazing placidly at the breaking waves below, and looking out over the vast expanse of sunlit sea which lies before us, but almost before we have time to realise the full beauty of the scene Dawlish is reached.

DAWLISH. Just twenty minutes run by rail from Exeter, and distant about thirteen miles by road, through a charming country, is an ideal watering-place. It is a lovely, pleasant spot, not overgrown, but retaining much of its primitive beauty. Dawlish does not sound romantic. The Keltic name "Dol-is"—the meadow by the stream—has,

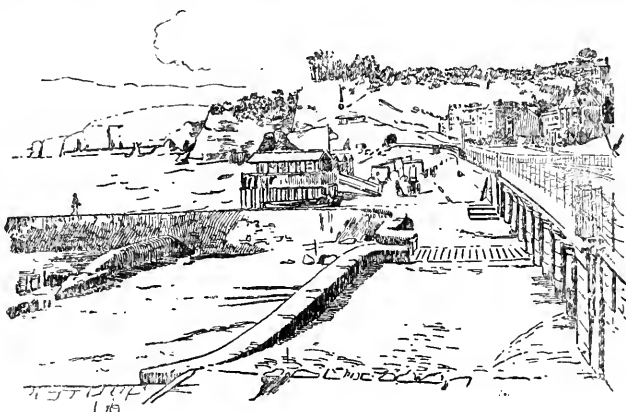
DAWLISH.



unfortunately, fallen into disuse. The river and the meadow, however, remain in the shape of a well-kept lawn, with a stream running through it, made attractive by several pretty cascades, the whole forming the central and main feature from the seaward. The irregularly-built dwellings and detached villas—the frame in this nest among the hills—rather add to the picturesque than detract from the appearance the surrounding presents. Dawlish retains the character, which for a century or more it has held, of being one of the healthiest places in Devon. When Brunel in the forties invaded the sea-front with his atmospheric railway, the oldest inhabitant prophesied the speedy downfall of the town; but increased prosperity has followed.

The seawall of the railway forms a splendid promenade of about two miles in extent, and the view of the town from the railway carriages is a never-failing advertisement of its charms, bringing visitors, who, if they had not had a glimpse of the surroundings in passing, would never, perhaps, have thought of selecting Dawlish for a stay.

Many are the attractions, both natural and artificial, which this favoured corner of England's loveliest county offers to dwellers within its borders. Chief among the former is the health-giving air from the heathery moorland of Haldon, as well as from the sea. The equability of the climate is proverbial, and a sojourn at Dawlish undoubtedly affords a greater measure of outdoor enjoyment the year round than few places can give, not excepting the much-vaunted South of France, North of Italy, Switzerland, etc. The great stretch of sandy beach which fringes the town is a wonderful attraction. Its absolute safety makes it a very suitable place for children. Here and there as the tide recedes, low reefs of rocks, with shallow pools interspersed, become visible, making a happy hunting ground of juvenile visitors. The facilities for sea-bathing are



DAWLISH,
LOOKING
WEST.

complete in every detail. The accommodation at both the Ladies' Bathing Pavilion and the Gentlemen's Bathing Cove is perfect, while the local governing body, keeping abreast of the times, have recently framed regulations allowing family bathing at a well-selected spot on the Eastern Beach. Boating and fishing are also readily available, while the roads and lanes away to the Haldon country, branching in every direction, afford everything that can be desired for walking, riding, driving, or cycling opportunities.

The golf links are situated on the Warren, about a mile from the town, while tennis, badminton, and such-like clubs abound. Readers of Dickens will remember that Godfrey Nickleby's estate was situated at Dawlish, and probably the novelist wrote a portion of the memoirs of Nicholas at the inn, which was the old coach-house, and still remains.

TEIGNMOUTH. As a summer holiday resort, and a place of winter residence, this town is every year becoming more widely known, and in its dual character is deserving of a still wider fame. It nestles in the broad lap of the surrounding hills, which shelter it from the colder winds of the east and north, and it lies on the banks of the beautiful

tidal Teign. It has an uninterrupted sea view extending from Torbay round to Exmouth, Lyme Regis, and to the extremity of Portland Bill, together with the rich and varied

TEIGN-
MOUTH.



landscapes to the rearward. Teignmouth is richly endowed with charms that commend it to the lover of nature, the holiday Rambler, and the health seeker alike. It has a mild, genial, and pleasant climate in winter, made so by its southern aspect, and by the moderating influences of the ocean and the Gulf Stream, while the hot summer days are tempered by cool breezes, which blow in from the sea, and by the moorland airs borne down following the course of the river. The pride and glory of Teignmouth is the splendid open space that adjoins the beach, and known as "The Den," the area of which is about six acres. Formerly it was a barren, unsightly waste, but it has been levelled, reclaimed, and ornamented, and now stands unrivalled for beauty as a place of enjoyment. Besides the range of beach, extending nearly two miles with scarcely an interruption, and which is composed of firm fine sand, delightful for either bathing or walking, there is also a walk known as the Seawall, which runs underneath the cliffs and parallel with the railway for upwards of a mile, forming a continuation of the promenade, and with it makes a delightful marine parade, which is a very favourite resort of both visitors and inhabitants.

PARSON
AND
CLERK.

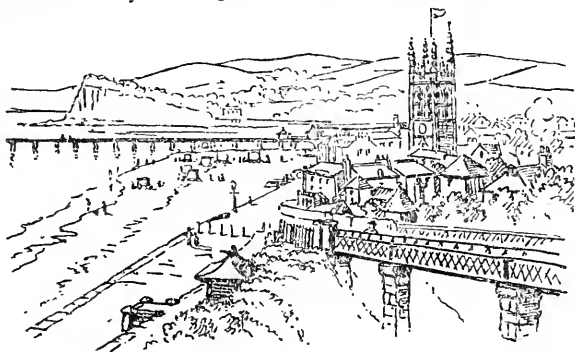


The advantages of Teignmouth as a place of residence are: Equable climate, singular immunity from fog, and consequently well suited to all invalids suffering from chest affection. Good water, low death rate, perfect drainage. It is the second largest watering-place in South Devon. Owing to the splendid sands, extending the entire length of sea front, the bathing is excellent, and the beach is therefore safe and most attractive for children. During the summer months steamers

call daily. Two pavilions have been built on the pier, and shelters are to be found on the Den.

Teignmouth provides excellent accommodation for yachting, boating, fishing, and shooting. The harbour affords an exceptionally safe anchorage for yachts in all weathers, and boating can always be enjoyed in smooth water if desired, owing to the town being situated on a fine river, in addition to being an important seaport. Splendid sea and river fishing can always be had, the river Teign being calculated as one of the finest salmon rivers in England. Magnificent moorland drives and circular tours up or down the beautiful river Dart (the English Rhine) can be done within the compass of a day. The country around is noted for its lovely scenery.

Teignmouth, being on the main line of the G.W.R., is most accessible, the journey from London being accomplished in less than five hours without change of carriage. It is fifteen miles from Exeter, eight from Torquay, and is a centre for many of the places of great interest in Devon.



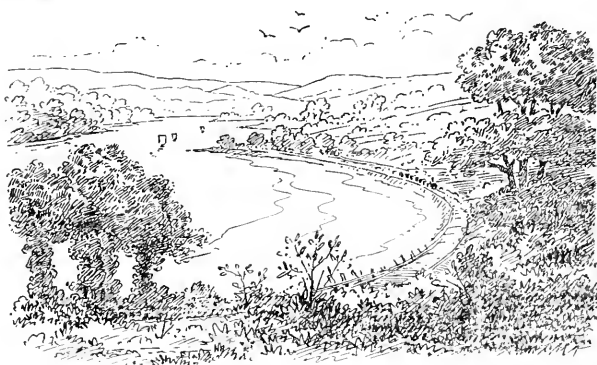
TEIGN-
MOUTH,
LOOKING
WEST.

Haldon, an elevated moorland to the north, two miles from Teignmouth, has an elevation of some eight hundred feet above the level of the sea below, and commands a view of the Channel with its entire coastline from Berry Head to Portland. This highland possesses, in addition to its claims mentioned, a rich field for geological and botanical research. The greensand affords a fine harvest of fossil shells, a quantity of shell jasper is to be met with in many parts of the hill, and numerous lichens and mosses of a rare character, with ferns and other plants not commonly to be met with, will repay the labour of the botanist. In a little hollow on the Downs are the remains of the chapel of St. Magdalene, now quite in ruins, but highly picturesque and archæologically interesting, being overhung with the feathery boughs of the ash, and clothed in garlands of ivy.

BISHOPSTEIGNTON, a charming village, three miles from Teignmouth, has of late years become known by reason of the hydropathic establishment which has been opened, and which is visited by large numbers seeking change and rest. Radway in this parish contains the ruins of a once magnificent palace belonging to the Bishop of Exeter, which is generally believed to have been erected by Bishop

Grandisson. If, however, this was the case, another structure must have been taken down to make room for the one of which some remains are still visible, as Bishop Branscombe certainly resided here at least a century before the time of Bishop Grandisson, the last-mentioned prelate, in a letter to Pope John XXII., dated 1332, having described the palace as a beautiful structure, "*pulchra edificia*." The south and east walls of its chapel, dedi-

RIVER
FEIGN.



cated to St. John the Evangelist, are still standing; at the east end are three lancet windows, and in the south wall are eight windows of a similar form with two doorways.

The next town of importance upon the Great Western Railway is Newton Abbot, a charming starting place for moorland excursions, either by railway or by coach. The service of the latter is very good indeed, and the tours differ on every day of the week. Newton Abbot and the district will be found described in the Southern Section.

TIVERTON AND THE VALLEY OF THE EXE. Rising on the lofty heights of Exmoor, not half-a-dozen miles from the Bristol Channel, the river Exe meanders southward through the land of Lorna Doone, passing into the fair county of Devon near Dulverton Station, and pursuing its way between richly-wooded hills and verdant meadows, among pleasant villages and prosperous towns, till it loses itself in the waves of the English Channel.

The valleys of the Exe and its tributary streams—notably the Lowman, the Culm, and the Dart—comprise some of the loveliest sylvan scenery, and afford some of the most fascinating sport that England can boast. At all seasons and under every climatic condition there is a restful charm about the inland parts of Devon which none but those who have penetrated into Nature's inner sanctum can fully realise.

The natural centre of the Exe Valley—the headquarters whence its beauties can be most conveniently explored and its delights most advantageously enjoyed—is Tiverton. Distant about fifteen miles from Exeter, and connected with the cathedral city by a branch of the Great Western Railway that runs through the Exe Valley as far as Dulverton, Tiverton is an ideal country town. Blessed

with a mayor and a corporation fully alive to the importance of good sanitation, the 11,000 inhabitants resident within the borough boundaries enjoy in happy combination the advantages alike of urban and rural life. By way of recreation there is hunting of some kind or another all the year round, and for at least half the year six days a week ; excellent fishing, golf, cricket, football, hockey, and cycling. In the matter of education there are schools of the most efficient type. With such advantages, combined with the sweetest of air, the purest of water, and sanitation fully up to date, it is no wonder that Tivertonians are loth to shuffle off the mortal coil. The death rate of late years has been only thirteen or fourteen per thousand, as compared with an average for the country at large of 17.4, and the zymotic death rate is practically nil.



THE EXE
AT
TIVERTON.

Into the ancient history of the borough of Tiverton there is no need to enter at length. Situated at the junction of the Exe and Lowman, it was in Saxon times known as Twi-ford-town, whence its present name. The stream of clear water flowing through the centre of one of the streets and by the sides of others—known locally as the Town Lake—is an inheritance from the thirteenth century, being given to the inhabitants “for ever” by a lady usually supposed to be Isabella Countess of Devon.

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL. Leaving the railway station by a broad avenue, pleasingly lined with trees and shrubs, the visitor soon finds himself beside the time-worn walls of “Old Blundell's.” Standing within a stone wall boundary and a semicircle of ancient timber is a plain oblong building in Elizabethan style, erected in 1604 by Lord Chief Justice Popham, as executor under the will of Peter Blundell, serge merchant of Tiverton and London, who died in 1599. On the removal of the school to a new site in 1882, the old buildings were converted into private residences, but with comparatively little change in the main elevation. Just in front is a patch of green grass known as the “Ironing Box,” on which, as narrated in the veracious history of “Lorna

Doone," John Ridd had his first fight, and where also, in later days, young Frederick Temple (afterwards Archbishop) waged pugilistic war with a schoolfellow, who, in later life, became landlord of a Tiverton hostelry.

The buildings comprise a school chapel, big school, and classrooms for three hundred boys, chemical laboratory and lecture rooms, library, museum, gymnasium, sanatorium, five courts, pavilion, workshops, engineering rooms, swimming bath and shop, as well as lavatories, locker room,

BLUNDELL'S
NEW
SCHOOL.



and dressing room for day boys. The curriculum is that of a first-grade public school. On the classical side boys are prepared for the universities and professions, and for the higher branches of the Civil Service. On the modern side there are three divisions: (a) Army, (b) navy, (c) professional and scientific. There are attached to the school a number of scholarships and exhibitions at the Universities, of a total annual value of £603. Besides these close scholarships and exhibitions, Blundellians are privileged to compete for four Huish exhibitions (£50 a year), ten Stapledon scholarships (£60 a year), and four Dyke scholarships (£60 a year).

Passing over Lowman Bridge, we enter the town by way of Gold Street, one of the principal thoroughfares, and, unfortunately, also one of the narrowest. About half-way up the street on the left-hand side is a mediæval building, which deserves attention; it is the chapel of the almshouses, founded under the will of John Greenway (who died in 1529) for the shelter of decrepit old men. The exterior of this chapel, with quaintly decorated porch, in Tudor style, is well preserved. Fore Street, broad both as to roadway and pavements, with shops attractive in appearance and regular in line, would be a credit to any town.

Just beyond the Palmerston Hotel is a large and imposing building now devoted to the purposes of art and science schools, among the most flourishing in the provinces. The entrance to the market adjoins. The Town Hall, a handsome building with elaborate frontage, was built in 1863-4 at a cost of about £8,000. It took the place of a structure put up soon after 1612, the date of the first

charter of incorporation granted to the borough by King James. Close to the Town Hall is St. George's Church, a plain but commodious edifice. Interred in the burial ground adjacent are the remains of the Rev. Samuel Wesley (brother of John Wesley), who was headmaster of Blundell's School, and died at Tiverton in 1739.

Passing down Angel Hill, and over Exe Bridge (from which charming views of the river are to be seen), the visitor enters a part of the town specially devoted to industrial pursuits, and known as Westexe. At the end of a short street of neat private residences stands St. Paul's Church, a modern building with lofty spire in the Decorated style of the fourteenth century, built in 1856. Close by is the famous lace-making establishment of Messrs. Heathcoat and Co., with admirable elementary schools supported by the firm. From Angel Hill, and ascending by the left into St. Peter Street, we come across a group of humble tenements, built in 1613 as almshouses for women, out of a benefaction left by George Slee, merchant. The Congregational Church is just opposite, and that of the Wesleyan body only a few doors further off. In the same street is an interesting specimen of the type of school house in vogue during the time of the first Stuart King. It was built by Robert Chilcot, a nephew of Peter Blundell, in 1611, and is still in daily use for the education of boys.

St. Peter's Church, one of the finest Gothic buildings in the West of England, though on an ancient foundation, dating back to 1073, is an essentially modern structure, having been almost entirely rebuilt in 1853-6. A Norman doorway, believed to be of great antiquity, in the north aisle was carefully preserved.



ST. PETER'S
CHURCH.

Tiverton Castle, which stands near the church on the apex of a low hill overlooking the Exe, is said to have been built by Richard de Rivers, first Earl of Devon of that family, about 1106. No part of the original structure remains, unless it be a partially ruined wall, declaring the site of the chapel, which was on the first floor. Close by is Bampton Street, with the Infirmary and Post Office. The People's Park, a beautifully-situated pleasure ground, some seven acres in extent, overlooking the valley of the Exe, is approached from the upper part of Bampton Street or Castle Street. It was provided as a memento of Queen Victoria's 1887 Jubilee, mainly through the munificence of Mr. John Coles, of London, a native of the adjacent parish

of Washfield. Public recreation grounds on a smaller scale are also provided in Westexe and Chapel Street.

Tiverton is rich in charming walks, which, radiating in every direction, afford the visitor opportunities of making acquaintance with many a delightful stretch of country. From several neighbouring eminences charming views can be obtained, those of the Exe Valley being of unique beauty.

Three miles eastward from Tiverton is the village of HALBERTON, with church dedicated to St. Andrew, in the Late Decorated style of the fifteenth century, containing a fine carved oak pulpit, screen, and reredos. SAMPFORD PEVERELL is two miles farther on (population 635). In the church is an effigy of a knight in armour, supposed to be Sir Hugh Peverell (1259), and a brass to Margaret Powlett (1602), wife of Sir Amais Powlett, principal keeper of Mary Queen of Scots.

Four miles southward, on the banks of the Exe (with station on the Exe Valley line), is the picturesquely-situated village of BICKLEIGH (population 259). The church, in Decorated style, dedicated to St. Mary, contains some ancient and

THE EXE
AT
BICKLEIGH.



handsome monuments to the Carew family. In the churchyard, unmarked by monument, lie the remains of Bampfylde Moore Carew, who died in 1758 at the age of sixty-seven, after an extraordinary career.

The oldest village church in the locality is at LOXBEARE, a small parish (population 182) about four miles north-west of Tiverton. The dedication of the edifice is unknown. It consists of a tower, nave, south porch, chancel, and vestry. The massive old tower dates from Norman times, and the belfry contains three beautiful bells of the time of Henry VII., pronounced by the late Mr. Ellacombe to be gems.

THE CULM VALLEY. From Tiverton Junction Railway Station (near which is the pretty little village of Willand, with Bradfield Hall, the seat of the Right Hon. Sir William Hood Walrond, M.P., close by) a branch railway about eight miles in length runs up the valley of the Culm, with stations as follows:

UFFCULME (population 1,806). An old market town. Church dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, in the Early English and Perpendicular styles; contains richly-carved

wood screens and some ancient monuments to the Walrond family. Bridwell House, for many generations the seat of the Clarke family, is on the borders of the parish. There is an excellent endowed school here, specially intended for boys preparing for Blundell's.

CULMSTOCK. The church is Perpendicular, and dedicated to All Saints, containing stone screen, serving as a reredos; pre-Reformation altar cloth, with figures worked in silver wire; and memorial window to Major Octavius Temple, formerly lieut.-governor of Sierra Leone, and father of the present Archbishop of Canterbury. An extensive view is obtained from an adjacent hill known as Culmstock Beacon.

HEMYOCK. St. Mary's Church is of Early English and Decorated style. A few ruins remain of a castle dating back to the times of the Plantagenets. A pleasant walk of about five miles across the hills and past Wellington monument leads to the town of Wellington, Somerset, whence train can be taken to Tiverton.

COLLUMPTON (or Cullompton). On the main Great Western line, two miles below Tiverton Junction, and twelve from Exeter, on the banks of the Culm, is the thriving market town of Collumpton (or Cullompton). The main street, a broad thoroughfare bordered with trees, contains some well-preserved and interesting specimens of the architecture of the Elizabethan and Stuart periods, notably "The Walronds," belonging to Mr. Frederic Burrow, LL.D., one of the coroners for Devon. There are several other old houses, with gables, projecting upper storeys,



OLD
HOUSES.

lattice windows, and elaborate string courses. Through the town runs a stream of water, a gift from the Abbot of Buckland in 1356. The church, dedicated to St. Andrew, is a fine building in the Late Perpendicular style, with a beautiful wood screen and a portion of a Calvary.

BRADNINCH. An ancient market town, for many centuries a rough, nine miles from Tiverton and nine from Exeter. The station is at Hele, on the main Great Western line, about one and a half miles from the town. The church is dedicated to St. Dionysius, and has a fine panelled screen.

In the old Guildhall, now converted into assembly and reading rooms, are the insignia—maces, staves, seals, etc.—of the old corporation, with antique large china punch bowl, adorned with paintings of theological subjects. The manor house contains some richly-carved oak rooms of the Elizabethan period, and a bedroom in which Charles I. is reputed to have slept.

SILVERTON has two railway stations—one on the main Great Western line and the other on the Exe Valley line—both at some distance from the village. The church is dedicated to St. Mary, and is in the Perpendicular style. Between the village and the main line station is a large unfinished mansion of classic character, erected by the last Earl of Egremont, who died in 1845, the title then becoming extinct. It stands amidst extensive grounds and gardens, and has never been completed or occupied.

BAMPTON. Seven miles from Tiverton, with station on the Exe Valley Railway, is the interesting and ancient market town of Bampton. Its known history goes back about a thousand years. In the time of the Anglo-Saxon kings, Bampton was the burgh and head manor of the hundred, to which it gave its name. A meadow still known as "The Mote" was without doubt the meeting-place of the hundred-mote, the Saxon custom being to hold public assemblies, both religious and secular, in the open air. Immediately after the Norman Conquest Bampton became the seat of one of the great feudal baronies under Walscin de Douay, who, with his descendants, held the lordship and resided here for many generations, having assize of bread, beer, and gallows. Some of the earthworks surrounding Bampton Castle were levelled about seventy years since, but there are still interesting remains. Bampton Church, dedicated to St. Michael and All Angels, was in all probability founded in Saxon times. Without much doubt the sub-structure of the nave and chancel is part of the original building, which, with its temporalities, Walter de Douay granted to the prior and monks of Bath. The first rector of whom there is any record was Osmond, to whom a dispensation was granted on 12th March, 1257, by Pope Alexander IV. to hold an additional benefice in plurality. The altar-piece was the work and gift of Richard Cosway, the celebrated miniature painter, who was a Devonian. A Roman road entering the parish at Cudmoor, passing by Ford Mill, forms a junction with the road from Seaton at Bampton, goes westward through Oakford Bridge, and has been traced as far as Stratton, in North Cornwall, with a branch to Molland Botreaux. It has been supposed that Bampton was a Roman station, but of this no proof is forthcoming. Bampton fair is a very notable event, and was established by a charter granted in 1258 to the rector of Bampton and his successors. It is held on the last Thursday in October, and is attended by dealers and others from all parts of the country, who come to purchase Exmoor ponies driven in

from the moor. The fair is held in the streets, which are crowded throughout the day with a motley struggling mass of bipeds and quadrupeds. In one of the principal streets is a noted chalybeate spring. The locality abounds in beautiful scenery, and there are some fine trout streams, information concerning which can be obtained at the White Horse Hotel.

DULVERTON. The capital of red deer land. Though not actually in Devonshire, the little town of Dulverton is closely associated with the fair county. Situated near the Barle, a tributary of the Exe, two miles north of the boundary line between Devon and West Somerset, Dulverton nestles at the foot of richly-wooded hills, in a picturesque valley which forms the most important thoroughfare to Exmoor—that fascinating region over which the wild red deer range, where moorland ponies run innocent alike of halter or stable, and where also may be found survivals of most of the wild animals that in pre-civilised times were common throughout England. Readers of “Lorna Doone” will remember that Jan Ridd was a well-known figure in the narrow streets of this old-fashioned town, and that Ruth Huckaback (who would have been Mrs. Ridd, if only Jan had not been otherwise engaged) was the daughter of the reputed richest man in Dulverton. The railway station is on the Devon and Somerset branch of the Great Western line, about two miles from the town. Between station and town is Pixton Park, the seat of the Earl of Carnarvon. The station is about midway between Taunton and Barnstaple, and distant some five hours from London. Thanks to the Exe Valley line, communication with Tiverton (ten and a half miles) and Exeter (twenty-five miles) is direct and easy. A four-horse coach service is maintained in summer between Dulverton Station and Minehead, passing through some of the most lovely valley routes in England. The most beautiful and wildest parts of Exmoor may be seen to advantage and with comfort in a posting journey from Dulverton to Lynton, a distance of twenty-six miles.

The chase of the wild red deer has flourished more or less since the days of good Queen Bess. Never were deer more numerous than during the past thirty years and now. Indeed, they have so largely increased and spread, that in addition to the renowned and old-established pack of staghounds known as the Devon and Somerset, a second pack (Sir John Amory's) has been called into existence to hunt the extended country southward and westward of Exmoor proper. Hunting opens about the second week in August, and closes in October (followed by hindhunting until May), happens opportunely during the Parliamentary recess, the long vacation, and educational holidays. Exmoor, with its breezy heights and boggy combs, is a most delightful and invigorating playground, as a continually increasing number of hard-working and pleasure-seeking visitors from all parts of the kingdom can testify.

Lord Tennyson, when at Dulverton in 1891, wrote of Exmoor as "the land of bubbling streams," a term characteristically accurate and descriptive. The fishing season opens in February, and continues until September, but the best months are March, April, and May. If the water be in good condition, bags of thirty trout and upwards, weighing about four to the pound, are to be confidently reckoned on. To anglers accustomed to the Itchen, the Wylde, and other noted streams, the size may seem small, but for gameness on the hook and delicacy on the table Exe trout cannot be excelled. Grayling have been successfully introduced recently by Mr. F. Langdon, a pisciculturist whose headquarters are near Exebridge. A license from the Exe Board of Conservators must be taken out before fishing. It can be obtained at the local hotels.

Bird life on Exmoor is represented by the kingfisher, the water ousel, the coot, the heron, the curlew, the black-cock, and the grey hen, the golden plover, and numerous other varieties: in fact, small birds, in the judgment of gardeners and agriculturists, multiply too fast, despite Nature's efforts, by means of an occasional hard winter, to adjust the balance.

Botanists, fern collectors, and lovers of flowers, find on Exmoor abundant opportunities of enlarging their collections.

Dotted about on the open moor in summer are hundreds of pretty little horned sheep. Feeding on the short grasses of the hill tops, and amongst the heather and bracken, they grow the most delicious mutton. As if by a special provision of nature, these mountain sheep are not affected by the worm, which causes so much trouble and loss to the flock-masters of lower and enclosed lands.

The hill-country farmer finds another source of income in pony breeding. Exmoor ponies have a well-deserved reputation for extreme hardness of constitution. They often carry big men in perfect safety up and down steep hillsides, when it would seem more in keeping for the men to carry them. The foals are drafted and sold annually at Bampton fair, the last Thursday in October.

HUNTING, so far as the county is concerned, is dealt with in a separate chapter elsewhere. But the Tiverton district is so attractive to the sportsman whose tastes are towards hunting that a little space may be given to the subject. Devonshire contains more packs of hounds than any other county in England, and in no part of Devon do hounds congregate in such variety and numbers as in the district of which Tiverton is the centre. Sir John Amory's stag-hounds are a well-established pack, hunted solely by amateurs, with Mr. Ian Heathcoat-Amory as huntsman, and Messrs. de las Casas as whips. The pack consists of about thirty couples of first-rate hounds. They hunt regularly two days a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays. The pack is a private one, maintained entirely by Sir John Amory at his own expense. The Great Western Railway

affords great facilities in connection with the meets at Dulverton. The Tiverton foxhounds are kept at Bolham, a little way from Tiverton, in kennels kindly lent by Sir John Amory. The master is Mr. W. C. L. Unwin, J.P. The meets are twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays. Tiverton is practically the centre of the country worked. Sir John Amory's harriers have been hunted for forty years. The master is Mr. Charles Carew, J.P., Sir John Amory's son-in-law. The days are Mondays and Fridays. A pack of otter-hounds had been kept at Culmstock, ten miles from Tiverton, for more than three generations by members of the Collier family. They have been sold, but a portion will work the streams of Devon, Dorset, and Somerset. The season begins in April, and ends in August, just when staghunting commences, so that there is practically hunting in the district all the year. Mr. E. H. Dunning, J.P., C.C., of Stoodleigh Court, has recently introduced a pack of basset-hounds into the district, and these can be followed on foot.

FISHING is dealt with elsewhere, but Tiverton and district afford capital sport, and a few words may be given to the subject here. The Exe gives fine trout fishing, with good baskets at times. Fish as big as five pounds are to be had, but, of course, the average is rather below this. The season of the Tiverton Fishing Association is from 1st March to 15th May for three days a week, and after that daily to the last day of August. There are golf links in the vicinity of Tiverton.

TOPSHAM is a little town on the Exmouth branch of the London and South-Western Railway, and is about four miles from Exeter. It presents considerable picturesqueness from the western side of the Exe, upon the east bank of which river it is situate. The place is much given over to shipping and trade, but the district is charming, and it is a pleasant neighbourhood, with an open breeziness that comes from the wide estuary of the Exe and the sea beyond.

LYMPSTONE. About three miles or so from Topsham, on the same railway, is this pleasant little place. The church of St. Mary is of ancient foundation, but was rebuilt, all but the tower, in 1864. It is of the Perpendicular order. There is a clock tower near the beach, erected by Mr. W. H. Peters, in 1885, to the memory of his wife, and from the top of this beautiful views of the surrounding country, which is very charming, may be had. The neighbourhood is much appreciated, and there are seats of many well-to-do families in the vicinity.

EXMOUTH. A very pleasant town about ten miles from Exeter on the London and South-Western Railway, to which are frequent trains. It boasts of some antiquity, though under another name, for the Danes destroyed the town in 1001. In the days of King John it was a considerable port. To an expedition to Calais in Edward III.'s reign it contributed ten ships and one hundred and ninety-three seamen. In modern times it has taken on a

commercial air, and has very fine docks and considerable trade, though the visitor who desires not to be reminded of such things may be quite oblivious of the fact. It is a town well sheltered from north-east and south-east winds, but its sea breezes are bracing and refreshing, especially in the summer. Its climate is very equable at all times of the year, and it is a place that has points worth appreciation all the year round. Very fine views may be had from Exmouth. Boating may be very safely practised, and bathing is particularly good. Exmouth possesses some excellent passenger steamers, and seacoast trips to all the neighbouring coast towns are made all the summer through. Accommodation for visitors is good, either in hotels and at lodging houses. There is a good supply of water, and the sewage system is excellent, so that visitors have nothing to complain of on these heads. Social life is pleasant. There are a number of clubs. Exmouth may be reached by the London and South-Western Railway from Exeter, or by steam launch across the Exe from Starcross, a station on the Great Western Railway.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON has a name that will interest many by its supposed derivation from its connection with the parish of Budleigh Salterton, or Saltern, its ancient and proper name, so given from the saltpans that previously existed at the mouth of the river Otter. It is situated immediately under the east end of a small bay opening to the south, and at the termination of the valley of the Otter, which runs at right-angles to it through a most beautiful country, and passing along the eastern boundary separates the Otterton parish from that of East Budleigh. At the commencement of the present century it was a small fishing hamlet. It has one principal street running along its valley. The valley in which Budleigh Salterton is situated rises on each side on ridges, that on the west separating the valley of the Exe from that of the Otter; that on the east dividing the latter from the Sid Valley. The western end terminates in an eminence of about 430 feet above the sea level, and is caused mainly by the outcrop of a stratum nearly a hundred feet in thickness of water-worn pebbles known as the Budleigh Salterton pebble-bed. This follows the dip of the other strata, and passes under the site of Budleigh Salterton. The High Peak is an abrupt conical hill at the eastern end of the Otter Valley scarped seawards, on top of which the remains of pre-historic earthworks may yet be seen. Excellent bathing may be had, and sea and river fishing also. Trout may be fished free for the lower part of the river. Boating is most enjoyable, and there is cricket and badminton. There are golf links at a distance of about a mile, and a new ground is being laid out close to the village and railway station. These will be very attractive links, with a full course of eighteen holes. There are tennis and croquet clubs, to which many of the leading players in England belong. The town is sheltered from winds. Many places of interest are within



SEATON.



HONITON

walking, cycling, or driving distance, notably Hayes Barton, where Sir Walter Raleigh was born in 1552.

SIDMOUTH. The Somerset county families favoured Lyme Regis and Seaton, so the East Devon gentry patronised Sidmouth. As Weymouth was beloved of George III., so Sidmouth attracted the Duke of Kent, and his daughter, the Princess Victoria, must have found this lovely place a pleasant change from the stricter rule of Kensington Palace. As a winter residence Sidmouth vies with Torquay and places of a kindred character. It claims to have a very high position for sunniness, and to have a much drier climate than many spots on the British coast. The town has plenty of good accommodation for visitors, and has many useful institutions in which residents become interested. There are admirable facilities for sea-bathing, and the walks and drives in the vicinity are varied and picturesque.

SEATON. To those who have time to spare, the little town of Seaton is worthy of a visit. It may be reached either by road from Axminster, the old home of the celebrated Axminster carpets, along the valley of the Axe, or by rail *via* Seaton Junction, on the London and South-Western Railway. The drive along the Axe Valley is charming. Near the mouth of the river is the very picturesque village of Axmouth, and about three miles from the village is the mansion of Rousdon, erected by the late Sir Henry Peek, Bart., together with its interesting little church, which has been rescued from the state into which it had fallen, having become a barn, and re-consecrated and endowed by the same gentleman. There is a most interesting museum at the house, and a fine collection of stuffed birds, as well as an astronomical observatory. At the mouth of the Axe a port and harbour were formed in the early part of the century, but which have now fallen into utter decay.

In travelling to Seaton by rail the route passes through Colyton, with its magnificent church, containing an early monument to one of the earls of Devon, and close to the site of Colcombe Castle, of which little or nothing remains except a small fragment of the old buildings now used for farming purposes. The railway also passes through Colyford, which was of some importance in early times, the estuary of the Axe probably extending to it; nothing, however, remains of its former importance except the title of "mayor," which is bestowed by the lord of the manor on one of the inhabitants.

The village of Seaton, which, by some mistake, was supposed to be the ancient Moridunum, certainly presents no architectural beauties, but is famous as perhaps among, if not the healthiest of all the many popular resorts on this coast of Devon, and its long extent of shingle beach is a special feature.

One mile from Seaton is the pretty village of Beer, a part of the united parishes of Seaton and Beer. The lord of the manor, the Hon. Mark Rolle, has built a

very handsome church, but the picturesque village is losing much of its old-world quaintness at the hands of the builder. A short distance from Beer are the very old quarries, which have been worked for many years, certainly as long ago as the Roman occupation of Britain, if not longer.

AXMINSTER. More persons will, perhaps, know the name of this town than are interested in it, for though Axminster is a very old place, the manufacture of the style of carpets to which it has given a name only began in 1755, and was closed in 1835. But the town name suggests a bygone day, the minster on the Axe. The parish church of St. Mary was originally Norman, but it bears evidences also of later styles, and it has been "restored." It is a very interesting building, and full of memorials, dating back a long way. In William the Conqueror's time the church was attached to the cathedral of York, a far cry indeed. The whole vicinity of the town is full of interest to archæologists and antiquaries. There are ruins of a Cistercian abbey, founded in 1245, on a farm to the south of the town. There was a magnificent church attached to the order, when Henry VIII. altered things, but nothing of that remains. Ford Abbey, about seven miles to the north of the town, is also an object of interest. The neighbourhood is pleasant country, suitable for those seeking a restful region, where they may also find, if they be so minded, much recreation in the romantic associations that invest the neighbourhood. The town is on the London and South-Western Railway.

OTTERY ST. MARY. This town is situated in a charming valley, on the eastern bank of the river Otter. It is twelve miles from Exeter on the Sidmouth branch of the L. and S.W.R. The town is of some importance, and has obtained a place in the literature of the country as Thackeray's "Clavering." Mention is made of a church as existing here in 1260, in which year it was consecrated. The church of St. Mary is a beautiful building in the Early English and later styles. The student of church architecture will find much of interest here. Oliver Cromwell left his mark here, and his admirers should visit a spot to which he paid much attention. Sir Walter Raleigh, born at Hayes Barton, Budleigh, resided some time at Ottery St. Mary.

HONITON. Amongst the many places of interest in the beautiful county of Devon, Honiton may fairly claim to be remembered. Those who have never visited Honiton have at least heard of Honiton lace, and the lace trade is in a vigorous and improving state at the present time. Visitors who approach Devonshire by the London and South-Western Railway cannot fail to notice the pleasant situation of the town in the valley of the Otter. The wooded hill of St. Cyres is a notable feature of the landscape. Honiton is one of the many charming little spots in England which have never been much advertised, in spite of their attrac-

tions. The town has a fine broad street, and is really little more than one broad street. The country is very near at hand on either side. Here, if anywhere, is *rus in urbe*—town and country—side by side. It is said that Honiton is in the valley of the Otter, but, to speak more accurately, it lies on the slope of one of the hills which form the valley, a hundred feet above the Otter and from three hundred to five hundred feet above the sea.

To visitors who are satisfied with the pursuits of country life, the town and neighbourhood have many attractions. The walks in the vicinity are almost inexhaustible, and it would be difficult to hit upon a walk or drive that would be dull or monotonous. The heights of Dumdonn and Hembury Fort, with their old Roman and other camps, the Axminster Road, Marl Pits Hill, the Dunkerswell and Taunton Roads, all furnish delightful views. Although the town is quiet and modest, it is not behind the age, nor does it desire to waste its sweetness on the desert air. It has its golf links on the breezy downs seven hundred feet above the sea. It has its tennis club, its social clubs, and reading rooms. The old church on the hill, with its ancient screen and picturesque churchyard, reminds the visitor of the perfect repose of a country church and surrounding God's acre. For residents there is much in the town to make life agreeable. Unfortunately, houses are difficult to get, but this is surely a want which the enterprising citizens will supply. The ancient Grammar School of Allhallows gives a thoroughly good classical or modern education. There are also very good private schools for girls and young boys. For the sportsman, the Otter provides good trout fishing, and tickets can be obtained from several farmers at moderate cost. True to its name, the Otter provides otters as well as trout, and the sweet music of the hounds is often re-echoed by the hills. There are several packs of foxhounds and harriers within reasonable distance, amongst them the East Devon, the Axe Vale, and the Cotleigh. Honiton is not likely to lose its old-world charm and rural beauty, and it is ready to welcome to its repose the discerning and appreciative visitor.

CREDITON, a colony of the faithful, the birthplace of Wilfred, known as St. Boniface, the founder of the Fulda Monastery, an Anglo-Saxon of great fame as a preacher. It is on the London and South-Western Railway on the main line from Exeter to Plymouth and North Devon, at a distance of eight miles. In the neighbourhood are many county seats. Downes is the home of Sir Redvers Buller. The church dates from the fifteenth century, and the see, removed in 1050 to Exeter, has been revived in the person of Canon Trefusis, suffragan Bishop of Crediton. The church dates from very remote times, and an early one was from 909 to 1050, the cathedral of the bishops of Devonshire. The town derives its name not improbably from Credo, the text St. Boniface preached from. Coplestone Cross, which still remains, is an ecclesiastical monument of considerable antiquity four miles from Crediton on the

Torrington Road. It dates probably anterior to the see of Devonshire, and is mentioned in a Saxon charter of 974. The neighbourhood is a very pleasant one.

THE DARTMOOR COUNTRY. No greater contrast than that exhibited by the heather-clad slopes of the wild upland of Dartmoor and the smiling meads and orchards of the cultivated portion of South Devon could well be imagined. But though for the most part presenting its primeval aspect, it is far from barren, for to its numerous streams the valleys of Devon owe their fertility, and but for them would lack much of their verdure and beauty.

No county in England other than Devonshire can boast of such a region as Dartmoor. Extending some twenty-three miles north and south, with an average breadth of eleven or twelve miles, it comprises within its limits the most grand and sublime scenery, and offers a field wherein a vast variety of tastes may be gratified such as is rarely to be found. The seeker after nature in her wildest forms will find his desires satisfied on Dartmoor. The antiquary and archæologist would look in vain for a district where are scattered so great a number of rude stone remains, memorials of an ancient and almost forgotten people, the contemplation of which carries the observer back to prehistoric days. The lover of old world customs may find them yet lingering among the peasantry of the moor, and folk-tales are still related, and superstitions that in more populous parts of the country have nearly died out have not been driven from Dartmoor. Mediæval antiquities, too, are not wanting. To the geologist Dartmoor is especially attractive, the formation of its granite rocks affording scope for much interesting study, while for the naturalist and the botanist is provided a wide field in which to conduct research. It has been considered that the Dartmoor granite is probably Archæan—at all events, is an ancient granite—greatly modified by a partial reheating in the presence of salt water, in post-carboniferous times. The number of plants now recorded as having been found on Dartmoor and its borderland is about 1,052, of which 546 species belong to the flowering plants, and 506 to the cryptogamous plants. But probably the artist finds in Dartmoor the happiest hunting-ground. Go where he will, the eye of the visitor ever rests on that which is attractive, for the moor is no dreary, monotonous waste, but a land of rushing streams, of deep valleys, and wild glens, of crags and lofty hills.

The rider to hounds and the angler are afforded capital sport on Dartmoor. It needs coolness and judgment, and no little courage, to ride over certain parts of the moor, for it is a rough country, but this gives zest to the chase, and, when confidence, begotten of a knowledge of the district, is gained, there are few things more exhilarating than a gallop over its slopes. In the numerous Dartmoor streams trout are plentiful.

The pedestrian does not weary on Dartmoor so quickly as when walking on the roads of a lower-lying district. There are a buoyancy of spirit and an elasticity of step engendered by the pure mountain breeze, and it is surprising what a distance the Rambler is able to cover ere he feels compelled to cry, "Hold, enough."

Dartmoor cannot be called mountainous; it has been more accurately described as an elevated tableland, broken up into long ridges, and intersected by narrow valleys. Its mean elevation is about fourteen hundred feet, but several of its hills attain an altitude of about two thousand feet, and two slightly exceed that. In not a few instances the tors resemble castellated ruins when viewed from a distance, and although the charm is dispelled on a nearer approach, the interest is not lessened, for wonder is excited by the strange manner in which the enormous blocks are piled on one another, and so curiously poised that they threaten to topple over upon the beholder. There are over a dozen principal rivers, the Dart, which gives name to the district, being the largest, besides a great number of tributary brooks, over seventy of which bear distinct names.

Around the more ancient hill-farms are occasionally found a few sycamores, and in certain sheltered spots there are plantations of fir, while in some of the valleys dwarfish oaks grow amid the scattered granite, but with these exceptions the moor is destitute of trees. It is indeed this, and the bold character of its craggy hills, that give it its wildness, and in this wildness is its charm.

The central portion of this great waste is known as the Forest, and is an appanage of the Duchy of Cornwall. The moors that lie around it, and which are precisely similar in character, form the Commons of Devonshire, and the two together go to make up the district now known as Dartmoor. We meet with the first mention of its name in the charter of King John, by which that monarch disafforested the county of Devon, with the exception of Dartmoor and Exmoor. In that charter the forest bounds are referred to as being the same as those recognised in the time of Henry I., but when they were first fixed is not known. They are defined chiefly by natural objects, and there is nothing to show the stranger when he is in or out of the forest. The Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, exercises very important rights over the forest and some of the adjacent commons, and valuable rights of turbary and pasturage also belong to the commoners. When there is no heir apparent, and consequently no Duke of Cornwall, the forest reverts for the time being to the custody of the Crown.

OKEHAMPTON. This is one of the principal towns of the Dartmoor borders, and it lies on the northern verge of the moorlands. It is situated in a valley, at the confluence of the East and West Ockments, two streams, the course of which, from their birthplace among the hills to the point where they unite, is through the midst of scenery of the most charming description.

There is an air of neatness about the town, and many of the houses are not wanting in quaintness, while its situation is pleasing, and its surroundings full of interest.

At a short distance from the town the venerable ruins of Okehampton Castle still attest the greatness of the stronghold of the Courtenays. It was built by Baldwin de Brionys, who followed the standard of the Norman Conqueror, and whose son became baron of Okehampton, which barony afterwards came by marriage to Reginald Courtenay, and in that family it continued for several centuries.

The parish church is placed on a hill, whence exceedingly fine views are commanded. There is comparatively little interest in the building, as, with the exception of the tower, the church was burned down in 1842, and its ancient monuments perished. In the town, however, is the chapel of St. James, in which are some interesting fragments of carved bench ends. The tower is Perpendicular, and, like all the moorland churches, is of granite. It was formerly the property of the corporation.

For some years past artillery practice has been conducted during the summer months on the verge of the moor to the south of the town, the wide sweep of commonland offering an excellent range. Warning flags are hoisted sufficiently long before it commences to enable the pedestrian to keep clear of the ranges.

Within a distance of five miles rises the loftiest peak on Dartmoor, and, in fact, in England, south of the Cumberland Hills. This is known as High Willes, and, according to the recent ordnance survey, attains an elevation of 2,040 feet. No visitor to Okehampton ought to leave the neighbourhood without scaling it and the rocky crest of its sister height, Yes Tor, which has an altitude of only ten feet less. It may be reached either by proceeding up the hill by the station, immediately on passing which the furze-clad slopes are gained, or by following a green path across the lower portion of the park, opposite the castle, to Meldon. If the former route is chosen, the pedestrian sees before him, on reaching the brow of the first hill, three striking eminences with a truly mountainous outline, the furthest of which appears the highest. This is Yes Tor, the central hill being West Mil Tor, and the near one is known as Row, or Rough, Tor. Crossing the park, which is merely a part of the common enclosed within a wall, and taking the first-named hill as a landmark, a stile is reached, after passing which the open common is gained. The way now lies plain before the pedestrian, the only obstacles he will meet with being such as are overcome without much difficulty, scattered rocks, and in one place rather boggy ground, which may by a slight detour be avoided. Yes Tor and High Willes are both on the same elevated ridge of land, and only about half a mile apart, yet there is a striking difference in the view commanded from each. The former being nearer the frontier of the moor, a wide expanse of cultivated country is to be seen in one direction, while from

High Willes the prospect almost wholly consists of moorland scenery. And what a view it is! Dusky sweeps of heath rolling away into the distance with here and there a tor lifting its rocky crown against the sky. An immense tract of broken ridges, their sides scarred with deep lines, where the rains, forming brooks, have poured into the torrents below. Silence reigning over all; a land from which life seems to be absent, impressive in its wildness and solitude.

Another spot of which Okehampton has just reason to be proud is the Island of Rocks, in the valley of the West Ockment. On reaching the Meldon Viaduct, a light structure spanning the entrance to the gorge, the hills are seen rising boldly from the river, in places so steep that it would be necessary to climb in order to ascend them. The path is here close to the stream, and leads towards an abandoned mine, after passing which the signs of man's handiwork vanish, and the rugged sides of the wild glen alone meet the eye. Not far from this gem of the West Ockment are the beetling crags of Black Tor, and below them, near the river, an ancient oak wood, whose leafy honours in the summertime contrast strikingly with the wildness around it.

The East Ockment also contributes in no small degree to the attractions of the neighbourhood of Okehampton. This stream issues from the moor through a charming valley known as Belstone West Cleave, where the softer beauties of wooded scenery unite with the sterner features of the uplands. A ramble down this valley takes the visitor through a succession of scenes of the most delightful description. From the field in which is the site of the ancient chapel, now marked only by mounds of earth, a path runs through Holstock Woods to a ford on the river, where stepping-stones offer a means of crossing. The scene here is charming in the extreme. Below the ford the vale narrows and forms the West Cleave, a spot much loved by the artist, every step of the way showing new combinations, and arresting the attention of the beholder. On the east side of the valley, high up the slope, the great mass of Cleave Tor is a prominent object, and on the opposite side the beautiful Ashbury Tor rises amid foliage, its grey rocks clasped by creeping plants. The cascades, of which there are a succession, are exceedingly fine, the sheets of white foam gleaming through the foliage that half hide the stream from sight. A side valley opens to the view, where trees and bushes clothe the sides, and barely reveal the brook that courses down it to unite its waters with the Ockment. This is Holstock Cleave, and the little stream is the Moor Brook. Further progress down the valley discloses fresh beauties, and when the West Cleave is left behind the town of Okehampton comes in sight.

In the northern portion of the Forest of Dartmoor is situated Cranmere Pool, the Mecca of every explorer of the moorland region. Though presenting nothing remarkable in itself, being merely a boggy hollow, and, owing to

the bank having been broken through, containing but very little water, a visit to it will yet repay those who desire to see something of the desolation of the inmost recesses of the moor. It is the surroundings of Cranmere and not the pool itself that make it worth the pedestrian's while to venture over the boggy land in the midst of which it is concealed. There is a vast wilderness with scarcely a rock to break the monotony of the dreary stretch of boggy ground, yet withal there is that in the rude garb which nature wears in this remote and silent spot which cannot fail to impress. More than one wild legend have their scene at Cranmere Pool, which has always been regarded as a mysterious and uncanny locality. William of Worcester mentions it in his Itinerary, written about the close of the fifteenth century. The pool may be as conveniently reached from Okehampton as from any border town, but in order to visit it the services of a guide will be found advantageous.

Okehampton is a good place for moorland excursions; the day may be spent amid the solitudes of the moor, and the evening in a pretty and interesting little town.

A holiday fair, called a *giglet*, or wife market, is held on the Saturday after Christmas. At this fair it was formerly the custom for the rustic swains to be privileged with self-introduction to the young damsels of the neighbourhood who gathered there, with the result that many bachelorships were soon after ended. As early as the reign of Henry III. Robert Courtenay obtained permission, by the gift of a palfrey to the king, to hold a fair in his manor, and in 1676 two new fairs were instituted by charter. Other ancient observances still obtain, and are not among the least of the interesting features of this moorland border town, which was in existence prior to the Norman Conquest.

STICKLEPATH AND THE UPPER VALLEY OF THE TAW. In the immediate vicinity of Cranmere several Dartmoor streams take their rise, one of which is the Taw, whose course is northward, its waters mingling with the sea in Barnstaple or Bideford Bay. After flowing for several miles through a solitary district, it enters a deep narrow valley, high above which is the primitive little village of Belstone, and a short distance further down runs through the East Cleave and bids adieu to the moor. At the point where it leaves the uplands, in the midst of rural scenery of the most interesting kind, is situated the village of

STICKLEPATH, on the Exeter and Launceston Road, and scarcely four miles from Okehampton. Nestling at the foot of Cosdon, one of the best known of the frontier heights of the moor, and placed amid smiling fields and wooded slopes, with many a quaint old farmhouse half-hidden in sheltered nooks, it has much to recommend it. It is beloved by the angler, the Taw teeming with trout, while those who delight in investigating the memorials of a bygone age in the shape of the mossy cairn or the rude



OKEHAMPTON.



CHAGFORD: LEIGH BRIDGE.



stone circle, or the wayside cross of mediæval days, will here find full scope for such pursuits. The village is in Sampford Courtenay parish, and the church is several miles distant, but there is a chapel of ease, a modern building but of ancient foundation. It is said to have been originally erected in 1146 by Joan Courtenay, and endowed as a chantry. At the western end of the village is a well, on the granite front of which is the inscription: "Lady Well. Drink; be thankful." Close to this stands a stone on the verge of the common, about five and a half feet in height, and bearing faint sculpture. The ascent of Cosdon may be accomplished comfortably from Sticklepath within the hour, and in addition to the wonderful prospect to be commanded from its summit, the noble hill possesses no small attraction in the antiquities to be found upon its crest and scattered over its huge sides. Cosdon formed the starting place of the old perambulators, sworn to "enquire of the bounds and limits" of the forest, and on it were also lighted the beacon fires, the lofty hill being well adapted to the flashing of the signal, forming, as it does, such a conspicuous object throughout the northern and eastern parts of the county.

BELSTONE. The village of Belstone, which is placed on the hill between the East Ockment and the Taw, and at the northern extremity of the ridge on which is the fine range of the Belstone Tors, is an old-fashioned, quiet, out-of-the-way little place. Restful, and taking one back in imagination to the old days. On the common, south of the village, is a stone circle known as the Nine Maidens, and not far distant are other objects of antiquarian interest. Eastward of the ridge on which stand the Belstone Tors is the level stretch of Taw Plain, covered with masses of granite, some of immense size. Surrounded by lofty eminences—the only openings being where the Taw enters and leaves it—it presents a wild character, and, with the beautiful peak of Steeperton Tor rising at its upper end, forms as attractive a scene as any on Dartmoor. The plain is twelve hundred feet above sea level. Between Steeperton Tor and the ridge on the west, the course of the Taw is through a narrow defile, at the head of which the character of the scenery alters. The tors give place to great brown sweeps, and the distant glimpses of cultivated country are lost. The Taw, here but a rivulet, pursues its way through a shallow hollow, covered with short grass, the sides being fringed with heather. This hollow gradually narrows until, in the heart of the wilderness, and near the lonely Cranmere, the fountain-head of the stream is reached. The lanes around Sticklepath are of that character so peculiar to Devon, narrow, and closed in by high banks, but affording, where a break occurs, or where the brow of a hill is reached, the most charming glimpses of fertile vales and timbered slopes. One of these leafy highways conducts to the village of

SOUTH TAWTON, which is but a short distance off. A most pleasing scene is here presented. An old tree grows in the centre of an open space, on one side of which is the

church with its massive tower. Near the gate of the churchyard stands an ancient house with a fine arched doorway of granite. Removed from the highway, the little place is so calm, so peaceful, that one leaves it with regret. Half a mile distant from South Tawton is the old-fashioned village of

SOUTH ZEAL, with its fine cross in the centre of the wide street, and its ancient chapel of St. Mary. In the vicinity of these two villages several wayside crosses are to be seen. At Addiscott there is a beautiful example, while another, at Ringhole Copse, though of ruder type, is exceedingly fine. The ancient mansion of the Oxenhams, a family to which belongs the curious tradition of the appearance of a bird with a white breast as a forewarning of the death of the head of the family, formerly stood near South Tawton. On its site a farmhouse was erected in the last century.

CHAGFORD. On an acclivity above the Teign, and not far from where that river leaves the moorlands through a noble gorge, stands the ancient market town of Chagford. Though removed from the highway, it is readily accessible by coach from Moretonhampstead, four miles distant,

and where is the terminus of a branch of the Great Western Railway. For variety of scenery it is probably unsurpassed in the borderland of Dartmoor, being within easy reach of wooded valleys, long stretches of heath, breezy heights, wild glens, and the deep gorge of Fingle, with its folding hills. The Teign, like the Ockment and the Taw, rises in the swampy tableland around Cranmere, though not so

FINGLE
BRIDGE.



close to the pool as do those streams. The united stream runs by the picturesque mansion of Holy Street to Chagford Bridge, near the town, and pursues its course through pasture fields to enter Fingle Gorge, where it becomes once more a feature in wild scenery. Between Chagford and Sticklepath are the two border villages of **THROWLEIGH** and **GIDLEIGH**, each pleasingly situated, and within easy distances of either of the former places. On the commons near them are groups of hut circles—the ruined basements of dwellings of unknown age—as well as various other rude stone remains. At Gidleigh is an old church—in which the pulpit, reading desk, lectern, and reredos, are all of granite—an ancient manor house, and a ruined castle. Of the latter, however, not much

now remains, only one tower, with crumbling steps, and a vaulted chamber, but it is nevertheless an interesting object, and takes one back in imagination to the time when even this tiny settlement on the verge of the waste boasted an importance. A walk through the lanes from Chagford to Gidleigh and Throwleigh, returning by way of the commons, is one that will enable the visitor to see much of interest, and in which the diversity of scenery will delight the eye. In Gidleigh Park the beautiful and the wild and romantic are most happily blended. In places are thick undergrowth, grey boulders, and tall ferns; in others, grassy slopes and ancient oaks. On the side that overhangs the Teign bare and rugged masses of rock rise amidst the foliage, while here and there glimpses are caught of the foaming torrent below. Forms and hues of every variety are constantly presenting themselves, the whole scene being one of impressive grandeur.

The largest stone circle in Devon is to be seen on Gidleigh Common. This is known as Scorhill Circle, and is not far from where the Teign enters the glen by which it leaves the moor. Near it, in the river, is a curious holed stone, which has been considered to be a dolmen, but it would appear with very little reason. The perforation is undoubtedly due to the action of water, and not to any artificial means. There are several tors of more than ordinary interest in the neighbourhood, among which may be named Kes Tor and Watern Tor. The latter is a conspicuous object from the road between Moretonhampstead and Chagford. When viewed from certain points two of the rock-piles, which overhang and nearly touch each other at their summits, give the tor the appearance of being perforated. This part of it was anciently known as Thirlstone, and is referred to by the forest perambulators in 1609. The excursion to Cranmere is not infrequently made from Chagford, and Watern Tor, though not quite in the direct line to it, is generally visited *en route*. It forms an excellent landmark, standing apart from other rock-piles, on a lofty ridge. As affording a good example of an ancient hill farm, the estate of Fernworthy, to which a road leads from Chagford, will well repay a visit. Further out in the wilds is the lonely farm of Teign Head, to which, however, the visitor will find no path to guide him. In the vicinity of the latter, near a pile known as Siddaford Tor, are two large stone circles very near each other, called by the fanciful name of the Grey Wethers. Two fine hills rise close to the town of Chagford, Nat Tor Down and Middleton Hill, and views of great interest reward a climb to their summits. Near by is Week Down, close to the road running over which is an old granite cross, in a very elevated position.

Chagford, though pre-eminently a Dartmoor town, is yet one where will be found much of modern improvement and advance, and is far ahead of many that are nearer the great centres of population.

The romantic gorge of Fingle, where the scenery is of a particularly bold description, is one of the attractions for which Chagford has become justly celebrated, and is within easy walking distance of the town. Below the bridge at Sandy Park the Teign enters this fine valley, and here a path, carried along the side of the hill, affords a means by which the visitor may view its beauties to great advantage. On the opposite side of the deep valley is Whiddon Park, where is a blending of wildness with softer features, and further down the steep hillside is covered thickly with trees. About a mile and a half below the head of the gorge is Fingle Bridge, in the midst of scenery not to be surpassed in Devon. The road that crosses the stream by the grey old structure ascends on one side towards Drewsteignton, near which place is the famous dolmen, or cromlech, and on the other to the height on which is Cranbrook Castle, an ancient hill fort. On the latter side the road takes a zigzag course up the steep hill, and at one of the angles is a view of the folding hills of a particularly charming character. The bold eminence of Prestonbury, where is another hill camp, is a striking object from the Cranbrook side, its heather-clad slopes forming a marked contrast to the wealth of foliage that clothes the neighbouring steep. Below Fingle Bridge the gorge extends for over two miles, the scenery being of the same grand character. The mingling of rocky tor, wooded acclivities, bold hills, and foaming river throughout this gorge is most impressive, and a visit to it cannot fail to result in arousing a desire to seek its recesses again.

MORETONHAMPSTEAD. On the eastern side of Dartmoor, but separated from it by cultivated country, is a range of downs, of granitic formation, and of similar character to the moor itself. Near the foot of this, and at the end of a valley extending upward from Newton Abbot, is Moretonhampstead, a pleasantly situated little town, possessing much in its neighbourhood that is more

LUSTLEIGH
CLEAVE.



than ordinarily attractive. It is popularly said to be "twelve miles from everywhere," that being about the

distance it is from Exeter, Newton Abbot, Ashburton, Okehampton, and Princetown. In the opposite direction a shady lane leads to the village of North Bovey, where a most pleasing scene meets the eye. The quaint houses, placed around a large green, on which grow a number of noble oaks, the church, with its embattled tower, and the ancient village cross, make up a picture truly English in its features. The Bovey, an affluent of the Teign, flows by the village, the paths on its banks leading the pedestrian through numberless scenes of beauty.

Near Moretonhampstead Church, in the main street of the little town, stands the Cross Tree, the branches of which, as readers of Mr. R. Blackmore's "Christowel" will remember, have served the purpose of a ballroom. Moretonhampstead, like all the border towns of Dartmoor, has a peaceful, old-fashioned air about it, but, at the same time, possesses conveniences to suit modern ideas. Its bracing air and delightful scenery, combined with its accessibility, have for long caused it to find favour in the eyes of the visitor.

LUSTLEIGH AND ITS CLEAVE. In the valley through which runs the railway from Newton Abbot to Moretonhampstead, and about eight miles from the former town, is the village of Lustleigh, the neighbourhood of which has long enjoyed great popularity among lovers of the beautiful in nature. Though chiefly famous for its Cleave, it possesses many other attractions, and is a good point whence to reach the downs in the vicinity of Hennock and Christow. The village is small, and somewhat scattered, many of the houses being partly hidden among trees, which gives it a picturesque appearance; in the more modern part is ample accommodation for visitors. The ancient church possesses some monuments of interest, among them being the effigies of a knight and a lady.



AT
LUSTLEIGH.

Pleasant lanes lead to the famous Cleave, always beautiful, but which, when approached from certain points, so that the view bursts suddenly upon the sight, creates a feeling of supreme delight, so varied and yet so full of harmony are the objects it comprehends. A steep ridge, extending for a considerable distance, its side studded with groups of grey rocks and huge patches of fern, where are narrow green paths made by the

mountain sheep. At the head of the Cleave, hidden away amid the trees, is the romantic farmhouse of Foxworthy, than which no eremite could desire a more secluded retreat. Near it a steep and narrow path leads upward through the thick wood to some fields, a delightful but all too short walk across which brings the visitor to the little village of

MANATON, in the midst of a combination of pastoral and moorland scenery particularly striking. Like North Bovey, Manaton possesses a spacious green, though of a

different character from that of the former place.

A short walk brings the visitor to Becky Fall, where a small tributary of the Bovey River tumbles over innumerable rocks, forming a series of beautiful cascades, which, when the stream is swollen by the rains, present a truly enchanting picture. One of the grandest tors on Dartmoor may be reached in a very short time from Manaton.

This is Hound

Tor, where the rocks rise to an immense height in the form of colossal walls, and in places resemble the ruins of some Cyclopean stronghold. Near by is the fantastically-shaped pile of Bowerman's Nose, standing about forty feet above the common, and in which a rude likeness to the human form can be traced. Across the valley rise the fine rocks of Hey Tor, conspicuous objects from the lowlands in this part of Devon.

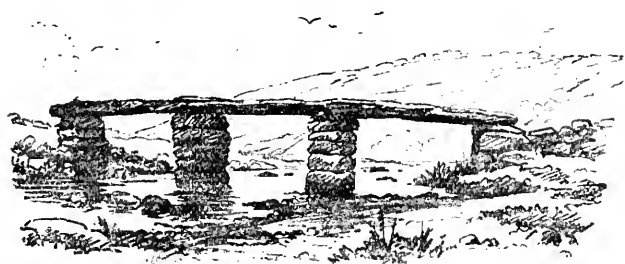
WIDECOMBE-IN-THE-MOOR. Lying between the lofty ridge of Hameldon, one of the more conspicuous and striking of the Dartmoor hills, and the high land from which rise the tors of Honeybag and Chinkwell, with other prominent rock groups, is the valley of Widecombe. It is about four miles in length, and midway is the village, or church town, as these small settlements are locally called, of the same name, but having an adjunct, its full title being Widecombe-in-the-Moor. On account of its picturesque situation and romantic accompaniments of moorland scenery, as well as for its olden associations, the place is one of considerable interest. It may be conveniently

BOWERMAN'S
NOSE.



reached from Chagford or Moretonhampstead, from Bovey Tracey or Ashburton, or from Princetown, good roads leading to it from each of these places. The church, from its size and the beauty of its tower, is often spoken of as the Cathedral of the Moor. It was the scene in 1638 of an event both singular and calamitous in its effects. During the afternoon service, in the month of October, a terrible thunderstorm broke over the building, doing considerable damage to the fabric, and killing four persons, besides wounding sixty-two others. Not far from the northern end of the village a path leads to the summit of Hameldon, for the trouble of ascending which hill the visitor will be amply rewarded by the magnificent view he will obtain. Certainly few better points can be found from which to gain an idea of the vast extent of Dartmoor. At the northern extremity of the ridge is Hameldon Tor, overlooking a depression, in which is situated a remarkably fine example of an ancient hut village, surrounded by the ruins of a wall of considerable size. This is Grimpound, well known to antiquaries, and concerning which much speculation has been indulged in. There are a great number of similar walled hut clusters on the moor, but Grimpound is the most noted example.

A road near the pound joins that from Plymouth to Exeter at the distance of about a mile and a half, and by following the latter in the direction of the first-named town for rather more than three miles, the moorland settlement of Post Bridge is reached. To look upon the trees, and the fields around the hamlet, one can hardly imagine that until a recent period there was little more to be seen than rocky heath. Post Bridge derives its name from an old structure spanning the East Dart. This is what is locally known as a "clapper" bridge, and there are many on and around the moor, but none of the size or in a better state of preservation as this. The piers are formed of rudely



POST
BRIDGE.

wrought granite blocks, upon which are laid immense slabs, forming the roadway, of sufficient width for a packhorse to pass over.

A mile or so south-east of Dunnabridge Pound a road branches off to Holne (the birthplace of Chas. Kingsley), passing the moorland hamlet of Hexworthy. From the front of a little roadside hostelry at the latter place, the most charming view in the whole of Dartmoor is to be

obtained, and one which should on no account be missed by the visitor.

Somewhere about midway between Widecombe-in-the-Moor and Princetown, and rather over a mile from Hexworthy, the road crosses the East Dart, immediately above the confluence of the two branches of that noble stream. The bridge is situated in a deep valley in the midst of delightful scenery, the trees of Brimpts, the bare flank of Yar Tor, the enclosures of Cumsdon, and the masses of grey granite, everywhere mingling in the happiest manner. The spot is well-named Dartmeet, and is one of those where the moor relaxes its sternness and is seen in a brighter mood.

SOUTH BRENT. As a centre from which to explore the southern part of Dartmoor, no place can be better adapted than South Brent, while those who prefer the softer features of rural scenery will here find ample means of gratifying their tastes, its situation between the uplands and the champagne country of the South Hams offering choice of either. The little town has a station on the Great Western Railway, and there is a branch line from it to Kingsbridge, by means of which many interesting spots in the valley of the Avon can be visited. On the common at the foot of Beacon Rocks there are golf links, which may be conveniently reached from Wrangaton, distant only two miles from Brent by rail. Another commanding eminence is Brent Hill, in close proximity to the town, and justly celebrated for the diversified character of the view from its summit. There are many charming walks on the banks of the Avon, which flows by South Brent, either down the stream to Avonwick or Diptford, or upward through a romantic vale to Shipley Bridge on the verge of the moor.

The views from the border heights of southern Dartmoor embrace that part of the county known as the South Hams, and extend to the English Channel ; but the visitor to Brent will, by ascending Brent Hill, not only be able to enjoy that delightful prospect, but, in addition, a great part of the south-eastern verge of the moor, and the country lying near it. The remains of a small building exist on the summit, said to be the ruins of an old watch tower. The moor may be reached from Brent either by way of Aish Ridge, Dockwell Gate, or Shipley. Just below the latter place are Zeal Pool and cascades, in the midst of a wood, a spot which will delight all lovers of the romantic. At Shipley Bridge the scenery is of a most attractive character, the wild moor, with Black Tor and Shipley Tor commanding the defile down which flows the Avon, forming a striking contrast to the trees and fields in the lower part of the valley. To trace the Avon to its source would lead the explorer through the southern quarter of Dartmoor, and many objects of interest would be met with on the way.

The Erme, another beautiful Dartmoor stream, rises in the same neighbourhood, as also do the Yealm and the Plym. On the banks of all of them are numerous antiquarian remains, the southern portion of the moor being especially

rich in megalithic monuments. On the Erme is an old oak wood, similar in character to that on the West Ockment, and further down, where the river bids adieu to the moorlands, is the sequestered little village of Harford, with its church on the very verge of the waste. Below Harford the river runs through the beautiful Stowford Cleave to Ivybridge, thence to Ermington, and mingles its waters with the sea at Mothecombe.

The course of the Yealm on the moor is not long, and, like the other Dartmoor streams, it leaves the uplands through a wooded valley. This is known as Hawns and Dendles, and is not very far from the village of Cornwood.

These streams, and the whole of the south quarter of Dartmoor, may be conveniently visited, either from Brent, Ivybridge, or Cornwood, all of which places have stations on the Great Western Railway.

SHAUGH AND THE UPPER PLYM. Near the crest of a steep hill, high above the confluence of the Meavy River and the Plym, and where the commons meet the enclosed lands, is the little village of Shaugh. Though picturesque when viewed from a distance, and not unpleasant when approached, it is its romantic surroundings that have earned for it a name. From Bickleigh, where is a station on the Launceston branch of the Great Western Railway, a few miles only from Plymouth, it is easily reached, and good roads also lead to it from Plympton and Cornwood. Shaugh Bridge, where the two streams above mentioned meet, has long been celebrated for the beauty of its situation—a spot where the wilder forms of nature are seen in happy combination with features of a sweeter character, where the rugged steep, the hillside clothed with thickets, trees, and pasture crofts, blend in one harmonious picture. Above the bridge the Dewerstone rises from the river, famous alike for its association with Carrington, the poet of Dartmoor, and its own natural attractions. On the opposite bank is West Down, where blocks of grey, lichen-covered granite, the ruins of tors, cover the ground in almost bewildering confusion. Not far from the village church is an old cross, and on the common hard by are many a memorial of times more remote. Some way above the head of the valley of the Dewerstone, and where the view of the moorlands begins to extend, the river is crossed by Cadaford (or Cadover) Bridge, to which a road leads from the village. Above this the course of the stream is through a solitary part of the moor, but the numerous vestiges of ancient dwellings on its banks prove it to have been peopled in those old days when the Celt sought these wild hills for tin. Near the source of the Plym is Fox Tor, celebrated in local legend as the hill below which Childe the hunter met his death. The story is still related on the moor how Childe, being overtaken by a snowstorm, killed his horse, and having disembowelled it, crept within its body for shelter; but without avail, for he was discovered dead.

and the monks of Tavistock Abbey having buried him, claimed his lands at Plymstock, according to his testament written in blood. The story is probably a distortion of some Saxon legend. A kistvaen below Fox Tor, with a cross, restored some few years since, marks the place where the hunter perished. The tale is told by Risdon, a Devonshire topographer, who wrote at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and who mentions Childe's tomb as one of "three remarkable things" to be seen in his day in the Forest of Dartmoor. The other two are Wistman's Wood, a grove of ancient storm-stricken oaks, on the bank of the West Dart, and Crockern Tor, on which were to be seen the tables and seats of stone used by the stannators at their open-air court. The latter two are very near Two Bridges, a haunt beloved by the angler, and not very far from Princetown. From either place Risdon's "three remarkable things" may be easily visited, as also may Siward's, or Nun's, Cross, a very fine example and mentioned in the forest perambulation of 1240. The stone table and seats are no longer to be seen on Crockern Tor, the hand of the vandal having been busy, nor are the voices of the jurors heard there now, the last stannary court being held on the tor in 1749. The courts at which all cases affecting the tin mining are heard are now held at Truro, in Cornwall.

MARY TAVY. Prettily situated on a small tributary of the Tavy, one of the streams of which Browne, the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, has so sweetly sung, and in the midst of scenes of more than ordinary interest, the little village of Mary Tavy is fast earning renown as a charming summer resort. It has a station on the Launceston branch of the Great Western Railway, and is within easy walking distance of Brent Tor Station, on the London and South-Western Company's main line, so that it is readily accessible by rail. The road from Okehampton to Tavistock passes close by it, the latter town being less than four miles off. There is an extension of Mary Tavy—a sort of suburb, larger than the village itself—named Black Down, after the great spur of the moor, on whose slope it is situated, and in both is accommodation for visitors.

The Tavy, the course of which from its fountain-head to its confluence with the Tamar is through a succession of scenes of the most beautiful character, acts as a dividing line between Mary Tavy and Peter Tavy, the two villages being less than a mile apart. The bridle-path connecting them is carried over the Tavy by a wooden bridge, or "clam," as such structures are locally called. The river is here particularly charming. Below the clam a huge rock named Longtimber Tor, resembling the massive walls of an ancient keep, stands near the stream, and opposite it a wall of rock rises out of the water, overhung with trees. Above the narrow bridge other fine rocks tower over the river, the grey crags being partly hidden amid thick foliage.

A pleasant walk from Mary Tavy, through the hamlet



MANATON: FROM LUSTLEIGH CLEAVE.



HOUND TOR.

of Horndon, will conduct the visitor to Hill Bridge, a spot where Nature has indeed been lavish in the distribution of her gifts. A bright, laughing stream, ferny banks, and waving trees, and the grand hills of the moor sheltering all. Above Hill Bridge is the famous Tavy Cleave, which may also be reached conveniently from Lydford. A ramble up Peter Tavy Combe will be fraught with enjoyment. Fine tors crown the heights above it—Staple Tor, Roose Tor, White Tor, and beyond the valley of the Walkham, the giant Mis Tor, all highly interesting in themselves, and commanding magnificent views. From Gibbet Hill, on Black Down, the whole of the western frontier of Dartmoor from the Sourton Tors to the Dewerstone Hill can be seen, and in other directions the view is equally wide. A prominent object, and one near at hand, is Brent Tor, with its little church of St. Michael upon the summit. A strange situation for a sanctuary—the peak of a high hill, which no worshippers could reach without a toilsome ascent. The little fabric has braved the storms of many hundreds of winters on Brent Tor.

LYDFORD. The whole of the forest of Dartmoor lies within the parish of Lydford, which, it is needless to say, is a very extensive one, the largest, it is believed, in England. The village is small, but in early times was a place of no little importance. It was always attached to the forest, and in its castle offenders against the stannary laws were for a long period confined. It was the seat of a mint, chiefly during the reign of Ethelred II., and in Domesday is mentioned as being a walled town. But its former greatness has long departed, though it is still not wanting in renown, thanks to the natural attractions of its immediate neighbourhood. About a mile from the village are the stations of the Great Western and London and South-Western Railways, so that this ancient village, which a few years since was all remote, is now, like so many other of the Dartmoor border settlements, within easy reach of our great centres. Not far from the station is the Lydford Waterfall, and nearer to the village another, known as Kitt's Fall, but more interesting than either of these is the deep chasm—Lydford Gorge—in the hollow below the church, and which is spanned by Lydford Bridge. The latter is merely a single arch thrown across a narrow ravine some seventy feet in depth, with walls of solid rock. Through this the river Lyd forces its way, but so dark and gloomy is the cleft that the stream can scarcely be seen from the parapet of the bridge.

The walls of the keep are all that remain of the castle, but within it the pit or dungeon is still to be seen where unhappy prisoners languished for years awaiting trial, and which caused the castle to be described in an act of Henry VIII. as the “most heinous, contagious, and detestable place in the realm.”

To cross the Lyd below High Down, and climb the hill to the beautiful Hare Tor, and descend Tavy Cleave, is a

ramble that will well reward the pedestrian ; or, if he prefer it, he may make for Ger Tor, crossing first the slope of White Hill, and enter the cleave at its lower end. Tavy Cleave is a deep valley of the grandest and most romantic description. The sides are precipitous, the western being exceedingly rugged. Huge tors, in which fancy may trace the resemblance to frowning castles, overhang the rocky steep, at the foot of which the Tavy foams along its boulder-choked channel. Under certain skies the whole scene is most impressive, and nothing in these western highlands can excel the grandeur of this wild defile viewed from the rock-crowned summits that tower above it.

BRIDESTOWE. Between Lydford and Okehampton, but considerably nearer the former place, is the village of Bridestowe. Here is a station on the main line of the London and South-Western Railway. The village has a pleasant and neat appearance, and, though near the lofty hills of the moor, is well sheltered. An object of interest is the entrance gate to the churchyard, which has a Norman arch. The present church dates from about the middle of the fifteenth century. There are many pleasant walks in the neighbourhood, and a good road, passing close to the station, which is about a mile from the village, leads to the moor. Great Links Tor, one of the prominent heights of Dartmoor, may best be ascended from Bridestowe Station, and it is also a good starting point for the recesses of Cranmere. The lonely rock pile of Fur Tor can be reached by crossing Amicombe Hill below Great Links Tor, and many other remote parts of the north quarter of the forest.

NORTH TAWTON. When the traveller journeying west from Exeter by the London and South-Western Railway catches his first glimpse of the hills of Dartmoor, he is nearing North Tawton Station, and will notice that the face of the country is changing somewhat.

North Tawton is rather over nineteen miles from Exeter by rail, and is situated on the bank of the river Taw. It is a pleasing little town, and in its vicinity much that is interesting is to be seen. There are walks of a charming character, particularly in the valley of the Taw. It is an ancient place, and was granted a market by John Valletort in 1270, but there would appear to have been one previous to that date from the ancient appellation of the town, which was early known as Cheping Tawton. The church is of some interest, the massive Early English tower being especially noticeable. The town of North Tawton has a neat and comfortable appearance, and there are a good many houses in it of modern date. It has much to recommend it, both as a place of residence and a centre for visitors. Pure air and pleasing surroundings are not to be lightly held in esteem, while among its other advantages must not be forgotten its position on the main line between Exeter and Plymouth.

SAMPFORD COURTENAY. The next station to North Tawton is that of Sampford Courtenay, and, the two places

not being far apart, there is little to be said of the surroundings of one that does not apply to the other. Sampford Courtenay, which is rather nearer the borders of the moor, is a small village of decidedly pleasing appearance. It adjoins the road running from Okehampton to Crediton, and which is the old road from Tavistock and the Tamar to Exeter. The village figures rather prominently in Devonshire history, for it was here that the rebellion of 1549 broke out. After leaving Sampford Courtenay, the railway soon crosses the East Ockment River, and enters the Dartmoor region, the next station, that of Okehampton, being on the very edge of the commons.

ASHBURY AND NORTH LEW. Between Okehampton and Bridestowe a railway branches from the London and South-Western line, and running through a sparsely-populated part of North Devon, passes into Cornwall. The first station is at Ashbury, a small village near the extensive range of commons known as Broadbury, which, although of little interest in themselves, yet conceal many charming nooks, and being of considerable elevation command the most extensive views. Ashbury Church is situated in the picturesque grounds of Ashbury House, and is a modern erection, but built on the foundations of an older church, and on the original plan. The little place has a very quiet, simple air, and its remote situation lends it a peculiar sort of interest. In the neighbourhood is Broadbury Castle, a camp considered to be Roman, of an oblong form, being 266 feet in length and 236 in width. The enclosing vallum at its highest part is eighteen feet, and there is a fosse twenty-five feet in breadth. The adjoining parish to Ashbury is that of North Lew, the village belonging to which is about three miles from Ashbury Station. It is rather large, and decidedly pleasant, though during winter its exposed situation, for it stands on a lofty eminence, from which exceedingly fine views are commanded, may render it somewhat cold. On the village green, near the entrance to the churchyard, is a cross raised on a massive granite pedestal, reported to date from the times when the preaching monks of Tavistock Abbey extended afar their out-stations. It is an elaborate example of these old memorials of the past. The church is exceedingly interesting, and at one time must have been truly gorgeous. The first church was enlarged in Plantagenet times, and in Tudor days was further enlarged, with three eastern chapels, enriched with elaborate and ornate carving, and a sumptuous rood-screen, most brilliantly coloured. But much of its beauty was destroyed during the troublous times of the seventeenth century, and the fabric also suffered from neglect during the eighteenth; the nineteenth has been kind to it. North Lew is four miles from the town of Hatherleigh, and about six from Okehampton, on the London and South-Western Railway.

HATHERLEIGH. Hatherleigh is yet without railway

communication, but a line has been projected to run from Torrington to Okehampton, which would touch it, and it is probable that at no distant date it will enjoy those advantages which most towns in the county of any importance have long known. At present Ashbury (L. and S.W. Railway) is the nearest station, but that is five miles distant. Pleasantly situated on the banks of a rivulet that falls into the Torridge, which stream is about one mile north, the ancient market town of Hatherleigh has much to commend it to the notice of the visitor. In the Torridge is most excellent fishing, and the valley through which it runs, though not of a highly romantic character, is not deficient in attractions. A short distance from the town is Hatherleigh Moor, a common comprising some four hundred and thirty acres. On it is St. John's Well, the water from which was formerly used at baptisms, and also a memorial to Lieut. Colonel Morris, C.B., a Balaclava hero. The town has been much improved of late years, and contains several important buildings. The manor of Hatherleigh, and also that of Fishleigh, in the same parish, formed part of the endowment of Tavistock Abbey. The church contains some interesting monuments, and the remnants of an ancient and beautiful screen. Hatherleigh was the birth-place of the Rev. Jasper Mayne, preacher and dramatic writer, and chaplain to Charles II.

HALWELL. From this station, the next to Ashbury, one branch of the line runs to Holsworthy and Bude, the other to Launceston, Wadebridge, and Bodmin. The village of Halwell is rather over a mile from the station, and is but a very small place, consisting merely of the church, the manor house, the school, and a few houses. It is, however, prettily situated, and the old-fashioned church is interesting. Immediately within the churchyard gate is the base of a cross, raised on a calvary, but the shaft, with the exception of a small portion of it, is missing. Outside the gate is an ancient roadside cross, set in a bank, at one end of a small plantation. From a knoll not more than a furlong from Halwell Station, a very wide view is commanded. Row Tor and Brown Willy in Cornwall can be seen; also the hills of Dartmoor and Exmoor. On the road to Hatherleigh is the Golden Inn, about a mile and a half from Sheepwash, the latter a favourite resort of the angler.

HOLSWORTHY. After leaving Halwell the railway passes through a succession of moors until within a short distance of Holsworthy, when the aspect of the country begins to change. Holsworthy, the chief market town of this district, is situated on high ground above the small river Deer, which, uniting with the Derle, forms a tributary of the Tamar. The church tower is a conspicuous object in the landscape for many miles around, and is very handsome and massive; the church contains much twelfth century work. The principal street, in which is the market house, is of some width, and on market days presents a very animated appearance. Many of the neigh-

bouring villages are worth a visit on account of their old-world look, and some have fine churches. The walk to the Tamar—of about four miles—is pleasant, and at many points of the road distant views of more than ordinary interest are opened up. To the north of the town is Stanhope Park, part of which is laid out as a recreation ground, another portion forming a charming promenade, the delightful prospect enhancing its attractions not a little.

BUDE. A few miles from Holsworthy the railway is carried over a river, not of great width, and whose current appears somewhat sluggish. This is the Tamar, and on gaining its western bank the county of Cornwall is entered. Just here is Whitstone and Bridgerule Station, the former of which places is in Cornwall, the latter in Devon, though until within comparatively recent years Bridgerule was partly in each, the Tamar, which now acts as the boundary between the two counties, passing through the parish. An Act of Parliament included its western portion within the county of Devon. After a short run from Bridgerule, the terminus of the line is reached at Bude, a pleasant watering-place, which has long been held in high estimation as a health and pleasure resort. Though in the county of Cornwall, the situation of Bude is such that it falls readily within the range of the Devonshire tourist, the village—or little town, we suppose it must now be called—being but a few miles from the Devon border, and not touched by any of the direct lines of railway running far into the westernmost county. But it is to its grand coast that Bude owes its celebrity. Nothing can be finer than the magnificent views presented from the cliffs. Bold and rugged headlands, and jutting rocks, are seen extending for many miles, and a walk along their verge reveals constantly changing forms. Here the cliff looks sullen and frowning, with dark rocks at its base; there a bay with yellow sands to which the descent is less steep; now the view is closed in by some promontory against which the angry waves ceaselessly dash; again it opens upon the sight, and a new succession of headland and bay stretches far away, to lose itself where the water meets the sky. The prospect down the coast is more extensive than in the opposite direction, but on each side of the haven it is alike grand and impressive.

Bude Haven being open to the full swell of the Atlantic, during very stormy weather vessels are unable to enter or to leave it. It is protected by a breakwater, at the end of which is the Chapel Rock, which forms a good promenade. On the hill above this is the coastguard lookout station, known as the Beacon. About two miles from Bude is the village of Stratton, lying in a valley. During the season numbers of visitors make this their headquarters; it presents all the features of an inland place, and is yet quite close to the coast. In the beautiful valley of Combe, a glen running inland from the beach a few miles to the north of Bude, there is much that will interest and charm the visitor.

TETCOTT AND LIFTON. Among the places of interest in the valley of the Tamar between Bridgerule and Lifton may be mentioned Tetcott, a small but very pretty village, about five miles from Holsworthy. Its association with the old hunting squire—Arscott, of Tetcott, of the Devonshire ballad—lends it an interest to all who are fond of the chase, and who delight in listening to the accounts of the famous deeds of the hunters of the early part of the century, men who, like Mr. George Lowth, did not fear to ride over Werrington Park wall, with a drop into the deer park of twelve feet. The village is not far from the confluence of the Claw and the Tamar. Lifton is situated in the Valley of the Lyd, a Dartmoor stream that falls into the Tamar about a mile from the little town, and its surroundings are of a pleasing character. The lofty square tower of its church, surmounted by crocketed pinnacles, is a striking object, and, with the church itself, is an ancient structure. There is a station on the Launceston branch of the Great Western Railway at Lifton, the Cornish town, where is the terminus of the branch line, being only four miles distant. The next station in the opposite direction is Coryton, which is but a small place. In this parish a wooded hill, known as the Beacon, affords delightful and extensive views, a great portion of the northern and western borderland of Dartmoor being in sight. A few miles from Coryton is Lydford Station, southward from which the Great Western branch and the South-Western main line run parallel for some distance at the foot of the slope of Black Down.

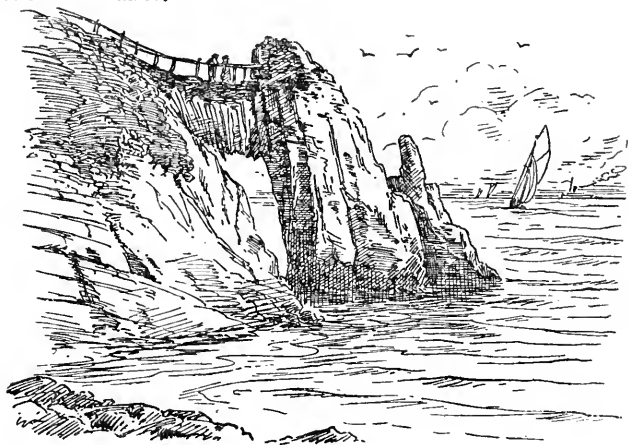
SOUTHERN SECTION.

This section is the area of which Torquay would seem to be indicated as the headquarters, and it runs from the sea to the moorland, perhaps containing as much variety of scenery as any.

TORQUAY. Looking down on Torbay from any point of vantage near, it is always a beautiful sight. Whether it is being lashed by a south-westerly gale in winter, or while lazily spending its summer wavelets on the many beaches on its shores, there is ever something attractive in the sight, and interest is even further excited by a slight knowledge of what has taken place on this small portion of the earth's surface. To-day the space called Torbay is covered with water, and this has been its condition for thousands of years, but such has not always been the case. At least twice previously luxuriant forests have flourished where now the tide ebbs and flows. Geologists can point out the raised beaches indicative of its former possession by the sea, and any day at low water relics of the more recent forest can be seen on Tor Abbey sands.

In 1588 one of the captured galleons (the *Capitana*)

of the so-called Invincible Armada was brought into Torbay, and her soldiers and sailors placed as prisoners in the tithe barn of Tor Abbey. Their memory still haunts the place, for it has been called ever since "The Spanish Barn." In 1688 the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., came here and landed at Brixham, from whence he marched to Exeter, on the way to London. In 1715 the Jacobite Duke of Ormonde sailed into the bay with the object of raising Devonshire on behalf of the Pretender; but no responses were made to his signals, and he sailed back to France.



NATURAL
ARCH.

During the wars which preceded and accompanied that wonderful epoch in the history of the human race called the French Revolution, Torbay was the place of assembly for a long succession of fleets. In one form or other maritime war and its preparations were constantly present, until the arrival of Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*, in 1815, after which, beyond the occasional appearance of a few warships, peace has resumed possession of these waters. It was during these terrible French wars that a stimulus was given to the growth of Torquay. A ship would be ordered to Torbay to await the arrival of her consorts, and might be lying there for months before the requisite complement to form the fleet was assembled. When any great sea-captain came by land to take command of a fleet he would be entertained by the Cary family at the abbey, and nearly all the celebrated admirals, including Nelson, St. Vincent, and Howe, came here, hoisted their flags, and sailed away. This influx of strangers stimulated the natives to build a few small houses to accommodate the ladies and families who came here to be near their husbands and fathers, and thus in 1801, the date of the first census, the population was eight hundred and thirty-eight, living in one hundred and forty-three houses; and in 1811 the number had increased to 1,350 in two hundred and fifty-three houses. There were very few families without a sickly member, and it was soon noticed that many of these

were benefited by their stay in South Devon. The boy or girl who reached here in a bad way from lung mischief—brought down in order that the father might see him or her for the last time—was observed to put on flesh, and grow strong and hearty; and then, perhaps, by way of experimenting, a winter or two were passed here with most satisfactory results. It was thus that the climatic reputation of Torquay was made, and indirectly the beginning may be ascribed to the French wars. Each decade has shown an increase in its population, until at the last census the number of inhabitants was 25,500, while in the Torquay postal district, which includes St. Mary Church and Cockington, it was about 35,800.

Now, what is Torquay like? Well, there have been many attempts made with pen and pencil to answer this question, but with no great success. It can be looked at from so many points, that each observer will miss something which another has considered of great importance. Immediately on leaving the railway station the visitor is struck by the beauty of the scene. The road runs along skirting the sea, and giving off branches to the left which seem to penetrate between the various hills on which the town is built. These hills are sprinkled with villas, each in its own well-wooded garden, and so placed that those lower down do not cut off the view from those higher up the hill. Nearing the centre of the town the harbours are reached, and the appearance of the water close to the two principal thoroughfares is very pleasing, especially when covered with boats and yachts. Leaving the Strand, as this portion of the only street is called, the stranger can wend his way up one of the branch roads, and he will soon learn on what system the town is laid out. Everywhere



TORBAY
FROM
CHAPEL
HILL.

hills and their slopes covered with villas embowered in luxurious verdure—there are a few terraces, mostly fitted as comfortable lodging houses, but in the main the feature of the place is the villa. The hilly nature of the locality will be best understood by remembering that when the inhabitants want to play football they must needs go into the next parish. The view of the town from the sea is both interesting and picturesque. Starting from Tor Abbey, and following the coastline to Kilmore, there is

a long panorama of palatial structures very suggestive of Italian seaside towns. It is quite true that they are but hotels and such like, but the result is none the less very pleasing. It will then be understood that the majority of the well-to-do members of the community reside in villas, and of these there is every variety and every size. There are some to suit very small incomes, and others adapted to



FROM
WALDON
HILL.

princely revenues. But this mode of habitation is called for, to a certain extent, by the tone of the place. Let no one contemplating a visit here assume that he will have a glut of the cheap frivolity of Margate Sands or Brighton Pier; if he does he will be disappointed. There is a good deal of hospitality, and plenty of amusement; but the easy-going *table d'hôte* life of the South of France, or the high jinks of a Scarborough season, are not to be found on the shores of Torbay.

So much for the social aspect of the case. Now what is the claim which Torquay makes in order to be considered as a first-class health resort? Torquay first obtained public notice on account of its advantages as a winter health resort, and these are just as great now as then. Fashion has changed a good deal during the nineteenth century in the treatment of disease, as well as in the pattern of waistcoats; and fashion runs to curious lengths. At present the patient runs the risk of being sent for the winter, either to the snows of Davos, or the sandy plains of Egypt; and it is very doubtful which is most deadly. The latest fashion in respect of consumption, the so-called "open-air treatment," is as old as the hills here. The doctors' instructions have always been, "Be out of doors all day long," and very great success has followed it. The great advantages claimed for Torquay in respect of climate are the large amount of sunshine and the equability of temperature. The maximum mean annual temperature is 56.7° , and the minimum is 45° , thus giving a mean annual shade temperature of 50.9° , and a mean range of 11.7° . This fact is of great importance, because there is no such violent change from the great heat of the day to the bitter cold of night as is found by those who visit the South of France. There, the sunshine in the daytime is

very delightful, but the intense cold of the nights is just as distressing. There can be no greater trial of the powers of endurance in persons with feeble circulation than the struggle to keep warm at night-time when the temperature is low; for no arrangement for distributing artificial heat counteracts the depressing effects of cold nights. Call it by what name you like, there is something in the air here which is very soothing to a raw lung, and renders life very comfortable to the unhappy owner of a winter cough. The indications of nature are never misleading, and this place is no exception to the rule. It is only necessary to take a walk through the public and private gardens here to see that the plants and foliage are something un-English. In the month of February one can see out of doors the white blossom of the magnolia and the red camellia side by side. The eucalyptus flourishes easily, and so do various sorts of dracæna, the true palm, the hill and swamp flax, and hill bamboo; while the yucca is common, and the flowering aloe not infrequent. In fact, there is every proof that this spot is mild.

Torquay is very pleasant in winter for the invalid and elderly, but to really enjoy the place one should be here in summer. There is an idea among those who do not live

ROCK
WALK.



here that because it is mild in winter consequently it is hot in summer. They have only to be here in summer months to discover the fallacy of this reasoning. Torquay is built on a promontory which divides Torbay from Babbacombe Bay; there is less than a mile between these two waters, and this surrounding of water tends to keep it cool. There are no white rocks to reflect the sun's rays, but masses of dark green foliage; there are always cool breezes on the hills, and thus it comes to pass that the thermometer in the shade seldom rises to 70° . There is another witness to the coolness of our summers, viz., the fact that it is very rare to get a crop of peaches to ripen; while at Exmouth, only a few miles away, it is a regular occurrence. Another recommendation Torquay has is its proximity to Dartmoor, for in about an hour one can reach the slopes, and the moor air is bracing—in fact, equal to that of the Scotch and Welsh moors.

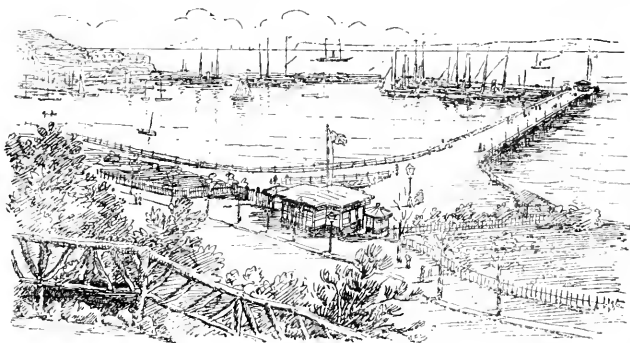
Although Torquay is so beautiful, it does not suit everyone, or every ailment. The following remarks have been written in all fairness, and may serve as a guide. All patients requiring rest and quiet in a mild and soothing climate improve greatly. Delicate children outgrow their weakness, especially when due to tubercular mischief. Those curses of old age, the winter cough and chronic bronchitis, are reduced to a minimum, and there can be no doubt that hundreds of elderly people manage to live on for years in Torquay whose days seemed only too plainly numbered when in their own homes in the North. In fact, Torquay is preservative to old age. In respect of consumption, the class of cases which do best are those sent here in the earliest stages. Next in order as likely to derive benefit are those in the later stages, provided the mischief is not active. What is called "galloping consumption" is no more likely to do well here than elsewhere, and it is only cruelty to bring such cases from their home surroundings "because we wanted him to have a last chance." Cases of irritable nervous affections, with deficient sleeping power, generally do well. Overworked brains derive great benefit from a stay here, provided rest, quiet, and regularity of diet are secured. Acute rheumatism is very rare, and many forms of chronic rheumatism get on well. Bright's disease is not a common ailment, calculous affections are extremely rare, and those who live according to the requirements of the climate are seldom troubled with liver. Those, on the other hand, who eat lots of cream and other rich things, and drink as if they were in some cold and bracing climate, of course soon come to grief, and thus learn by experience that in Rome they should do as the Romans do. If nature has been bountiful to Torquay, man has not been niggardly. Everything that can be suggested has been employed to make the place perfect as a health resort.

The affairs of the town were until a few years ago managed by a local board, but this has now been changed to a municipality with a mayor and corporation, and both bodies have spent money without stint. The water supply is collected from moorland streams on a spur of Dartmoor, over seventeen miles away. The reservoirs hold about three hundred million gallons, and the constant service is in use. From the watershed have been removed all farms, and no human being dwells thereon. This has been effected at a cost of about £60,000, and thus all chance of those terrible tragedies which have occurred in some places has been prevented. In this respect Torquay is far in advance of most places, and the absolute safety of the water is guaranteed. The water is very pure and wonderfully soft, and it is probably due to its great solvent properties that rheumatism is so rare. An extensive pier has been built, and numerous public gardens and walks and drives have been laid out. Something like £100,000 has been spent of late years in sewerage works, and with such excellent results that typhoid is very rare. In addition to this the individual house is not neglected, and, as nothing will keep in order for ever,

intending residents are advised, *before they sign a lease or other document*, to ask for a fresh sanitary report from the Town Hall. This will save a great deal of trouble and cost the applicant nothing. The roads are well kept, and, being made of limestone, dry very quickly, so that it is possible to walk about very soon after rain has ceased falling without inconvenience. For the isolation of cases of infectious diseases there is a well-arranged sanatorium, where private wards can be obtained.

Now about amusements. The Corporation engage a good band to play on the pier and in the gardens, but this is supplemented occasionally by visits from well-known military bands. During the winter season there is an excellent series of concerts given in the Bath Saloon, and the principal London vocalists and instrumentalists take part therein. There is a very pretty theatre, where the latest pieces are represented by travelling companies. Hunting, shooting, and fishing can be had within easy reach. There are golf

HARBOUR
AND
PIER.



links close to the town, and a club to organise the games and matches. Those who are partial to cricket and lawn tennis will find the requisite clubs and grounds, and a like provision exists for the promotion of football and bicycle matches. Occasionally skating is to be had on a lake distant about an hour by rail from Torquay. There are lectures on a great variety of subjects once a week at the Museum, and university extension work has also its votaries. Those who are scientifically disposed will find plenty to occupy them in the collections of the Natural History Society Museum, including the wonderful finds brought to light in the exploration of Kent's Cavern, and the cavern itself is well worth a visit. Short and long walks in beautiful districts are to be had, not only near the coast, but on Dartmoor, where any amount of time may be spent without exhausting its treasures.

The question of cost is always an important one. Houses are cheap either to purchase or hire, and they can be had furnished or unfurnished at any price or size. The cost of living is low, but then so much depends on the style of various individuals; those, however, who wish to live economically can do so if they like.

What with natural advantages in climate and beauty, and

artificial surroundings produced at a lavish cost, it was not without justification that the Corporation chose for its motto, "*Salus et felicitas.*" Among the chief attractions of Torquay is Kent's Cavern, which is one of the most celebrated caves in the world, owing not so much to its size as to the very thorough way in which it has been explored, and more especially by the late Mr. W. Pengelly, F.R.S., who as secretary and superintendent of a committee of the British Association expended nearly £2,000 on the work in the course of eighteen years. Those interested in this subject, and desirous of further pursuing it, will find the largest amount of information which has been collected in one article in Mr. Pengelly's revised collection of the reports of the British Association, published in the "*Transactions of the Devon Association,*" vol. xvi.

Supposing that a visit to Kent's Cavern has been made, the traveller should descend the road leading to Kilmorie, and from this point the sea-wall and the road can be seen. Those interested in engineering will admire this wall, especially when they understand that the main sewer of Torquay is inside it. Passing Kilmorie on the left, the road ascends until within a short distance of Hope's Nose. This is one extremity of Torbay, as Berry Head is the other. The road turns now to the north, and follows the line of the cliffs, and if the weather be fine nice views of Teignmouth, Dawlish, and Exmouth will be seen. The main road should be left where it turns to Ilsham Farm, and a footpath followed along the cliffs, and which in due course leads to Anstey's Cove. Nobody seems to know anything about Anstey, but



ANSTEY'S
COVE.

he was very fortunate in being able to give his name to such a beautiful spot, for certainly this wild glen is extremely pretty. Ascending the glen the road is soon reached at a spot where a good view of Bishopstowe can be had. This Italian villa was built by Dr. Henry Phillpotts, bishop of Exeter. A gate close by will lead to the downs, and the visitor should follow the line of cliffs until he reaches Babbacombe. It is on these downs that the Torquay Golf Club hold its meetings.

BABBACOMBE. There are two Babbacombes—one on the

downs, a modern creation of villas and terraces, and a splendid place in summer for bracing air, sea bathing, and beautiful views; the other, an older Babbacombe, can be reached by a long and steep road downhill till close to the water's edge. The walk is well repaid, for the little place is very pretty. Instead of climbing the same road, it is better to follow a path at the foot of the cliffs, and so reach Oddicombe Beach, and from whence an easy road leads to the downs above.

ST. MARY CHURCH has two important industries, viz., Blackler's Marble Works and Watcombe Terra Cotta Manufactory, and each is well worth a visit; while at the latter it is easy to reach Watcombe Rocks, a grand and singular sight. St. Mary Church and Babbacombe are supplied by the same water as Torquay. Large sums have been spent on sanitary improvements, and the death rate is very low.

The return journey to Torquay can be made by way of the Teignmouth Road and Upton Valley.

COCKINGTON. To the west of Torquay is the parish of Cockington, the modern part of which is simply another variety of villadom with an excellent health record; but the visitor should find his way by a pleasant walk to Cockington Village, and see the church and blacksmith's shop. This latter establishment has been painted, sketched, and photographed innumerable times, and apparently without doing it the least injury. From this point there are lanes in all directions, and many are the walks that can be made in this neighbourhood. A Devonshire lane is certainly a thing of beauty, but it has one disadvantage, it is so narrow that two vehicles cannot pass, and many are the complications, comical and serious, that result therefrom.

"In a Devonshire lane as I trotted along
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself I have hit on a strain,
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

"In the first place 'tis long, and when once you are in it
It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet;
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, there is no turning round."
etc., etc.

See the poem by the Rev. John Marriott.

The residential part of Cockington has been quite recently built, the ground has been well laid out with the object of each villa having good views, the drainage is excellent, the water supply is the same as that of Torquay, and the mortality is exceptionally low.

PAIGNTON is a most charming watering-place in the immediate vicinity of Torquay, from whose station it is distant five minutes by rail, and to which, in the summer time, steam launches run at short intervals. Situated in the centre of Torbay, which rivals that of Naples both for the colouring of the water and its picturesque surroundings—with a splendid stretch of sands, which give every facility for bathing, either from private tents, public machines, or dressing rooms at the end of the pier—with an esplanade admirably adapted for cycling, whose circuit extends a mile around a green on which hockey, tennis, and cricket are

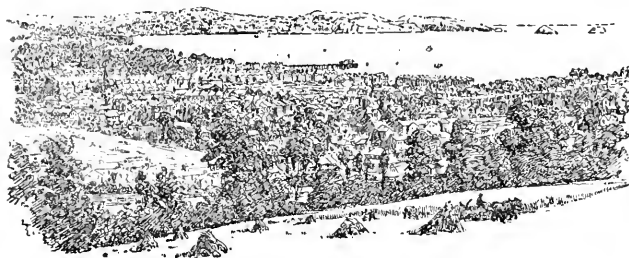


TORQUAY: ANSTEY'S COVE.



PAIGNTON: THE BEACH.

played—it presents unique attractions both for residents and for visitors. Young children can safely be left to play on the beach or paddle in the sea, whilst the band in the Shelter and the entertainments in the Pavilion on the Pier afford varied amusements to those of maturer age. The town has made the most rapid strides during the past ten years, and has nearly doubled its population. As a health resort for those requiring change of air, and as a suitable centre for those seeking sport or amusement, it is without a rival in the West. Its geological formation is the old red sandstone, which all architects recognise as the best sites for residential purposes, and the death rate is abnormally low. From 1885 to 1890 the average was 12.6 per thousand, in 1890 11.2



PAIGNTON

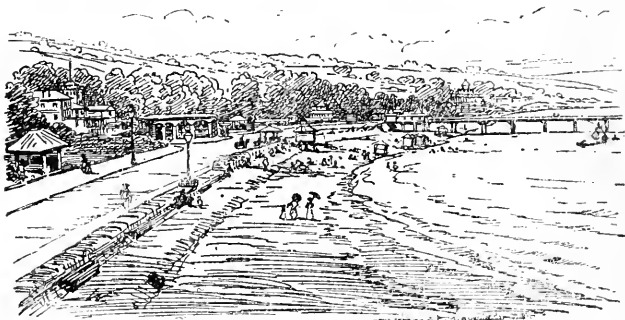
per thousand, and in February of this year (1899) the average for twelve months was three per thousand, whilst the two previous months (which generally show a high death rate) averaged seven per thousand for the year. Paignton is an admirable centre for tourists, being in easy reach of the Dart and Dartmoor, to which there are numerous tours by steamer, rail, and coach.

The grand old parish church, with its exquisite screen in the Kirkham chantry, is well worth a visit. Coverdale's Tower is close by. There is also the Redcliffe Tower, erected by Colonel Smith, C.B., who planned the defences of Delhi, this building being a replica of a palace there, and forming a remarkable architectural feature as seen from the bay. In the immediate vicinity are the remains of Compton, Berry, and Totnes Castles, with the beautiful scenery of the Dart, in which there is good salmon and trout fishing.

To those fond of sport every attraction is offered, there being clubs for golf, badminton, tennis, bicycling, rowing, football, cricket, sailing, swimming, etc. Alongside the railway station several acres of land have been secured, and through the liberality of some residents, who have guaranteed about £3,000 towards the cost, it will be converted into a recreation ground, on which cycle races, cricket, and football matches, with other sports, will periodically be arranged. There is also a Freemasons' Lodge, three clubs, one Y.M.C.A., one Y.W.C.A., an Orchestral and a Dramatic Society, through whose combined efforts the "Gondoliers," the "Pirates of Penzance," and "H.M.S. Pinafore" have been admirably rendered on the fine stage of the Public Hall.

There are some excellent public buildings in the Palace Avenue, which is the business centre of the town. There are three banking establishments, three Episcopal churches, two Roman Catholic, one Wesleyan, one Congregational, one Baptist, one Bible Christian, and two Plymouth Brethren. House rent is very low, apartments moderate in their charges, and provisions cheap. The walks in the neighbourhood offer every variety of charming scenery, varied by glimpses of the sea and of the Dartmoor hills.

BRIXHAM, situated in the south-west part of Torbay, distant only nine miles from Torquay by road, four by water, and having a branch railway, abounds with evidences that it was largely occupied by the ancient inhabitants of this island, caverns having been discovered containing numerous relics and Roman coins. It has several handsome seats—Upton Lodge, at its northern end; Nethway House, previously owned by the Luttrells of Dunster Castle, visited by King Charles II.; Laywell House, at the higher part of the town, which derived its name from a spring near by, said to rise and fall with the tide; and Lupton House, a handsome mansion, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Churston.



PAIGNTON
BEACH.

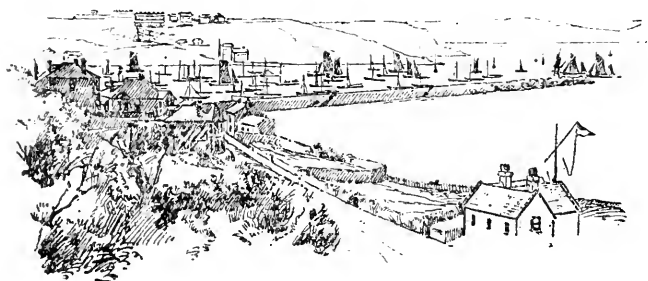
The town is well paved, drained, and lighted; its water supply is of the best quality, and extensive sanitary arrangements have recently been effected. It contains about nine thousand inhabitants. Many who dwell in Brixham—indeed the greater portion of its population perhaps—are engaged in the fishing and other industries. And this factor is not without value to visitors who are artists.

Its one motor, lever, and mainspring is its trawl fishery, there being upwards of three hundred fishing vessels of from twenty-five to fifty tons belonging to the port. Good fishing can at all times be found in the Outer Harbour, and should visitors care to spend a day or two on board of one of the fishing smacks for the purpose of seeing the trawl put down and taken aboard with its load of fish, there are always those who are willing to oblige them. There are many excellent secluded coves with safe beaches and natural caves, well adapted for bathers, and as there is comparatively little motion in the tide on any part of the coast, there is no danger of being carried beyond one's depth. There is a splendid stretch of beach at Mudstone, fully a quarter of

a mile in length, consisting of fine sand, which can be reached in twenty minutes from the higher part of the town.

The lanes in and around Brixham are very pretty, and during the summer months are covered with ferns and wild flowers, and even in midwinter the deep banks are thickly clad with ivy and ferns, the long leaves of the hartstongue overlapping the slope greener than in the spring at many places. For the scenery of the locality there can be nothing but praise, the artist's one difficulty being that of choosing what to put upon his canvas, the lovely bits being as varied as they are numerous.

As a health resort the town is steadily but surely rising into prominence amongst seaside centres, having a climate remarkable for its equability and salubriousness, the air being mild, bracing, and invigorating. The quantity of sunshine during the winter months is proved to be very great. Nestling under a magnificent range of hills to the landward side, which rise to a great height, the town is protected from many of the cold winds of winter. From the fact of the existence of this wall of hills it will be seen that two distinct climates can be obtained, one in the valleys, mild and balmy, and the other on the higher lands, cool and bracing. For those who require sea, a mild climate, and perfect rest there are few places better. Brixham has none of the conventionalities of a fashionable watering-place—in a word, it is restful. The death rate is only 13.2 per thousand, and this compares very favourably with like towns. The bold rocky promontory of Berry Head with its old fortifications commands one of the finest views on the shores of Britain. On a clear day the coast-line can be distinctly traced to Portland, and looking landward from its lofty height the rich and verdant freshness of nature unfolds itself in charming luxuriance. Berry Head House, the residence of the late Rev. H. F. Lyte, author of



BRIXHAM

“Abide with me,” is near by. Tradition points to this spot as the place where Vespasian and Titus landed.

On the Berry Head Road is Ashole Cavern, having above it a small entrenchment said to be a camp of the Danes. The Bone Cavern at Mount Pleasant Road, discovered in 1858, contains hundreds of specimens of carnivorous animals now extinct, and has been explored by the Royal Geological Society.

Among other places of interest there are the British Seamen's Orphan Home, with accommodation for eighty boys; the parish church of St. Mary, dating from King Edward the Confessor, with its cottages of the fourteenth century at the entrance, and in its churchyard the beautiful monument of solid white marble, erected in commemoration of the dreadful gale on January 11th, 1866, when over a hundred sailors were drowned from vessels at anchor in Torbay. On the Strand is the handsome marble statue of William Prince of Orange, erected at a cost of £700, and on the Victoria Pier rises a granite column, into which is let the very stone upon which he set his foot on landing in England, November 5th, 1688. The Fish Market on the south side of the harbour, on which tons of fish are sold almost every day, affords infinite interest and amusement, and the scene that presents itself on anything like a busy day is lively and varied. Great, hearty, robust, "baccy"-smoking men in blue jerseys and big sea boots are busy bringing their fish to market, and the work of selling the various lots by auction proceeds with rapidity.

For out-door recreation there is football, cricket, golf, and other clubs. The golf links of the Churston Club (an eighteen-hole course), laid out by Mr. Charles Gibson, of Westward Ho! are beautifully situated on high ground within a hundred yards of Churston Station, and contain every description of hazard. Convenient trains run from Torquay and neighbourhood.

KINGSWEAR, situated as it is on the eastern side of the river Dart (often called the English Rhine), built on the side of the hill and beautifully wooded down to the water's edge, will call to mind many pretty places on the Riviera. The actual village, where the church, station, and post and telegraph office are situate, stretches away in an easterly direction, and is built on one side of the road, thus commanding views of the Dart for a mile and a half. The church, although shut in by surrounding buildings, is an interesting edifice with a Norman tower, in which a clock was erected in 1897 to commemorate the Jubilee, and in which the quaint old custom of ringing the curfew is still practised. The post office is quite up to date, there being three incoming and three outgoing mails a day. The station, from which there is a capital train service, is adjoining the river and very central, and the Royal Dart Hotel is attached, which is convenient for visitors, and plenty of cheerful lodgings are procurable, from which lovely land and marine views can be had. Most of the private houses are situated round the side of the hill, facing south, and with their white walls, terraced gardens, and tall stately trees form as pretty a picture as one could wish. The view of the mouth of the river and Start Bay is a sight once seen never to be forgotten. This part of Kingswear is also interesting from a historical point. "Gourcrock" Woods extend to and beyond the mouth of the river, and were evidently called "God-my-Rock" by Cromwell's Ironsides. The ruins of an old castle are still visible, from which a



BRIXHAM BERRY HEAD.



DARTMOUTH

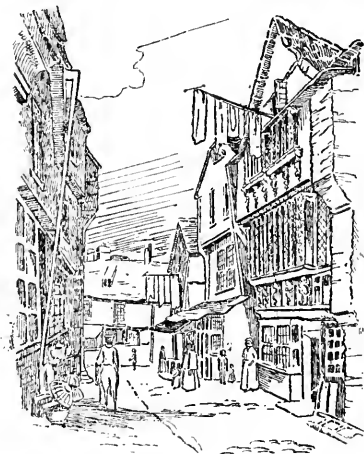
chain was stretched across the river to prevent the ingress of hostile ships. The staple in the rock that held the chain is still there, and below, in the rock, is a grave, known as "The Unknown Grave." From this castle the departure of Richard and the third crusade was witnessed, whilst two centuries later thirty ships and men left to take part in the battle of Sluys, thus earning for Dartmouth a charter and coat of arms from Edward III. From this point also the Ironsides drove the Royalists out of Dartmouth. The interior of the house Brookhill, to which these woods belong, is rich in interesting and historical data. There are many and beautiful walks, whilst yachting, sailing, boating, fishing, shooting, and golf are all obtainable.

DARTMOUTH. From whatever point of the compass the ancient borough of Dartmouth is reached, the approach is charming and picturesque. From the north it is by way of the Dart, full of the most delightful scenery, and a winding river course. The beautiful banks on either side are marked with ever-changing objects of interest, whether effects of sky, clouds, trees, or the landmarks of bygone days—ruins of monasteries; the homes of Devon worthies, including those of Sir Walter Raleigh (who is said to have smoked "the first pipe" and planted "the first potato") and Sir Humphrey Gilbert; "Sandridge House," the birth-place of John Davis, of Davis Straits fame, and many others; the sites of Roman camps; the nestling villages of Dittisham (the "camping" ground of landscape artists, and a place noted for its aromatic damsons), Stoke Gabriel (the headquarters of the salmon fishery), Tuckenhay (and fly fishing), Cornworthy (with its old standing ruins of an Augustinian nunnery), and, not least, the magnificent sweep of Sharpham Wood, with its heronry and the finest and largest of rookeries. Entering the town from the south and from the seaward, the blue water of the large bay, enclosed by the eastern Mewstone and the western Start Point, forms a funnel-shaped stretch of water, the water highway into Dartmouth. This sheltered spot is a safe and ample race-course and fishing ground for small yachts, whose owners can vary their sport by mackerel or pollack under sail, whiting, bass, and other sea fishing anchored or cruising, or competing in small yacht racing in the weekly and sometimes daily races all through the summer months. Recreation of such varied character, combined with mild healthy exercise and fresh air, form the desiderata so well adapted to men who have passed years in city life or for other reasons are seeking renewed energy and rest.

From the east entrance is made by the Great Western Railway, and from the west by coach or carriage drives over hills and dales of enchanting character, far surpassing the fashionable resorts to which so many rush to find disappointment.

The old borough of Dartmouth, undisturbed by the invasion of fashionable surroundings and the glaring anomaly of nineteenth century architecture, is full of the richest associations of the past. It has been the

cradle of seafaring life since when (in March, 1190) Richard Cœur de Lion made the harbour his rendezvous and started for the crusade, Edward III. left for Calais, and the Pilgrim Fathers sailed for America.



DARTMOUTH.

The great seamen of the nation, Admiral Hawkins, Raleigh, Drake, Humphrey Gilbert, and John Davis the explorer, recall the stirring times and restless activity of early English life, and it might naturally be expected that change had taken place, and perhaps improvement, in this land-locked harbour with its deep water for ships of large tonnage, but with slight variations it is the same as when Richard in 1190 sailed

from its shores, the charm being that nature had been so bountiful that artificial construction is unnecessary. This nursery for the British navy at Dartmouth is still a living reality, for it may be safely said that with but a rare exception all officers in active service have been educated for sea on the training ship *Britannia*, an old one hundred and twenty gun battleship (with her sister ship the *Hindustan*) stationed here since 1864. This establishment has been continually growing, so that the Admiralty have decided to replace these old battleships, which cannot provide the facilities for modern requirements, by building a large college at the north of the town on one of the finest sites in the kingdom (curiously enough purchased from the "Raleigh" estates). The cruiser *Racer*, with torpedo catchers, gunboats, and numerous sailing craft, are available for seamanship, and to supplement the navigation portion of the cadets' curriculum. Training ships for seamen and boys in H.M. navy, and the navies of Germany, Russia, and Denmark, with periodical calls of the warships of these nations, afford an endless variety of amusement and interest, more especially at the time of the annual Royal Regatta (which is a week of pleasure), and which royalty at times honours.

The oversea trade of Dartmouth may be said to have assumed definite shape and proportions with the discovery of Newfoundland, our oldest colony, over which the mayor appears to have had powers of "life and death." The great merchants of that period had some five hundred vessels engaged in trade; this fleet has now been supplanted by the everyday calling of merchant steamers for coal supply and for other purposes, which, added to the regular shipment of mails in the steamships for the Cape and West Indies, makes Dartmouth busy.

The antiquary will find rich stores and records of the past history of England in old charters and documents in the Town Hall, with the names, doings, and daily lives of those worthies (at times called pirates), who claim not only the construction of the earliest ships of our navy (such as Davis's *Moonshine* of thirty-five tons), but who provided seamen and captains to navigate and command them, taking part in every fight and in the discovery of new lands. They were the real pioneers of the great commerce of our country. It is an easy transition to the architecture of the quaint old streets with the houses and homes of these early navigators. Many examples of the sixteenth and seventeenth century remain, showing the artistic construction and refined taste of these men, whether in outside embellishments or inside ornamental decoration. The staircases, the magnificent mantels, and the poetic ornamental plaster work of their ceilings will bear comparison not only with modern villas but with the mansions of the wealthy, and create ideas that the education of the past must have been something more than we are taught was the case, the study of these houses being by no means a waste of time. It is interesting to observe that the building in which Charles II. held a parliament in Dartmouth in July, 1671, still remains in its original state, and may be found in the old Butter Walk.

Early churches of the twelfth and following centuries, for which space is not available to describe, remain, viz., three—St. Clement's on the hill; St. Saviour's, the town church, which contains a fine old carved screen; and St. Petrox, the old castle church at the entrance of the harbour. Dartmouth in New Hampshire, U.S.A., is interestingly connected with this town by an interchange of courtesies, which is recorded on a tablet in the Council Chamber of the borough. The environs furnish most picturesque and health-giving walks



THE
CASTLE.

and drives. Blackpool sands, within a three miles limit, commences a continuous line of sand and shingle extending some seven miles on the seashore of the English Channel, with charming nooks and coves backed by "hills and vales," faced by the ever-varying sheen on the cerulean water of Start

Bay, which can challenge any residential portion of the globe for quietness and the beauties of nature.

The climate is mild in winter and, from the sea breezes, cool in summer, with excellent fly fishing, river and sea fishing, shooting, hunting (with the Britannia Beagles and Squire Netherton's Harriers), and bathing—in fact, every natural amusement to utilise time is found, with the addition of the great boon which is now most assiduously sought after—sunshine and fresh clear air. The medical officer of the sanitary authority gives assurance that everything is satisfactory, and the statistics show the death rate to be among the lowest.

KINGSBRIDGE. The neighbourhood of Kingsbridge possesses numerous attractions for the tourist and the holiday-seeker. It is reached by a line of railway terminating at Kingsbridge, and connected with the Great Western main line at Brent, twelve miles distant, and this branch railway, shortly after leaving the main line, enters the beautiful Avon Vale, the hillsides of which are well wooded, crossing and recrossing on its course the river known as the Devonshire Avon. It will be difficult to find a railway passing through a lovelier tract of country than this.

Kingsbridge is the principal town in the extensive tract



KINGSBRIDGE.

of country known as the South Hams. Its main street is of good proportions, well kept, and the footpaths nicely flagged. An arm of the sea known as Kingsbridge Estuary terminates here, and from its junction with the English Channel, beyond Salcombe, to its termination at Kingsbridge, is about six miles in length—an imposing sheet of water at full tide. Near the quay is Pindar Lodge, the birthplace of Dr. Wolcot, the most powerful master of forceful satire of a rough and ready type in the English tongue, and whose writings are familiar under the name of "Peter Pindar." The most picturesque and oldest object in Fore Street is a building known as the Shambles, belonging to the lord of the manor, and over three hundred years old. Immediately behind the Shambles is the parish church, dedicated to St. Edmund, king and martyr, built about the year 1414. The chancel retains a piscina and a fine ancient stall or miserere; the screens separating the chancel from the chapels are unique, the tracery being very rich.

The Grammar School, situated at the upper part of Fore Street, is one of the oldest pile of buildings in the town,

with a house adjoining, in which is some well-carved wainscoting, said to have belonged to the monks of Buckfast. The Town Hall is situated near the church, and is the property of the feoffees. A reading room, police station, and other institutions are comprised in this building.

The Society of Friends own a building in Fore Street, now used by the Salvation Army. George Fox, the first of the Quakers, visited Kingsbridge in 1655, and again in 1663 and 1668. The Friends had an ancient burying ground in Fore Street, on the site where now is erected the engine house and feoffees' room. William Cookworthy, the discoverer of Cornish china clay, was born in Kingsbridge in 1705. The adjoining parish of

DODBROOKE is so closely connected with Kingsbridge that their boundaries are very indistinctly defined, and practically the two form one town, governed by an Urban District Council.

The parish church is dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. Dodbrooke is famous for being the first place where white ale was brewed, and it is still manufactured in this neighbourhood, made of malt, hops, eggs, and flour, and fermented with an ingredient called "grouts," and it has been thought by some that this is really the old English ale, described as being a thicker drink than beer, and that the white ale of the South Hams is a survival in some form of the ale which was drunk in early times all over England.

In the neighbourhood of Kingsbridge are some well-kept roads suitable for cycling; there are pleasant walks; good bathing can be had within a reasonable distance of the town, and enjoyable boating on the Estuary. For the angler there is the River Avon, a trout and salmon river, the fishing being under a double conservancy, viz., the Avon and Erme Fishery Board of Conservators, who grant season, day, and weekly trout fishing licenses, and season salmon licenses; and the Avon and Erme Fishery Association, who are lessees of certain fishing rights, and grant season, day, and weekly fishing tickets. Golfing can also be had within a reasonable distance of Kingsbridge.

TORCROSS. The coach drive from Kingsbridge to Torcross and from thence to Dartmouth is one of the finest in England, passing through places of considerable interest. One of the finest beaches in the country unquestionably is that at Torcross. Upwards of three miles of undulating sand and shingle with the English Channel in front, and in the rear the waters of Slapton Ley, with its patches of waving rushes, its flocks of waterfowl, and shoals of carefully preserved fish. Between Torcross and Start Point, which is distant about three and a half miles to the south-west, are the peculiar fishing hamlets of Beesands and Hallsands. There is a fresh water lake west of Torcross, covering about forty acres, and well stocked with fish.

Slapton Sands stretch away in a continuous line towards Dartmouth for about three miles, with the Royal Sands Hotel about midway across. Slapton Ley is a mile and a

half long, and probably half a mile wide at its widest. There is ample room for a dozen or more boats to fish on it. There is an abundance of pike, perch, rudd, and splendid eels to be obtained, and the charge for boat, boatman, with bait and tackle, is extremely reasonable. Coaches call three and four times daily at Torcross, and to continue the coach drive to Dartmouth, eight miles distant from Torcross, is very enjoyable.

BANTHAM. Kingsbridge is also the centre for another interesting coach drive, four miles distant, to Bantham. The hamlet is situate at the mouth of the River Avon in Bigbury Bay. The village consists of a short row of thatched white-washed cottages, dominated by the coastguard station, a picturesque group of low buildings. The Avon here is a salmon river, and one of the favourite amusements is to watch the drawing of the "pools."

Thurlestone Sands extend for nearly a mile along the coast. Lying just off the eastern end of these sands is an arched rock of red triassic conglomerate, resting upon Devonian clay slates. It is the most remarkable and peculiar rock on the south coast, and stands about thirty feet high and forty feet long.

SALCOMBE. From Kingsbridge there are two ways of proceeding to Salcombe, either by steamer down the Estuary, a trip of four miles, or by road, the coach starting from the railway station, a distance of six miles. The *Salcombe Castle*, a new and commodious steamboat, makes three and four trips to and from Kingsbridge daily, meeting all the important trains if tide permits. About Widegates and other parts of the Estuary many rare and valuable birds are frequently met with, and there is a heronry at Halwell Wood.

Salcombe is situated in the extreme south of Devon, built on the margin of an inlet of the sea. There are only two other towns in England that have a more southern situation, and these cannot boast of the even and salubrious



ESTUARY,
SALCOMBE.

climate of Salcombe. It was at Woodville, a beautifully-situated residence facing the harbour, that James Anthony Froude, the historian, resided for many years, and where several of his important works were written, and here also, in a room on the ground floor adjoining the conservatory,

he died in October, 1894, his remains being interred at the north-west corner of the cemetery, an Aberdeen granite monument being placed over the grave.

Salcombe is rapidly developing into a well-patronised watering-place and health resort. Dr. Thomas Shapter, in his book "The Climate of the South of Devon," says: "Salcombe, though situated on an arm of the sea, is much sheltered, being land-locked by high and steep hills. It is open to the south only, and probably offers the mildest and most genial climate in the country, especially that portion of it which stretches southward from the town to the Bolt Head. The character of its vegetation is almost Italian. It is a situation well adapted for those of tender chest, especially in the winter and spring seasons."

From the mildness of the climate, the flora of Salcombe is of a sub-tropical character, the slopes of the western side of the harbour being bedecked with a rich foliage of trees and shrubs, whilst many tender exotics bloom in the open air, and oranges, lemons, and citrons reach a fair state of perfection in the gardens of Woodville, the Moul-



BOLT
HEAD.

(formerly the marine residence of the earls of Devon), and Cliff House.

There are lawn tennis and golf grounds close to the town, open to visitors at a small charge. Extensive water supply works were carried out in 1895. The town is governed by an Urban District Council. Good sport is obtained in sea-fishing, there being plenty of pollack, bass, and conger, and excellent opportunity is afforded in the season for mackerel fishing.

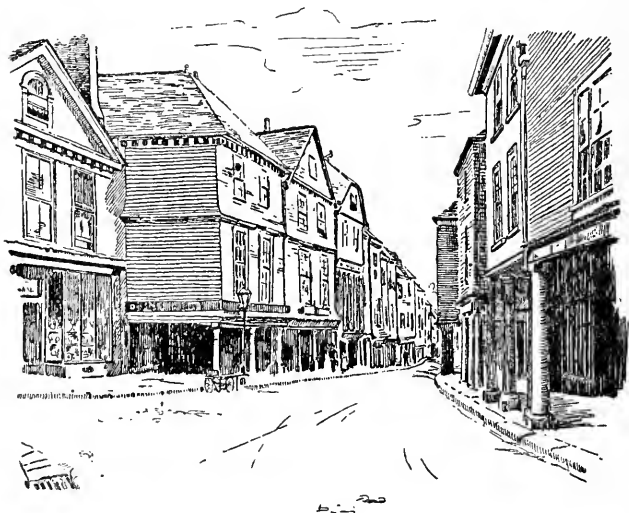
The walk from Salcombe to the Bolt Head is one of the finest in the neighbourhood. On the way, about a mile out of the town, and on a rock nearly level with the water at high tide, stand the ruins of an ancient castle known as Fort Charles. Bolt Head is the finest and boldest headland on the south coast. To the east, about two miles distant, is Prawle Point, where is situated one of Lloyd's signal stations, and passing vessels, including some of the largest mailboats, together with vessels belonging to H.M. navy, are constantly seen signalling on their way up or down Channel.

From Salcombe the drive to Start Point from the Ferry, Portlemouth, is one of considerable interest, the distance being about six miles, and conveyances at moderate charges can now be obtained at the Ferry. The drive to Hope Cove, passing through the village of Malborough, can best be taken from Salcombe. The villages of Inner and Outer Hope are situated under the shelter of the rocky and precipitous headland of the Bolt Tail. The employment of the villagers is chiefly fishing, and the faces of some of the fisherfolk will be familiar to visitors to the Royal Academy, for it was here that Hook painted his "Crabbers" and "Seaside Ducks." The walk from Hope to Thurlestone Sands, about a mile distant over the downs, is one of considerable interest.

From Salcombe excursions of a pleasant kind can be made up some of the creeks that branch off from the harbour, particularly a trip to South Pool, up a lovely creek, about three miles in extent, and terminating at a very picturesque village. South Pool has one of the most ancient churches in the district, and monuments of great antiquity. A steamer makes two trips weekly to and from Plymouth, having accommodation for passengers, and the trip is very enjoyable in suitable weather.

TOTNES. "Tis a notable old town." Of all the towns in Devon, Totnes claims to be the oldest, and to have been founded by Brutus the Trojan. In Fore Street, just above the Station Road, is a stone said to have been that on which he landed when the course of the Dart was different from what it is now, and on this stone the sovereigns are still proclaimed. As to its antiquity, however, there can be no doubt. A walled town it was in the time of the Domesday Book, and had a mint much earlier, specimens of the coinage from which are to be found in the Royal Museum at Stockholm. Its oldest remains are the castle (the keep of

TOTNES.



which rears its head and keeps guard over the town to the west of the ancient church) and some portions of the old walls and gateways. Of the latter the North Gate is the best, the East Gate across the main street having been modernised. The room over is panelled with oak panelling, and has a very fine coloured cornice of early date.

The parish church of St. Mary is an object of very great interest. It contains a handsome carved stone screen erected in 1459-60, when the church was being rebuilt. No finer screen is to be found in a Devon parish church. Old monuments, and the handsomely-carved Corporation seats, are of great interest, and the view of the fine church tower, whether seen from the land or from the Dart, is an ornament in the landscape. On the north side of the church is the unique old Guildhall. Formerly a part of the old priory of St. Mary, it was granted to the Corporation by Edward VI. At the entrance is a canopy supported by fine old granite columns, which originally formed part of the Exchange which stood in front of the church, and was erected in 1611 by Richard Lee, a merchant and benefactor to the town. In the Guildhall are the old stocks; a water pipe made of a hollowed trunk of an elm tree laid in the streets over two hundred years ago; paintings of Christopher Maynard, a mayor of the seventeenth century, of Brockedon, the painter, writer, and inventor, a native of Totnes, and a large painting of a scene from the poems of Ossian, presented by him to his native town. Old prints and photographs of old portraits of Totnes worthies adorn the main hall, while in the Council Chamber, which has a very fine frieze or cornice, are Proclamations of Cromwell, when Protector, on its walls, and the original Proclamation of the Queen. An inner committeeroom contains a lot of ancient constables' staves, and a very old chest, formerly used for storing the Corporation muniments. The documents of the Corporation, now stored in an iron safe, are unique, and comprise rolls of the Guild Merchants of Totnes from 1260, charters of various kings and queens, accounts, letters, books of proceedings of the Mayors' Law Courts, etc. These can be inspected on application to the town clerk, and are of the greatest interest to the antiquarian and the historian, whilst many names appear in them of members of families of old burghers of Totnes, whose descendants are to be found in the towns and cities of America and British colonies, and many are the visitors who make a point of looking through them to see the entries respecting their forefathers.

The Roll of Mayors is complete from 1377, when one appears first to have been elected, down to the present day, a roll few boroughs in England can boast. In High Street the upper storeys of many of the houses overhang the street, and are supported on pillars, and underneath the markets and fairs used to be held, and here were doubtless sold "Hose of Fine Totnes" and other kinds of Totnes cloth, formerly manufactured here to a large extent when the merchants of Totnes did a large trade with other parts of

England and with France. From High Street a turn to the right is into Castle Street, from which access to the castle can be obtained. It is the property of the Duke of Somerset. Only the keep and a few walls remain of the castle erected by the Norman Baron Judhael de Totneis, to whom this and a hundred other manors in Devon were granted. In the time of Henry VIII. the castle was in ruins. Now it is laid out as a pleasure ground, and from the top grand views are to be seen of the surrounding country. The situation of Totnes is very fine, and its healthiness proverbial, and being on the most beautiful river in England, the Dart—only five miles from the sea, at Paignton, and seven or eight from Dartmoor—on the main Great Western line of railway—makes it a most desirable centre. As a salmon and trout river the Dart is famous, and fishermen come in large numbers to exercise their craft on its banks. As a hunting centre it is much appreciated, and there are few, if any, towns in Devon which have so many attractions. Steamers ply daily between Totnes and Dartmouth, and thousands of visitors make the excursion, and are charmed with the unique beauty of this river, with its wooded banks, and twists and turns through what seems like a series of beautiful lakes. About two and a half miles from Totnes are the grand old ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle, formerly the property of the Pomeroyes, its founders, but now in possession of the Duke of Somerset, it having been the property first of the Protector Somerset. There is no doubt that a defensive building of some sort existed on the earthwork since the Conquest onwards, but an examination now shows nothing older than the Edwardian period. Outside the castle near the road is a very fine and old beech tree known as the "Wishing Tree," the tradition of which is that persons who walk three times round the tree forward, and then three times round the tree backward, without touching the tree, and without falling, will have their wish, which they wish all the time, and tell no one of until they get it.

Berry Church is a building of great interest, containing the curious tomb of the Seymours and a fine old carved oak screen. The arches on the south side of the nave have inscribed on them the names of donors to the work of rebuilding or restoring in the fifteenth century. At Harberton, too, three miles to the west of Totnes, is a fine church, with a very rare old carved oak screen and a grand old pulpit. At Cornworthy, on the western bank of the Dart, almost half-way to Dartmouth, are remains of an ancient priory. Only the ruins of what must have been a very fine tower and entrance gateway now remain.

THE UPPER DARTLAND. A short branch of the G.W.R. from Totnes up the lovely valley of the Dart, with stations at Staverton, Buckfastleigh, and terminus at Ashburton, affords an easy access to the higher Dartland.

STAVERTON is a large parish on the eastern bank of the river, which bounds it for several miles. The Dean and Chapter are the principal owners of the land. It is famed

for its apple orchards, which produce large quantities of excellent cider, and in May afford a glorious sight in blossom as seen from the railway. This excellent cider is doubtless the result of the fostering care of the Church in old times. At Staverton Station the old bridge over the Dart is observed; it is typical structure, erected in 1413 by the sale of indulgences, to replace one destroyed by a flood. The church is interesting, and contains a handsome carved screen and rood loft of great beauty.

BUCKFASTLEIGH is a busy centre of the woolen trade in South Devon, which was anciently developed there by the Cistercian monks of the abbey. The town itself is purely industrial; the parish, however, is large, and comprises several lovely wooded valleys which run far into the rugged moors. The remains of the abbey at Buckfast, now occupied by Benedictine brothers, and in course of partial restoration, are interesting, and show the foundations of the ancient Early English abbey church.

The parish church, which is perched on the hill overlooking the abbey, town, and river valley, with its sharp spire showing through the churchyard trees, lends a charm to the landscape from every side, while the view from the churchyard of the rich and wooded valley and distant Dartmoor tors is extensive.

There are several points of interest to be reached from Buckfastleigh. The remains of Hembury Fort, an extensive earthwork attributed to the Danish troubles; the old works of copper and tin mines, some of great antiquity; the traces of ancient highways across the moors, but now only trackways, of which the Abbotsway is the most famous; also examples of stone crosses, which either mark important boundaries, as Huntingdon Cross, or highway turnings, as at Hawson. The lime marble rock below the church contains numerous caverns.

DEAN PRIOR is a large parish adjoining Buckfastleigh, distant about two miles from the station; it also runs with its moorland commons far on to the hills and abuts on the Forest of Dartmoor. The great interest of Dean Prior is its association with Robert Herrick, the poet, who was its vicar in the seventeenth century, and his monument may be seen in the church. He was a friend of Sir Edward Giles, of Dean Court, where a fine old hall is still to be seen. Dean Burn, a romantic gorge with waterfalls and a haunted pool, is easily accessible from Buckfastleigh.

ASHBURTON, the terminus of the branch line, is an ancient market town quietly nestled amongst the lower hills that fringe Dartmoor, and is especially adapted by position and the convenience of its hotels and lodging-houses to form a centre for the exploration of the grandest and most varied scenery of that side of Dartmoor. The town itself has the appearance of respectable antiquity. The noble church dates from the fourteenth century, with Perpendicular additions of the fifteenth.

The Chapel of St. Lawrence, near the railway station, the tower of which dates from 1314, is still used as the

Grammar School, and is perhaps the oldest civil educational building in England. The Devon County Council has recently assisted in forming an agricultural side, which is now recognised as the County School of Agriculture, and is doing a much-needed work in fitting boys for a country and colonial life. There are several interesting bits of early domestic architecture to be seen about the town.

The surrounding hills within easy distance from the station, on the Dartmoor side, rise to an elevation of upwards of twelve hundred feet, and enjoy a climate not to be excelled as a health resort, for being raised far above the valley mists and breathed on by air rendered bracing and pure in its passage over the elevated plateau of Dartmoor is at the same time sheltered by the hills themselves from its force.

The deep-wooded valleys of the Dart and its tributaries, as they rush down from the moor, afford some of the wildest rock, wood, and water scenery of the county. The Holne Chase, Buckland, and Spitchwick drives, although private property, are, however, opened under certain conditions to visitors, and allow such exquisite bits as the Lovers' Leap, Benjay Tor, Mill Tor, and the Webburn Valley to be easily visited, while the public roads and open moors lay open to view the general beauty and character of the district.

HOLNE village is reached from Ashburton by a good road that crosses the Dart at Holne Bridge, which is situated in the woods, and is a structure of antiquity and of great interest; it dates from 1413. Holne has a comfortable inn and a pretty church with several features, among them a stained glass window to Canon Kingsley, who was born at the vicarage near; the registers contain the entry of his baptism. The parish of Holne is very extensive, and bounds the Forest of Dartmoor. Holne Chase occupies a densely-wooded peninsula, around which the Dart rushes in its best form, and is crowned by an ancient earthwork known as the Roman Camp or Castle. Holne Cot is a lovely residence near the village; it commands a view equalled nowhere in Devon, and threw Charles Kingsley into such an ecstasy when, as a grown-up man, he visited the scene of his birth that he says he could only kneel down and pray. Holne Park is the residence of the lord of the manor, the Hon. R. Dawson, who, since he purchased the property some years ago, has added and improved the house and grounds very considerably. The objects of interest to be found in the Holne Woods, or by the river Dart, or on the moorland heights, according to a visitor's taste, are endless.

WOODLAND is a small parish adjoining Ashburton, with a pretty little village about two miles from the railway station. There are some comfortable residences in the parish, and lovely views to be obtained from high points. The land is much broken up by deep-wooded valleys and rounded greenstone or slate hills. The valleys afford



SALCOMBE: BURR ISLAND.



NEWTON ABBOT: QUEEN STREET.

sheltered spots for homesteads and orchards, while on the open hilltops, which are of no great height, sheep graze or crops ripen. At some places roofing slates of good quality are obtained.

BUCKLAND-IN-THE-MOOR is a village three miles from Ashburton, and affords a charm to all who pass through it on the highway to Widicombe. We observe a fern-fringed stream dancing over moss-clad boulders in a little glen overhung by forest trees covered with bright lichens, surrounding a group of quaint thatched cottages which form the village. Further on the road stands Buckland Court, the squire's residence, surrounded by noble trees, and just beyond the tiny parish church, a quaint little building with carved screen, a Norman font, and last century pews. Buckland Beacon, the highest point of the parish, commands a very fine panorama of the South Hams, from whence more than twenty parish church towers may be counted.

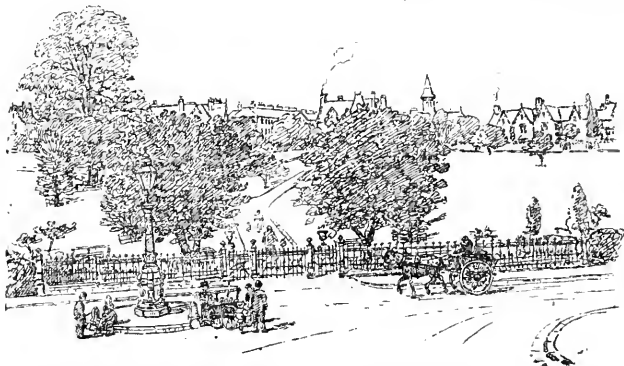
ILSINGTON touches Ashburton at its greatest elevation, and includes a great extent of moorland heights, wooded valleys, and fair agricultural land. The parish comprises several manors. That of Bagtor was the residence of Ford, the dramatist, and is situated near Haytor Rocks, a well-known group seen from afar, and are, as it were, sentries to South-eastern Dartmoor; they consist of two enormous masses of granite, perhaps the largest on Dartmoor, and give the name to the hundred of the county in which Torquay, Paignton, and Newton Abbot are situated, attesting that from early times they were regarded with reverence. Bagtor Vale with its old mill is a charming spot. The village of Ilsington, with its church and vicarage, is situated not far from the rocks. The church will repay a visit; the bench ends are interesting, so is a chronogram monument to Thomas Ford, 1663, and the bosses in the waggon roof, on one of which may be seen the sign of the three rabbits. Rippon Tor is the highest point, being 1,564 feet above the sea, from whence light was flashed to the Welsh hills to connect the survey of Devon with that across the Severn Channel. Huge cairns are observed on the plateau, and near the tor itself is a rudely-cut cross on a slab of granite. A short distance south-west of Rippon Tor where is a very fine example of a Logan rock, estimated to weigh eighteen tons, which can be made to crack nuts easily. The Ilsington moors are rich in antiquarian remains of hut circles, kistvaens, cairns, trackways, etc., while the bogs abound with botanical specimens of great interest.

NEWTON ABBOT AND DISTRICT. To the majority of travellers through Devonshire, we are afraid that Newton Abbot is simply "Newton Junction"—a congeries of platforms and sidings upon the Great Western line, chiefly noticeable as a halting place in the course of a journey to or from Torquay or Plymouth, the delay at which, necessary as it may be, is not infrequently the occasion of somewhat strong language.

While challenging most emphatically the correctness of

this view, we are ready at once to admit that one of the chief claims of Newton Abbot to the visitors' and tourists' attention is the fact that it is a junction, the centre of a railway knot, where three branches diverge from the main line, each of which presents a rich field for exploration by a visitor in search of the picturesque. To the south-east stretches away the line leading to the shores of Torbay—to Torquay and Paignton and Dartmouth. To the north-west the Bovey Tracey and Moretonhampstead line takes the traveller to the borders of the moor; and branching from it the Teign Valley Railway brings him past Chudleigh and Trusham to its present terminus (if we may apply such an imposing term to a country village) at Ashton; at a future day promising to conduct him to its ultimate goal at our county metropolis. A visitor who takes up his residence at Newton is thus within easy reach of some of the most charming and characteristic scenery of South Devon. Should he desire to explore Dartmoor, the Moreton line transports him to a point of vantage where he is within easy reach of the south-eastern slope of the moor, and from which, in fact, the whole of it may

THE
PARK.



be attacked. If the softer beauties of river and pasture, field and woodland are more attractive than the stern and rugged features of the Dartmoor tors and wastes, these can easily be found in the valley of the Teign; and in many other spots of quiet pastoral and sylvan charm to be found near Newton Abbot. It is not for us to treat here of the glorious scenery open to the traveller by the shores of Torbay—to the visitor to Torquay and Paignton and Dartmouth—but we may point out that all this is easily reached by the railway from Newton. We think we have made it abundantly plain that Newton Abbot, or “Newton Junction,” if the reader so prefers it, has incontestable claims, as a centre of residence and a point of departure, upon the visitor or tourist who desires to make a closer and more intimate acquaintance with some of the fairest and some of the grandest scenery of the West Country than can be done by a passing glance from the windows of a Great Western main line express.

For the modern traveller, whose cycle makes him (or her) in a great measure independent of the railway train, we can,

with even more confidence recommend Newton Abbot as the central point of a district open to the cyclist's exploration in nearly every direction, and well worth it. To be sure, we cannot promise that there shall be no hills to be encountered; indeed, we are afraid some will be met with which may have to be negotiated on foot; when the rider will have to conduct his cycle instead of being borne by it. But Devonshire and Devonshire scenery without hills would be a contradiction in terms; and we can say that the district round Newton is not, for Devonshire, exceptionally undulating; and that there are some stretches of fairly level roads to be met with there.

But the charms of its scenery are not the only claims of Newton Abbot, and the district of which it is the centre, upon the visitor and the resident. Those whose tastes lie in the direction of sport or recreation will find every opportunity for the gratification of those tastes to the full. Two packs of hounds, the South Devon Foxhounds and the Haldon Harriers, hunt the neighbourhood in the season. Good shooting can be had, and the fishing on the Upper and Lower Teign and the tributary streams is excellent, and is carefully preserved. The cricketer, though Devonshire is not one of the leading cricket counties, will in the season find no lack of opportunity for the game; and the Teign-bridge Cricket Club, whose ground is close to Newton Abbot, is known all over England, and has had a place in the annals of cricket for threequarters of a century.

The educational advantages offered by Newton Abbot are undeniable. The Newton College, founded in 1869, and conducted on the lines of the public schools, affords on reasonable terms a training of the highest class either for the universities, for the army or navy, or for professional life; and many of its first students have achieved distinguished success. There is an excellent higher school for girls, a grammar school for boys, and other educational institutions; and at Chudleigh and Bovey Tracey in the district there are grammar and endowed schools. It will be seen that the question of how to educate the boys and girls—a very important factor in these days in determining the choice of a residence—will receive in this district a satisfactory answer.

The geologist, the botanist, and the student of natural history will find an ample field for the pursuit of their researches in the vicinity. The lacustrine deposits of the Miocene age in the Bovey Tracey basin, the lignite coal beds with their varied fossil flora, the limestone rocks with their caves, the Haldon hills and the Dartmoor tors—all afford a constant supply of interesting problems for the geologist; and in studying the profusion and variety of tree and plant and wild flower, haunts of bird, and insect life, the naturalist will find full occupation and delight.

Prehistorical tribes and races of men, of whom no written record remains, have left their traces on the district, which are being slowly deciphered in these days by archæological research. The hut circles and ancient

“castles” upon Dartmoor and its outposts, and the relics of its occupation by the old miners, so far as their occult characters can be interpreted by modern enquirers, are full of interest. And coming down to historic times, to the early Saxon and Norman periods, to the civil wars of the seventeenth century, and especially to the “Glorious Revolution” of 1688, and to the visit of the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., there are many interesting reminiscences clustering round Newton Abbot and its neighbourhood. Just below St. Leonard’s Tower (the tower without a church in the centre of Newton, which is a puzzle to some visitants) stands a stone, the remains

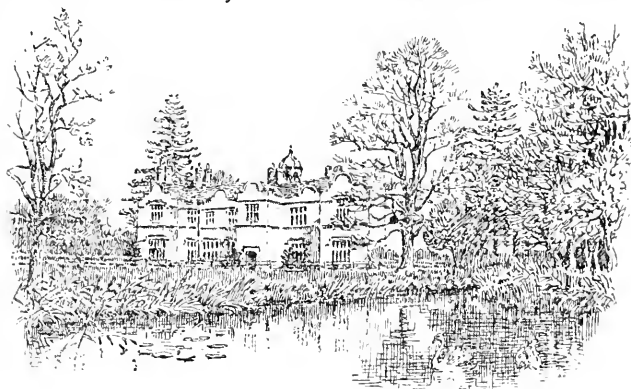
NEWTON
ABBOT.



of the old market cross, from which, according to the inscription graven upon it, was read on 5th November, 1688. the first declaration of the Prince of Orange, after his landing upon the shores of Torbay. And at the old Elizabethan mansion of Forde House the Prince took up his abode, until, on the 8th November, he began his march to Exeter, as described by Macaulay, in the history of which William is the central hero.

Lovers of sylvan scenery will enjoy the delightful walks and drives through Bradley Vale, with its umbrageous woods. And on the opposite side of Newton a walk through the pine trees which bedeck the picturesque

Milber Down leads to an ancient camp, which has been attributed both to British and Roman periods, of which the lines are clearly to be traced amidst the fern and



FORDE
HOUSE

bracken on the side of the hill. A walk over Milber Down in a somewhat different direction will bring the visitor to Haccombe and its parish church, which contains several monuments to bygone members of the Carew and Courtenay families, families whose names often occur in the stormy periods of English history. On the church door are nailed two horseshoes, which tradition asserts are placed there as a memorial of a wild wager between a Carew and a Champernowne in olden time; the stake laid being a fair manor, won by Carew, who swam his horse a distance out to sea and safely to shore again, saving at the same time the life of his defeated opponent.

We proceed to take a hurried glance at some of the towns and places of interest for visiting which Newton is the most convenient centre, referring intending visitors for fuller details to the local guide books, and premising that our notice is in no sense an exhaustive one. Starting from Newton on the Moreton railway, we come at six miles distance to

BOVEY TRACEY, noticeable for its potteries, for the fine parish church, erected, according to tradition, as an act of expiation, by Sir William de Tracy, one of the actors in the murder of Archbishop Becket, and for the clay and lignite beds in its vicinity. Bovey in the tourist season is a centre for coaching excursions through all the most picturesque parts of Dartmoor and its border country. The route each day is varied, thus opening up to the tourist a charming variety of scenery, and introducing him to some of the most lovely, as well as some of the grandest, parts of South Devon. Within easy reach of Bovey are the Hey Tor Rocks, bold masses of granite, standing out as the advanced bastions of the Dartmoor ranges, and rising to a height of fifteen hundred feet. From their summit an unequalled panoramic view of the country at the foot, and the coastline extending from Berry Head to the neighbourhood of Portland, is obtained. The next station to Bovey Tracey is

LUSTLEIGH, with its romantic Cleave and picturesque rock scenery. And not far off is Manaton, and near it the curious rock, a natural formation, but perhaps an ancient rock idol, which has been christened "Bowerman's Nose." The terminus of the line is MORETONHAMPSTEAD, most romantically situated. Four miles nearer the heart of Dartmoor than Moreton is CHAGFORD, in the midst of scenes of surpassing beauty and grandeur, and, as visitors have long since found out, an ideal centre for exploring the moor. The three last named places are dealt with in the description of the Dartmoor country, to be found in the Central Section. Retracing our course, and leaving the Moreton line at the Heathfield Station, the Chudleigh Valley line brings us to

CHUDLEIGH, with its romantic rock and glen; and the noble seat and park of Lord Clifford at Ugbrooke.

Other places well worth a visit from Newton Abbot are Kingsteignton, with its clay works and potteries; the Aller Vale Potteries, near Kingskerswell; and connected with them the village industries fostered in the villages of Abbotskerswell, Kingskerswell, and Coffinswell ("the three wells").

No effort or expense has been spared to render Newton perfect in a sanitary sense. The water is supplied from the Torquay reservoirs, and is beyond suspicion. The death rate is 13.7—a comparatively low figure.

WESTERN SECTION.

This section centres round Plymouth, which is the headquarters, and though in area it is not so great as some of the other portions, it is perhaps the most vigorous commercial and industrial centre in the county, as well as being the most important in connection with its relation to the navy and army. It is a very beautiful and interesting district.

PLYMOUTH. Its history stretches back into the dim and distant past. Long before Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Birmingham, Bradford, or Leeds had become places of importance, Plymouth was a town of note; a place, in fact, of great value to the nation as a harbour for shipping. In the reign of Edward III. it ranked as one of the chief towns in the kingdom, only London, York, and Bristol exceeding it in size and number of inhabitants. Its charter of incorporation, obtained after a severe struggle with the ecclesiastical powers, dates from the year 1439, and is said to be the first municipal corporation in England created by Act of Parliament. A market has existed here since 1253, the town has returned members to Parliament since the reign of Edward I. (the earliest record is dated 1298), and there is a consecutive list of mayors from 1439 to the present time.

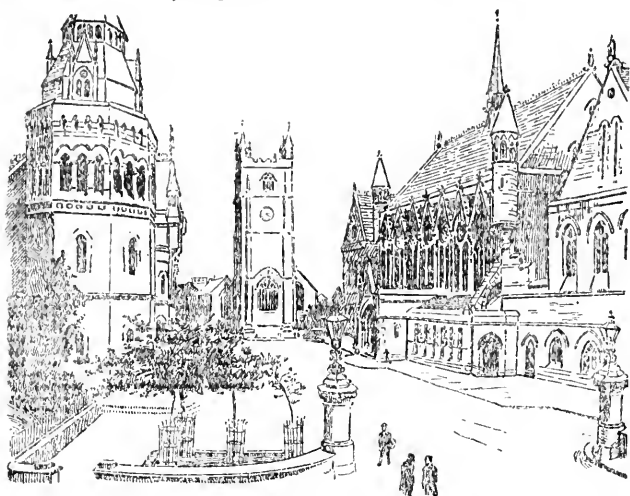


BUCKLAND BEACON.



PLYMOUTH: LOOKING FROM THE HOE.

The importance of Plymouth, however, comes from its maritime connections. At an early period in English history the harbour of Plymouth witnessed the assemblage of some noteworthy expeditions, one of the earliest being in



GUILDHALL
SQUARE.

1287, when a fleet of three hundred and twenty-five sail, and commanded by a brother of the king, made this their rendezvous. When Edward III. laid siege to Calais, he assembled a great fleet at Plymouth, some seven hundred ships in number; and of this armament West-country towns furnished a fair quota, Plymouth, Fowey, Dartmouth, and Bristol having supplied no less than one hundred and twenty-eight, whereas the contribution of London was only twenty-five.

In 1572 Drake sailed from Plymouth on his expedition against the Spanish settlements in South America, and in 1577 he started on his remarkable voyage of circumnavigation in the *Pelican*, returning in 1580. He was mayor of Plymouth in 1581-2. This port also witnessed the departure of Raleigh and Grenville for Virginia; they fitted out another expedition in 1585, and planted the colony of Virginia. The year 1586 saw Drake's daring attack on Cadiz, which he called "Singeing the King of Spain's beard," and two years later all the western coast was ablaze with the beacon fires which announced the approach of the great Armada. As Macaulay says:

"It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay."

After the defeat of the Armada, things quieted down for a time, and Drake returned for awhile to peaceful avocations. He assisted the Corporation of Plymouth to obtain a plentiful supply of water by cutting a channel from the heart of Dartmoor, many miles distant, and this supply has been continuous for more than three centuries. It was left to the people of Plymouth in the year 1898 to finish the great work begun by Sir Francis Drake, by the conversion

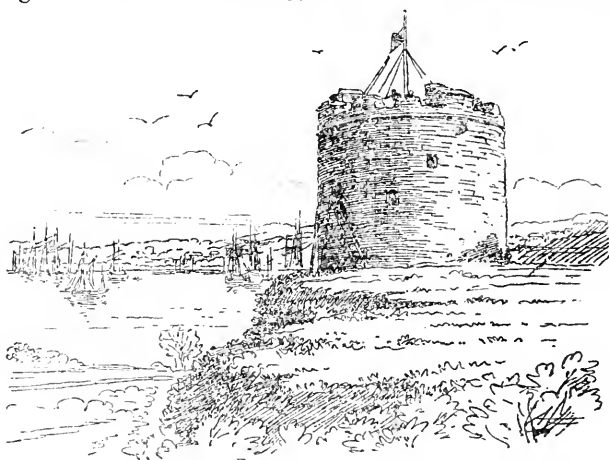
of the valley from whence Drake brought his water into a beautiful moorland lake with a capacity of some six hundred million gallons for the refreshment of the thirsty thousands of Plymouth. Drake also built mills along the route of the new leat, and provided for the supply of water and grain to the navy. He also represented Plymouth in Parliament. Drake's career ended in 1594, for both he and Sir John Hawkins, who had started together on an expedition to the West Indies, died, and were buried at sea. Of Drake it was said :

"The waves became his winding-sheet, the waters were his tomb,
But for his fame the ocean sea was not sufficient room."

In 1607 an expedition set out from Plymouth for the colonisation of New England; this, however, was not successful. Ten years later Raleigh carried out his last and most unfortunate expedition. Returning in 1618, he was arrested and imprisoned in the Tower, and eventually he was executed.

The next event of national importance was the visit of the Pilgrim Fathers in the *Mayflower* in 1620. When they

MOUNT
BATTEN.



landed on the shore of America they named their first settlement New Plymouth in grateful recollection of the kindness and hospitality they had received from the people of Old Plymouth, the "Mother Plymouth," concerning which Elihu Burritt, the American linguist and traveller, waxes so eloquent in his "Walk from London to Land's End."

The period of the Civil War was a stirring time in Plymouth and the West of England generally. Some memorials of that time exist, not the least being the Citadel on the Eastern Hoe, which was erected by Charles II. between the years 1666 and 1670, ostensibly for the defence of the port, but in a great measure to overcome the rebellious populace who had stood out so stoutly against the king in the previous reign.

If testimonials were needed from disinterested personages respecting the charms of Plymouth from various points of view we might find them in various writers, but as such a

course would occupy much of our space we refrain, merely quoting the words of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who in a visit paid to the town in August, 1846, thus refers to it: "Plymouth is beautiful, and we shall always be delighted to return there." Plymouth has had many royal and distinguished visitors, not only in the remote past, but in comparatively recent times. The enforced visit of Napoleon Bonaparte in the *Bellerophon*, which took place in July, 1815, was a notable event, and it has been immortalised by a Plymouth artist, Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, in a fine historical picture. The Duke of Clarence had been presented with the freedom of the borough in 1786. In 1817 the Duke of Gloucester was so honoured. A similar honour was conferred on Bishop Carey in 1820, and on George Canning in 1823. King William IV. honoured the town with a visit in 1827. He then attended a lecture at the Athenæum, delivered by Mr. William Snow Harris, afterwards knighted for his contributions to contemporary science. The first visit of the Queen, when Princess Victoria, was made in 1833; Her Majesty paid several subsequent visits. In 1846 the Duke of Wellington paid an official visit to Plymouth, staying at the Royal Hotel. In 1852 the Queen and Prince Consort came together, and in 1859 the Prince Consort came down and opened the Royal Albert Bridge at Saltash. Garibaldi passed through the town in 1864, *en route* for Cornwall, where he went to visit his old companion in arms, Colonel Peard. Many visits, official and otherwise, have been paid by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and other members of the royal family. The Duke of Edinburgh, now the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, held the western naval command, and lived at Devonport for several years, and in 1898 the Princess Louise came down to take part in launching H.M.S. *Ocean*. The district has always been popular with the royal house.

Visitors to Plymouth are first drawn to the historic Hoe, from which there are the grandest views seawards and landwards, and a favourite promenade. There are few fairer sights in the kingdom than the view to be obtained from that "righte goodly walke on an hille without the towne, by south, called the Haw" (Leland). Before us lies the Sound, a wide expanse of water capable of sheltering a thousand sail, and with its adjacent harbours large enough to accommodate almost the entire British navy. About three miles from the shore will be discerned the thin line of the Breakwater, erected at the beginning of this century at a cost of one and a quarter million pounds. A lighthouse adorns the western end of this huge structure. Far away over the bounding billows is seen the shaft of the Eddystone Lighthouse, fourteen miles at sea, and the immediate successor of the Smeaton Tower, which now stands sentinel on the Hoe. In the centre of the Sound and just within the Breakwater is a huge circular fort, armour-plated

and mounted with heavy guns, with accommodation for a large body of men. This fort is an important item in the defences of the port. Drake's Island (known also as St. Nicholas Island), so called in honour of our great navigator, is to be seen at the western side of the Sound, while beyond rises the stately demesne of Mount Edgcombe, which we shall describe more in detail shortly. On the other side of the Sound is the lofty ground known as Staddon Heights, with Bovisand in the distance. From the top of these heights or from the summit of Mount Edgcombe the panorama of the towns and their beautiful surroundings is remarkably fine. Turning in another direction, to the north-west, may be seen the Hamoaze (which the river Tamar is called at this point), the anchorage at Devonport of the ships of Her Majesty's navy, together with the Devonport Dockyard and Arsenal, Royal William Victualling Yard (Stonehouse), and other Government establishments in that direction. Almost at the feet of the observer may be discerned Millbay, with the Great Western Docks, which

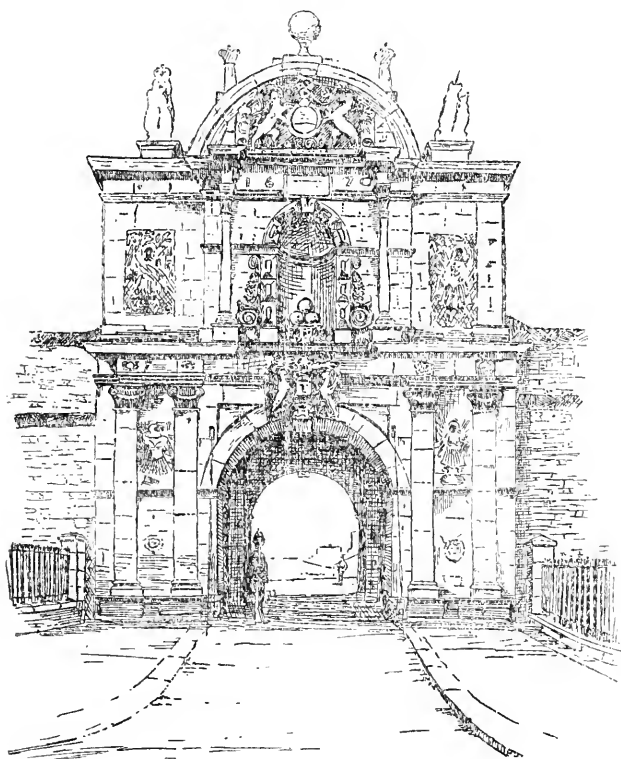
DRAKE'S
STATUE.



form part of the great railway and dock system of the Great Western Railway. Here is a large floating dock as well as an extensive graving dock, and here is also the headquarters of the steam tenders, which wait upon the numerous mail boats which make Plymouth their port of call, for it should be widely known that these ocean steamships simply lay to in the Sound, and without being brought into dock and berthed, causing delay and inconvenience, their passengers and mails are landed by tenders; special trains are in waiting alongside the pier of the Great Western Railway; the ship proceeds on her way up the Channel, while passengers and mail bags are on their way to London and the North, without the slightest loss of time. This is one of many advantages claimed for Plymouth as a port of call. As to the Hoe itself, and its more immediate surroundings, it may briefly be stated that the Corporation of Plymouth now possess about forty acres of land with the greater part of the foreshore. The slopes and drives are now laid out with artistic taste, and the promenade, which is one of the

finest in the kingdom, is well supplied with shelters, rests, and seats, and is well lighted at night.

On the Hoe itself are several objects of interest. The Smeaton Tower, which formerly stood as a lighthouse on the Eddystone reef fourteen miles out at sea, and has now been removed almost in its entirety to this commanding elevation. Next is the Drake memorial, a fine statue by Boehm, a replica of one erected at Tavistock by the Duke of Bedford. This statue was paid for by public subscription, and was unveiled by Lady Drake. Not far from the Drake statue is another with which the name of Drake is also associated. This is the Armada memorial, which was the outcome of a popular national movement in 1888 to celebrate the delivery of this country from threatened invasion by the Spaniards three centuries before. The first stone was laid on the three hundredth anniversary of the sighting of the Spanish Armada, and the memorial was unveiled by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. Beneath the Citadel, to which we shall refer shortly, is an interesting building, which is the laboratory and aquarium of the Marine Biological Association of the United Kingdom. This is open to visitors, and is well worth inspection. About midway between the Citadel and Millbay is the Promenade Pier, which is chiefly used for entertainment purposes, and is exceedingly popular.



CITADEL
GATE.

Looking out over the wide expanse of the Sound, we can discern the slender shaft of the Eddystone Lighthouse, erected a few years since by the Trinity Board to supersede the Smeaton Tower already alluded to. It is fourteen miles from the Hoe. Beyond—eastward—stretches the harbour of Cattewater, the estuary of the river Plym, from which the town takes its name. This is a commodious roadstead, and extensive improvements are now projected, and will soon be carried out. On the banks are some large manufactories, and also the electrical station of the Plymouth Corporation. Sutton Pool, the home of Plymouth's fishing fleet, is in the same direction, while a number of huge chimneys mark the position of the gas works and various manufactories.

The Citadel, which dominates the town at the eastern end of the Hoe, was erected in the reign of Charles II. It was commenced in 1666, and completed in 1670, as inscribed stones let into the wall of the main structure clearly prove. It stands upon a portion of the Hoe, and was doubtless erected to overawe the people of Plymouth who sided with the Parliament in the reign of Charles I., but ostensibly for the defence of the port and harbour. Almost under the shadow of the Citadel is a fragment of the "Castel Quadrate," which is the only portion of the extensive castle erected in the reign of Edward III. for the defence of the town and harbour. Surrounding it are some of the oldest streets of the town, in which are still to be found quaint old buildings, that stand in the midst of more modern structures like sentinels to mark the steady march of time, for these old-world houses tell of a time and of men and women long past. Changes in still later years have not quite destroyed the charm such a neighbourhood has for those who love the old.

The Barbican is an interesting place, which forms a great attraction to strangers, for, as before referred to, the Pilgrim Fathers embarked from there in 1620 for their little ship the *Mayflower*. "This little vessel," says Elihu Burritt, "had scanty roomage, including the hold, but it carried between and above decks more than 'Cæsar and his fortunes,' the parent stock of a mightily-peopled hemisphere." On the Barbican, let into the centre of the roadway, will be found a stone with the simple inscription, "Mayflower, 1620," but a tablet has also been placed on the wall giving particulars of the visit of the Pilgrims and other matters of interest relating thereto. Needless to say, many American pilgrims visit this spot every year. A large party (many of whom claimed kinship with the *Mayflower* pilgrims) visited Plymouth in 1896 as the representatives of the Congregationalists of America.

On the Parade is an ancient building, which was formerly the Custom House, and dates from the early part of the seventeenth century. On the opposite side is the present Custom House. Hereabout was the birthplace of Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, president of the Royal Academy. In an adjoining street (Southside Street) stands the Black-

friars Distillery, once the monastery of the Black Friars, now the place where the world-famous Plymouth gin is manufactured.



SUTTON
POOL.

A notable old street, not yet modernised, is High Street, leading from the quays to the heart of the old town. This was the principal street of Plymouth in Tudor and Stuart times, and probably long before. It formerly boasted many fine mansions, and in this street stood the residence of the wealthy merchant, Paynter by name, who entertained the Princess Katherine when she first came to this country early in the sixteenth century. Not a gun-shot off is the spot where John Kitto, the celebrated divine and eastern traveller, was born; at the top of the same street, but in Whimble Street, the talented but ill-fated Benjamin Robert Haydon, the historical painter, was born. Here also stands the old Guildhall, now the Free Public Library, an ugly building, but the successor of two or more buildings on the same site devoted to town business. Radiating from this point are many other old streets, but their glory has departed, trade and commerce and fashion have drifted away from them, and left them as monuments of the past. At the end of Whimble Street, and close to St. Andrew's Street and Finewell Street, is the ancient parish church of St. Andrew. It is of very ancient foundation, and is a commanding structure, capable of seating nearly two thousand persons. The fine square, battlemented tower was erected in 1460, but the main body of the church is of much earlier date. Charles Mathews the elder, the comedian, was buried in this church, and a slab inscribed with his name may be noticed in the flooring of the centre aisle. The services are in cathedral style, with a noble organ, a choir of nearly seventy voices, and the Sunday services at St. Andrew's are exceedingly popular.

Near by is the Guildhall, opened by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as Lord High Steward of the borough, in 1874. Its noble proportions both internally and externally at once strike the observer. This fine group of buildings

was erected at the cost of £50,000 by a local contractor from designs by local architects. It contains, in addition to the features already enumerated, police court and offices, county court, sessions court, and other adjuncts. The lofty tower is a noticeable object in the panorama of the town as seen from the slopes of the Hoe and elsewhere. On the fourth side of the square is the General Post Office, erected in 1884 on the site of the old vicarage garden at the expense of H.M. Treasury, and at a cost of £12,000. The Government have recently acquired the St. Andrew's Hall adjoining for an extension, which is much needed.

The principal literary and scientific institutions are the Plymouth Institution and Natural History Society at the Athenæum, adjoining the Theatre Royal. Here is an excellent museum and scientific library. Then there is the Plymouth Proprietary Library with the Cottonian collection in Cornwall Street, the Law Library in Athenæum Lane, the Medical Library at the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital, the Free Public Library

OLD
"ROSE
AND
CROWN."



(opened in 1876) in Whimble Street, and that of the Co-operative and Industrial Society in Frankfort Street. As to churches and chapels, nearly every religious denomination is here represented, and some of the buildings are decidedly ornaments to the town. After St. Andrew's (already described), the only church of any historical interest is Charles Church, erected about the middle of the seventeenth century. There is also the fine Roman Catholic Cathedral with its beautiful spire, the square tower of St. Matthias Church in Tavistock Road, and the beautiful structure, also in Tavistock Road, known as Sherwell Congregational Church, the leading place of worship of that Nonconformist body. The Baptists have several fine churches, so have the Wesleyans, and there is also a Jewish Synagogue, and the church of the Catholic Apostolics. The Plymouth Brethren, the Society of Friends, the Unitarians, the Salvation Army, and many other religious bodies have also their places of worship in the town. Schools are numerous, amongst which may be specially mentioned the Plymouth College (for boys), the High School

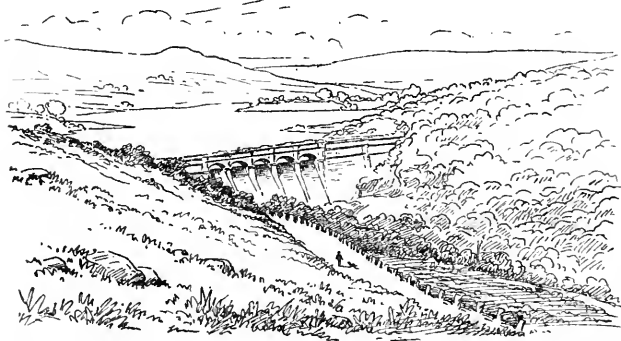
(for girls), the Plymouth Public School, and a number of board schools, including a higher-grade school and truant school. The Western College for the training of Nonconformist ministers is also within the municipal borough. The Science, Art, and Technical School in Tavistock Road, erected as the Jubilee memorial to Her Majesty Queen Victoria in 1887, is under the auspices of the Corporation, as is also the temporary museum and art gallery in Beaumont Park. The Plymouth School of Art is in Princess Square.

Amongst many admirable charitable institutions existing in the town only a few can be mentioned. They are the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital at Greenbank, the Corporation Isolation Hospital at Mount Gould, the Blind Institution at North Hill, the new buildings of the Royal Eye Infirmary at Mutley, the Devon and Cornwall Orphan Asylum and the Homœopathic Hospital, both in Lockyer Street, the Ear and Throat Hospital in Princess Square. Another old and admirable institution is the Dispensary in Catherine Street. The Corporation have also a lunatic asylum at Blackadon, near Ivybridge.

There are several clubs, the chief of which are the Plymouth Club in Lockyer Street, the Royal Western Yacht Club on the Hoe, and the Corinthian Yacht Club beneath the Citadel.

There is an admirable service of trains by both the Great Western and the London and South-Western Railways. The principal station of the G.W.R. at Millbay is now in course of reconstruction. The terminus of the L. and S.W.R. is at Friary, at the east end of the town.

Plymouth is well provided with parks and recreation grounds. First and foremost is the Hoe, with its forty odd acres, its fine promenade, and its magnificent views of land and sea. Beaumont Park is a well-wooded estate near the east end of the town, lately acquired by the Corporation. Freedom Fields Park, near Lipson, occupies a portion of the scene of the great Sabbath-day Fight of the Civil War already referred to. Drake's Place, in Tavistock Road,

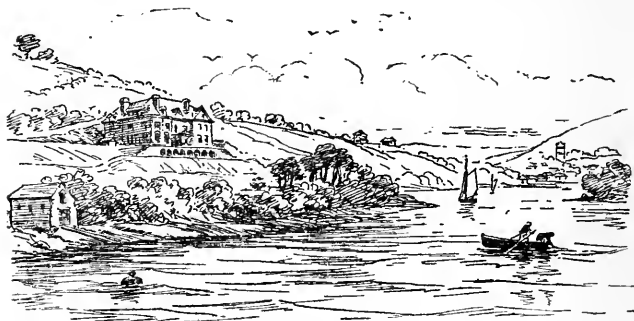


BURRATOR
LAKE.

adjoining Drake's Reservoir, keeps in memory the great seaman who did so much for Plymouth; there are other small parks and recreation grounds in the outlying dis-

tricts, and the joint park at Deadlake now in course of formation, to be called Victoria Park, and to be for the joint use of the three towns of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse.

RIVER
YEALM.

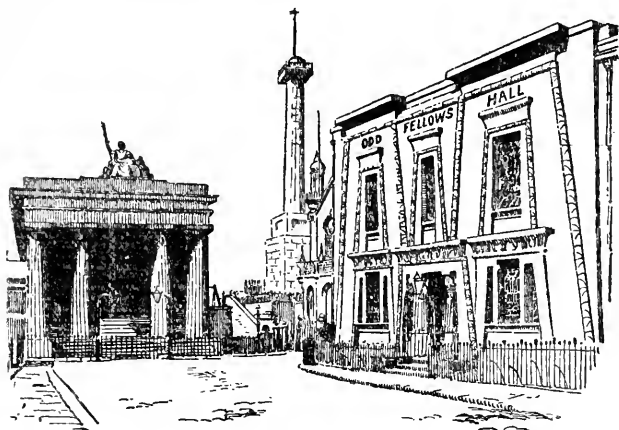


Visitors to Plymouth during the summer months will find ample facilities for visiting the many beautiful spots in the neighbourhood. Trips by rail are numerous, but the chief charm is in the river and sea excursions. One of the most favourite excursions is up the river Tamar, with a visit to the ancient mansion of Cotehele and the picturesque Morwell Rocks and Weir Head. In an opposite direction is an attractive trip to the river Yealm, with the charmingly-situated villages of Newton and Noss. Then there are trips almost daily down the Cornish coast to Looe, Fowey, and Falmouth, and up the coast to Salcombe and Dartmouth. Saltram, the beautiful seat of the Earl of Morley, is open for pedestrians, as are also the charming woods at Radford.

DEVONPORT, as its name implies, may be considered for many reasons the port of Devon. As a naval centre it has long occupied a distinguished position, and, with present extensions, it will ere long be absolutely the most important naval depôt in the world. A dockyard was established here about 1690 in the reign of William III. Devonport was the first town to apply for a charter under the Municipal Reform Act, and this was received on October 8th, 1836. The first mayor was Mr. Edward St. Aubyn, an ancestor of the present Lord St. Levan. In the year 1800 the population exceeded that of the neighbouring town of Plymouth, and it is now upwards of 65,000. The borough has the largest municipal area in Devon (3,152 acres), and sends two members to Parliament. It has been the scene of many stirring events. Government establishments occupy much of the "sea and river front," which is considerable, ranging from five to six miles.

Three rivers—the Tavy, the Lynher, and Tamar—combine to form what is known as "The Hamoaze," or harbour of Devonport, which extends from the ancient borough of Saltash to what was formerly "Cremyll Point." The Royal William Victualling Yard stands here. This immense establishment is capable of baking sufficient bread for, and otherwise victualling, the British navy, if necessary, at a

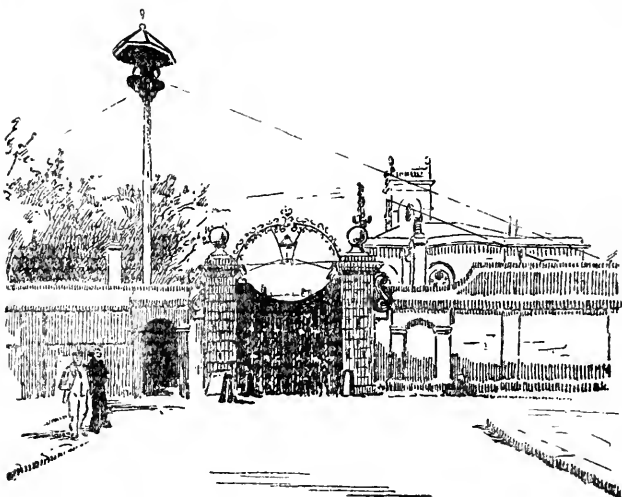
short notice. It was completed in 1835 at a cost of a million and a half sterling. Mount Edgcumbe House, opposite, is the seat of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. This is a delightful summer resort, and the grounds are open to the public every Wednesday, when they are visited by large numbers of people. Mount Wise is an elevated plateau, having an area of forty-four acres, overlooking the Hamoaze and the Sound. The grass slopes are nicely laid out. Capital views are obtained here of the passing shipping and war vessels. Her Majesty's training ship *Impregnable*, an old "three decker," is anchored to the westward. Below is the Mount Wise bathing place, with dressing rooms for swimmers, and which is much frequented by bathers. At Mount Wise are the residences of the naval and military commanders-in-chief, "Admiralty House" and "Government House." Here is an immense parade ground on which, during the summer, military parades take place, and usually a band may be heard two or three times a week, or on the adjacent garrison cricket ground, to which the public have free access. The ground is much frequented, and is a fashionable resort.



TOWN HALL
AND
COLUMN.

Devonport Royal Dockyard commences on the shore contiguous to Mount Wise, and is continued along much of the remaining "sea front" of the town. Here may be seen slips in which battleships are built, and from which the launches take place. These ceremonies are often brilliant affairs, especially when performed by royal visitors, as has been the case recently. Basins and docks in which are battleships to be repaired and refitted, and workshops of vast extent, all are open to inspection by visitors. The Admiral Superintendent and other officers have official residences here. At North Corner the dockyard proper ceases, and here are landing stages for the regular passenger and excursion steamers. The Gunwharf follows. This is an arsenal of large size, where the war munitions of the district are stored. It fronts on the river for a considerable distance, and large steamers can lie alongside the wharves at all tides. "Torpoint Ferry," which connects Devon with

Cornwall, crosses the Tamar here, which is about a mile wide at this point. This ferry is worked by means of chains



H.M.
DOCKYARD

running on wheels. It is commodious, capable of conveying a number of horses and vehicles, besides hundreds of passengers. Keyham steam factories, an important department of the dockyard, come next. They are devoted to the fitting and repairing, as well as their complete manufacture and erection, of the engines of H.M. ships, and capacious docks are provided for the accommodation of vessels undergoing outfit and renovation. The Government has decided to greatly enlarge the dockyard here, and no less than seven million pounds have been voted by Parliament to carry out the work, which will extend over several years. The new docks and basins will cover no fewer than one hundred and twenty acres of land, about five thousand workmen being employed. The Royal Naval Engineer Students' College is adjacent. Here are trained the engineer officers of the Royal Navy. This handsome building accommodates two hundred students, and is being extended. The Royal Naval Barracks is another establishment where some two thousand seamen and marines are housed on their being paid off from ships returned from abroad, and while attached to the port for service. The Government establishments and ships may be seen by visitors, subject to certain restrictions that present little difficulty.

The borough of Devonport continues up the Tamar a considerable distance to Saltash Passage, and visitors can take water excursions in great variety with convenience and facility. Steamers leave the piers at Mutton Cove, North Corner, Pottery Quay, and Bull Point for Saltash and all points up and down the river Tamar, and for the sea and other river excursions for which the district is famous. Two very fine rivers flow into the Tamar, the Lynher, which is navigable by steamer to St. Germans, a quaint old Cornish

town of great antiquity, in which is situated Port Eliot, the home of the Earl of St. Germans; and the Tavy, which is navigable to Maristow, the seat of Sir Massey Lopes, and one of the most delightful beauty spots in Devon, in which is a private chapel of great interest and charm. The Tamar is navigable by steamer for about twenty-five miles, and has a wonderfully sinuous and beautiful course. Boats by rowing and sailing can reach further up all these rivers, and rowing and sailing are as practicable in the waters of the Hamoaze at all times as in the waters of an inland lake. There is plenty of space, and no dangerous winds or currents prevail. The river presents a series of pretty pictures. It is more or less full always of big and little ships, torpedo boats, etc., of Her Majesty's Navy. There are also the training ships for boys, and gunnery and torpedo depôt ships. A number of ships now condemned as obsolete and out of date form what is known locally as "Rotten Row," although to the eye of the "landsman" some appear stout and capable of good service yet. The Lynher has a portion of its waters set aside for torpedo drill and instructions, and an old "three-decker" is moored there as an electric school for studying the art of using electricity in naval warfare. The water side of Devonport is decidedly typical of the Empire and its defences, and the visitor is impressed with the "latent" power existing at Devonport, where it is said anchorage may be found for the whole of the British navy.

Devonport formerly was contained "within the lines"; a deep trench which ran around the town, with drawbridges at intervals, for military defensive purposes. This has long since been filled in, and the town has become united with the suburbs of Stoke, Ford, and St. Budeaux, the whole forming a borough of greater area than any other in the county. Stoke is most pleasantly situated, with plenty of trees and other natural features that charm visitors. Devonport



ROYAL
ALBERT
BRIDGE,
HAMOAZE.

Public Park is situated between Stoke and the old town, being entered either direct from the main street on one side, or from Stoke on the other. The park has of late years been greatly improved, about £10,000 having been spent on it by the Corporation. It is attractive and beautifully situated, and has an area of about thirty-eight acres. A

fine band stand stands on the highest part, around which is a promenade known as "The Oval." Concerts by military and other bands are held on Sunday and other evenings in summer. The view from the park is unrivalled for variety. To the south are spread the waters of the Sound, with the breakwater, ships of war, and mail steamers moving in and out, and the English Channel beyond. The castle and lovely grounds of Mount Edgcumbe lie nearer. To the east are seen the heights of Staddon, with, in the summer time, the white tents of military camps glistening in the sun ; also a panoramic view of the neighbouring town of Plymouth and the township of Stonehouse. To the north lie the hills of Dartmoor, and from the hills and plains of Dartmoor, as well as from the sea, visitors in the park enjoy refreshing and invigorating breezes. To the west are seen the Cornish heights. In the park, bicycling is permitted around the Oval before 8.30 a.m. The Brickfield is a large area (of about forty acres) of grassland lying just below the park, and is the property of the War Office. Military displays on a large scale are frequently to be seen on it, and these have always been a great attraction. The public have free access to this ground except when in use for military purposes. The Blockhouse at Stoke is another open space. This was formerly a redoubt which mounted a number of guns. Several of the latter, of old-fashioned type, yet remain with others of newer design, used for drill by the local artillery volunteers, which is a very strong and popular corps. The view from the Blockhouse is magnificent, as it is one of the highest positions in the town, and commands uninterrupted views of a great area of Devon and Cornwall, Dartmoor, the Tamar, the Lynher, and Plym, and the Channel to the southward. Not far away are the grounds of the lawn tennis club, in which is a large number of courts ; not infrequently military bands play there. Devonport Column in Ker Street is a conspicuous feature. This was erected to commemorate the incorporation of the borough. Visitors are allowed to ascend to the summit, which is about one hundred and twenty-five feet, and a very fine view is obtained from it. The Royal Albert Bridge, constructed by the late Isambard K. Brunel, the famous engineer, who commenced the Thames Tunnel, is an object of great interest to visitors, and is the finest bridge of its kind in England. It crosses the Tamar between Devonport and Saltash, and river steamers pass beneath it up the Tamar.

Naval and military functions being of frequent occurrence, the social life of the borough is never at a standstill. The charm of brilliant colours, the flash of arms, and martial music combine to give an air of gaiety not to be often met with.

Sports and pastimes find a centre in Devonport. Cycling is much in vogue, and public sports are held at regular intervals. Football is a favourite game, and there are many clubs here. Devonport Albion has made a distinguished name for itself far outside the county. Its home is at the

Rectory Grounds, which are always crowded when play is on. The Home Park Football Ground and bicycle track are also very fine. One of the finest Rugby teams in the county is that connected with the Royal Naval Engineers' College at Keyham. Naval and military teams also frequently play.

Educational facilities at Devonport are very good indeed. Every boy who enters H.M. Dockyard has to pass a high standard in a civil service examination. Some of these have won distinguished scholarships with high positions. The present Director of Naval Construction and Assistant Controller of the Navy is Sir W. H. White, K.C.B., LL.D., who served his apprenticeship in the dockyard at Devonport, and has recently had the "freedom of the borough" conferred upon him. The schools of the town keep up a high standard of excellence. The Technical School near the



TECHNICAL
SCHOOLS.

park is a very fine municipal institution of recent construction, which has produced results in science and art equal, if not superior, to most of the schools of the country, and the Corporation may be trusted to keep it well to the front.

Devonport possesses a free public library, located in one of the finest buildings of the town, with a valuable collection of books, and reading rooms open to the public. The museum at the Public Library contains an interesting collection of exhibits, and a loan collection from South Kensington. A valuable collection of minerals, the property of the town, is also displayed, and is said by experts to be one of the most complete outside the British Museum.

Devonport institutions are numerous. The Y.M.C.A. has a splendid building in Fore Street, with one of the largest

halls and gymnasiums in the West. Miss Agnes Weston's Sailors' Rest, also in Fore Street, near the dockyard gates, is a splendid pile, in which good work is being done. The Devonport Club adjoins the Royal Hotel. Music is well looked after, and there are several choral societies.

Railway accommodation is provided by the Great Western Railway, which has a station near the park, and another in course of construction at Keyham. The London and South-Western Railway has three stations within the borough limits, the principal and the finest station in the town being a building also near the park, and others at Ford and St. Budeaux. All the stations are on the main line to London. Those who choose to reside in the country may get rapidly to and from their business. Excursions by river and sea are always being run in summer. These are duly announced every day in the local papers. The town is excellently provided with means of locomotion and for residence in hotels and boarding houses.

Visitors will find Devonport a place quite worth making a centre for visiting the district, and may also find it to be a worthy place of residence.

EAST STONEHOUSE. This town lies between the two boroughs of Plymouth and Devonport, and is attached to the latter for Parliamentary purposes. It has a district council, which manages its local affairs, the seat of government being the Town Hall, once the St. George's Hall. The streets of Plymouth and Stonehouse are continuous, and it is impossible for a stranger to discern the line of demarcation. Stonehouse is, however, separated from Devonport by an arm of the sea, spanned by a bridge, where tolls are levied on behalf of the lessees or proprietors. The principal buildings in Stonehouse are the Royal William Victualling Yard, a colossal establishment for the supply of Her Majesty's Navy, the Royal Marine Barracks, and the Royal Naval Hospital. The Military Hospital is at Stoke, on the other side of the Stonehouse creek. Stonehouse has several churches, the parish church of St. George's dating from 1789. It has a fine peal of bells.

Stonehouse is a busy town, and possesses several large factories. It has a theatre, the Grand, and the New Palace Theatre is on its borders. There is a fine promenade at Long Room, a breezy outlook beyond the Victualling Yard, where are also several powerful batteries commanding the entrance to the harbour.

Opposite is Mount Edgcumbe, the seat of the noble lord of that name. This is a charming seat, full of the most beautiful spots, and having views of sea and town, river and moor, which are beyond description. Close to the main entrance are the private gardens of the earl, in which the choicest trees and shrubs flourish. These gardens are laid out as English, French, and Italian respectively. Here oranges grow and ripen in the open air. Here is to be found the cedar of Lebanon, and here are some of the loveliest dells which it is possible to imagine. The



DEVONPORT: VIEW OF HAMOAZE.



CORNWOOD: AWNS AND DENDLES.



grounds of Mount Edgcumbe occupy an area of about three miles in circumference, and include the whole peninsula between the Hamoaze and the Sound. The mansion dates from about 1550, with additions and alterations from time to time since that period. It contains many valuable pictures, including many fine portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. One of the finest views from the grounds of Mount Edgcumbe is that from the White Seat at the summit of the deer park. From this point of vantage the towns of Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport are spread out like a map, and in the extreme distance rise the high range of the Dartmoor Hills. In the other direction stretches the Hamoaze, covered with shipping, and in the middle distance may be seen the Royal Albert Bridge spanning the river Tamar at Saltash.

Mount Edgcumbe Park is open one day in each week to the public by the kind permission of the earl, but strangers may gain admittance at almost any time, and also to the gardens by making application to the Manor Office at Stonehouse.

PLYMPTON is an old-world town about four and a half miles from Plymouth, and once returned two members to Parliament. The chief feature of interest about the old town is the fact that it was the birthplace of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first president of the Royal Academy. The Grammar School where Sir Joshua was educated is in existence, and is shown to visitors. Plympton possesses the remains of a fine old castle, which dates from very early times. The neighbourhood is most picturesque and interesting. There is a commodious railway station at Plympton. It boasts a very ancient church with some fine monuments, and the remains of a very extensive priory.

PLYMSTOCK, ETC. Amongst a cluster of pleasant villages which surround Plymouth there are few so pretty as Plymstock, about two miles from the town. It has a fine church. Adjacent are the villages of Hooe, Oreston, Turnchapel, etc., all easily reached by the steamboats which ply from the Phoenix Pier. From the same point also visitors may reach Staddon Heights, where are barracks and forts, Bovisand and Wembury, places most charmingly situated on the coast. Staddon Heights was the scene of some of the fiercest fighting between the Royalists and the Roundheads during the civil wars.

MODBURY, YEALMPTON, ETC. The Great Western Railway has recently opened up a beautiful part of the South Hams by the line to Yealmpton. Visitors should alight at Steer Point and take the steam launch down the Yealm to Newton and Noss, returning to Yealmpton by coach. Some charming scenery will be witnessed *en route*. From Yealmpton to Modbury is an easy drive, and a few miles further on is the old town of Kingsbridge, the starting point for Slapton Sands in one direction, and Salcombe and the Bolt Head in another. This is one of the most delightful parts in Devonshire.

IVYBRIDGE, CORNWOOD, ETC. A few miles from Plymouth, on the main line of the Great Western Railway, is Cornwood. Near the station is Fardel, one of the Devonshire homes of the great Sir Walter Raleigh. One of the most charming sylvan spots in the whole of Devonshire is Hawns and Dendles, a valley with the lovely river Avon running through it. It is open to visitors several days in the week.

IVYBRIDGE, the next station up the line, has also some delightful spots closely adjacent. Here are paper mills, but, with the exception of the beauties of nature, nothing else of special note. However, these are exquisite, and the artist will find along the banks of the Erme a great wealth of subjects for his brush.

LAUNCESTON. This very ancient town is just on the borders of Cornwall and Devon. It possesses the ruins of a very old castle; also a remarkably fine church with very ornate exterior decoration. Launceston may be reached by rail from Plymouth either by the Great Western or the London and South-Western line.

BUCKLAND MONACHORUM AND BUCKLAND ABBEY. The principal point of interest in this parish is the abbey, which was the favourite residence of Sir Francis Drake, who acquired it from John Hele and Christopher Harris, who had it from the Grenvilles. It is rather more than five miles from Tavistock and about nine miles from Plymouth. Amicia, countess of Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon, founded the abbey in the year 1278 for Cistercians. A good deal of the original abbey has been demolished. The present house, erected by Sir Francis Drake, stands on the site of the church, the four large arches of the central tower of which remain in a garret close under the roof. The old belfry and a fine barn of nearly two hundred feet long remain intact. The house is surrounded by beautiful grounds, and contains a fine portrait of Don Pedro de Valdez, Drake's prisoner from the Spanish Armada, who was lodged here, and the sword, Bible, drum, and ship-gun of the great Sir Francis. Near by is the village of

BUCKLAND MONACHORUM, the church of which is a fine specimen of the Perpendicular style. The angel corbels of the roof, the west tower with its fine turrets and pinnacles, and the ancient glass in the five-light Perpendicular east window, representing events in the life of St. Andrew, are remarkable features of the church. There is an elaborate monument to the memory of Elliot Lord Heathfield, the defender of Gibraltar, who married one of the Drakes, and died in 1790. The old Buckland Cross, the fragments of which were permitted to lie by the roadside opposite the church from time immemorial, has recently been re-erected in the churchyard as a memorial of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee (1897), and is one of the finest crosses of its kind in the West of England. To the south of the village is Maristow, the beautiful seat of Sir Massey Lopes, Bart., who for many years represented South Devon in Parliament. This is a very lovely place, and the woods near by

are delightful. The private chapel in the grounds is, within, one of the most striking and beautiful in the country. TAVISTOCK, which is designated "The Gothic Town of the West," in consequence of the architectural character of some of its principal modern public buildings, can boast an antiquity greater than most places in Devonshire. Charmingly situated within easy walking distance of the Dartmoor hills, a splendid view of which is obtainable from the higher parts of the town, it has increased much of late years in popularity as a health resort. It possesses an abundant supply of pure water, is thoroughly well drained, its death rate is one of the lowest in the kingdom, and it enjoys a remarkable immunity from serious infectious disease. It has good hotels and boarding houses, and during the summer months circular coaching trips enable visitors to revel in some of the most delightful scenery of this proverbially beautiful county, and, at the same time, to invigorate their constitutions by inhaling the life-giving breezes of the moor.



PUBLIC
LIBRARY.

On Whitchurch Down, a breathing space of many broad acres in extent, surrounded by a complete amphitheatre of the hills of Devon and Cornwall, are the second finest golf links in England, on which the Duke of Edinburgh, when stationed at Devonport some years ago, used to play. The club comprises a large number of members. The Duke of Bedford has provided the town with an excellent lawn tennis ground, of which good use is made. During the hunting season the Lamerton Foxhounds and Harriers afford plenty of sport, and the rivers, with their numerous tributaries, in which salmon, peal, and trout are plentiful, enable the fisherman to spend many a pleasant and profitable hour in the pursuit of his favourite pastime. Situated on the main London and South-Western Railway, the town is well served by trains, between twenty and thirty, including all expresses, stopping there daily. The Great Western

Railway's branch line from Plymouth to Launceston also passes through Tavistock.

The town is important as an educational centre. Kelly College, situate in the Parkwood Road, and of which the Rev. W. H. David, M.A., is headmaster, was founded in 1866 by the late Admiral Kelly, who bequeathed over £100,000 for the purpose. The site was given by the Duke of Bedford. The buildings have cost in all more than £40,000, and are still being extended. The playing field in connection with the college measures ten acres. A large boarding house in the grounds is named Courtenay House, in memory of the late Earl of Devon. A new grammar school, of which Mr. J. J. Alexander, M.A., is headmaster, was erected and endowed by Hastings, Duke of Bedford, who gave £20,000 for the purpose. There are also several good private schools in the town and neighbourhood. The town possesses a good library of some fifteen hundred volumes, including many modern works. It also has a cottage hospital and dispensary, and a public bath.

The Tavistock Parish Church, of which more anon, is one of the finest in the county. The new church, at the west end of the town, built by Francis Duke of Bedford, but never consecrated, is remarkable for its Lombardo-Venetian tower, of which there is stated to be only one other in this country. The spacious Town Hall and Market were also erected by the Duke of Bedford at a cost of many thousands of pounds. In the former are a number of portraits and shields painted by Lady Arthur Russell, whose late husband represented Tavistock in Parliament for many years.

The history of Tavistock began with the establishment of its magnificent abbey, reputed to have been founded by Ordulf, son of Orgar, Ealderman of Devon, and dedicated to St. Rumon for Benedictines about the year 961. At the Dissolution the site of the abbey and its estates were bestowed by Henry VIII. upon Lord John Russell, whose descendant, the Duke of Bedford, is now the owner. One of the first printing presses in England was set up at

BETSY
GRIMBALL'S
TOWER.



the abbey. The portions of the abbey which remain are Betsy Grimball's Tower, in which, legend says, a nun was murdered; the refectory, now used by the Unitarians as a



TAVISTOCK.



DENHAM BRIDGE.

chapel; Ordulf's Tomb, a fragment of the ancient buildings; and the old castellated wall running parallel with the river Tavy, in which is a tower that was the still-house of the monks.

At one end of the new Plymouth Road, close to the Drake statue, is the interesting old gatehouse (some years ago completely rebuilt) of Fitzford, reminiscent of Fitzford House, the ancient seat of the family of Fitz, claimed by Sir Richard Grenville, one of the Royalist leaders, in right of his wife, Lady Howard, the heiress of the Fitz family. In addition to Fitzford and Walreddon, Sir Richard managed to hold for a time the Bedford and Drake estates, including the town of Tavistock, but these subsequently went back to their original owners. A duel between Sir John Fitz and Sir Nicholas Slanning, which proved fatal to the latter, was fought at the gatehouse. Close by is the canal, which was constructed from Tavistock to Morwellham at the beginning of the century. It has not been used for many years. There is a beautiful walk along the towpath for a considerable distance.

The parish church of Tavistock, dedicated to St. Eustacius, was restored in 1846. With the exception of the base of the tower, which is Decorated, the church is late Perpendicular. The piers and arches, which are very plain, consist of granite. The tower is a little over a hundred feet in height. Its four sides are pierced with arches, so that it stands on piers, and is a true campanile, having never been joined to the church. The altar is artistically carved, and there are some very fine painted windows. In the tower is a good peal of bells. Several interesting stones, curiously inscribed, in the vicarage garden, are of interest to the archæologist. There are some big bones of a giant, Ordulf, preserved in the church.

"For its size," says Worth in his "History of Devonshire," "Tavistock has produced more distinguished men than any town in the county." He goes on to mention Sir Francis Drake, who was born in a cottage at Crowndale about the year 1539, as the chief of the worthies of Tavistock, and gives an interesting account of his seafaring adventures, including his circumnavigation of the globe and his destruction of the Spanish Armada. William Browne the poet, contemporary with Spenser and Shakespeare, and author of "Britannia's Pastorals," was born at Tavistock in 1590. Another Tavistockian of eminence was Sir John Glanville, judge of the common pleas under Elizabeth, by whom, or by his son, Kilworthy, now modernised, was built. Mrs. Charles, author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family," was a native of Tavistock, and Mrs. Bray, wife of a former incumbent, and a well-known author of fiction, has, by means of her works, familiarised her readers with many places of interest in the neighbourhood and elsewhere in Devon.

Portraits by Lady Arthur Russell of two celebrated men who represented Tavistock at St. Stephen's may be seen in the Town Hall, one of Pym, whom Charles I. sought to

send to the Tower for his fearless defence of the rights of the people; and the other of Lord William Russell, who was beheaded in 1683, a martyr to the popular cause. Near Fitzford Gatehouse is a splendid statue of Drake by Boehm, erected by the present Duke of Bedford's father, and recently presented to the town by this duke. The statue in Guildhall Square is that of Francis Duke of Bedford, who built the Town Hall, the Market, Duke Street, the New Church, and the various blocks of cottagers' residences which are such a noticeable feature of the place. "The Walk" beside the river Tavy, from Abbey Bridge, near the Post Office, to West Bridge, is a very pretty one, especially when the trees are in foliage. There is a picturesque waterfall over the abbey weir. The meadows, which the pedestrian passes through to reach West Bridge, have recently been acquired from His Grace the Duke of Bedford as a pleasure ground for the town. Just beyond West Bridge is the new cemetery, the gift of Hastings



THE WALK.

Duke of Bedford to Tavistock. The chapel and lodge are of solid granite.

WHITCHURCH, a typical moorland village, is pleasantly situated on the fringe of Whitchurch Down. There is reason to believe that a church existed here of pre-Norman times. The present church was restored a few years ago. A large number of new houses have been built along the road leading to Tavistock, and there are still many excellent building sites available, overlooking the valley of the Tavy. There are several old mansions in the parish of Whitchurch, including Walreddon, which was long a seat of the Courtenays; Halwell, where the Glanvilles resided for three centuries before removing to Kilworthy, in the parish of Tavistock; and Grenofen, belonging to the Chichesters. On the Down is a fine example of an ancient cross known as the "Pixie's Cross."

MORWELL ROCKS. These magnificent cliffs on the Tamar, situate about five miles from Tavistock, are a favourite

pleasure resort during the summer months. The cliffs are covered with woodland, through which various paths lead to the most prominent points of view. On suddenly beholding the great depth of the valley immediately below, and the grandeur and variety of the scenery, the visitor is at once startled and delighted. Away in the distance are the Cornish hills, standing out in bold relief against the horizon. Hundreds of feet beneath winds the river Tamar. The locality is reached by numerous steamers nearly every day in the summer, particulars of which trips appear in the local papers. The steamer may be joined at piers, quays, and landing stages in Plymouth and Devonport, and the trip is altogether a delightful one, especially when the return is made in late evening waning light. In the centre of the valley is the Weir Head, beyond which steamers cannot go. To the left is Harewood House, the scene of Mason's drama of "Elfrida," and to the right is the village of Gunnislake, which in the prosperous days of mining was a busy centre. Near here Turner painted one of his finest pictures. A path runs along the whole length of the woods. The spot is a very charming retreat. Morwell House or Abbey, with the adjacent country, forms the chief feature of the novel "Eve," by the Devonshire novelist, the Rev. Sabine Baring Gould. It is a very attractive story.

BRENTOR, with the tiny church on its summit, forms a conspicuous object in the landscape for many miles around. It reaches an altitude of about a thousand feet, and is about two miles south of Lydford towards Tavistock. There is a tradition that the sacred edifice was reared by a merchant, who, overtaken by a storm at sea, vowed that he would build a church upon the first point of land which should appear in sight, which happened to be the top of Brentor. The records of the church, which is called St. Michael de Rufe, date as far back as 1283. When the eminence and the church are reached, all trouble is repaid by the magnificent scene that presents itself and the exhilarating air that is found there always. The church was attached to the great Benedictine abbey of Tavistock, and it is stated that in ancient times the abbots of Tavistock held an annual Michaelmas fair on the hill. Red jasper may be found on the north side of the hill, and the rocks of the tor are of igneous origin. The tints on the distant barren hills on a bright day are very beautiful. Great Links Tor, Hare Tor, and Great Mis Tor are among the most conspicuous eminences to be viewed from Brentor. There is a singular monumental stone on the outside of the church, and the single bell bears a curious Latin inscription.

LYDFORD. There are few places of greater interest to the tourist in the West of England, both from a picturesque and a historical point of view, than Lydford, with its magnificent gorge, in which is a beautiful cascade; its remarkable bridge, its ancient castle, and its interesting church. It is on the main London and South-Western

line, about six miles from Tavistock, from which town, as well as from Launceston, it can also be reached by the Great Western Railway. Before William the Conqueror landed in this country Lydford was one of the principal towns in Devonshire. In the time of Ethelred II. it possessed a mint, and in the Domesday Book it is stated to have been taxed in the same manner as London. Piers de Gaveston, a favourite of Edward II., had the castle bestowed upon him by that monarch. We are told that

Lydford was a busy town
When London was a "vuzzy" down.

Only the bare walls of the castle remain. About the year 1512 it was a Stannary Court prison.

Founded some time after the Norman Conquest, the castle was instituted in the reign of Edward I. the Stannary prison for Devonshire. Adjacent to the castle is the church, of fifteenth century style. The churchyard, from which there is a splendid view of the surrounding country, contains the tomb of a watchmaker, which bears a most curious inscription. Every visitor to Lydford should see the cascade, for admission to which tickets are obtained at the Manor Hotel, a building which has been enlarged and improved within the last few years. A winding path leads to the foot of the waterfall, which presents a fascinating appearance as it descends more than a hundred feet in a thick milky-white foam into the river Lyd. The stream itself has its origin on Black Down. Those who do not suffer from dizziness should walk through the gorge, a narrow, rugged, unprotected pathway, with the river running below on one side of it for a distance of more than a mile. The gorge passes under Lydford Bridge, but the ravine which the bridge spans can be seen to much better advantage from the roadway. The feeling of the uninitiated visitor, on peeping over the parapet of the unassuming-looking structure, is naturally one of awe as he views the frightful chasm beneath. Kitt's Steps, where a young woman named Kitty is stated to have been drowned in a time of flood while essaying to cross the stream, is a small but pretty cascade which every visitor to this delightful neighbourhood is recommended to see. In the time of Charles I., Lydford was infested with a band of outlaws known as the Gubbins, with Roger Rowle at their head. They appear to have exemplified the saying that there is honour among thieves, for it is asserted that should an injury be done to one all were ready to avenge it. Lydford Town could boast of having a mayor and corporation until about the middle of the last century. It also had a borough coroner.

ENDSLEIGH is the Devonshire seat of the Duke of Bedford. It has a great popularity as a pleasure resort by the courtesy of his grace, and this is shown by the large number of waggonette parties who pay it a visit during the summer. Permits are obtained at the Bedford office, Tavistock. The house, remarkable for its picturesque irregularity, was designed by Sir G. Wyattville in 1810.



LYDFORD GORGE.



SHEEPSTOR.

The grounds are charmingly laid out, the prospect from the Dairy Dell, the Swiss Cottage, and the Terrace being most delightful. There are many snug retreats with lovely surroundings in different parts of the grounds, all of a charming and fascinating nature. Private roads run for many miles through the woods on both sides of the river.

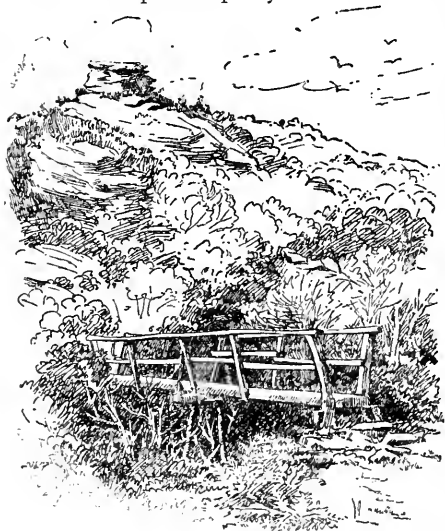
THE VALLEY OF THE TAVY is very charming, one of the most delightful spots being what is called Double Water, the junction of the Tavy and the Walkham, over which a timber bridge is thrown. It is within comfortable walking distance of Tavistock, or, in the other direction, of Bere Ferrers and Bere Alston. From the former, taking the road which branches to the right, nearly opposite the new cemetery at Tavistock, a steep walk of about half a mile brings one to the highly-situated hamlet of Rixhill, the gateways in the vicinity of which afford a splendid view of the town of Tavistock, backed by the Dartmoor hills. Some distance further on an avenue of trees flanks the road opposite the old mansion of Walreddon. Not far from this is the entrance to West Down. It is well to lodge horses and vehicles in a stable near, as the ground further on is not adapted for vehicular traffic. A pleasant walk across the Down and between rugged rocks brings the visitor by a gradual descent to the Virtuous Lady Valley, a name said to have been given to the mine which used to be worked there, in honour of Queen Elizabeth. Along the route there is some very picturesque scenery of woods and cliffs. The romantic Double Water or Water's Meet is much frequented by fishermen, who have here landed some enormous salmon peal. One of the crags is called Raven Tor, near which is the water bailiff's cottage with a tea garden, much patronised by picnic parties, and overlooking the river Tavy, here flowing at a considerable distance below. On the opposite side of the river the bank rises to a height of three hundred feet, thickly clothed with trees, principally fir, beech, and oak, presenting a particularly beautiful sylvan scene. In fact, the scenery of this spot is not, perhaps, surpassed by any in the county. At the top of this highland runs the South-Western Railway, the trains on which look quite diminutive as they pass at full speed close to the edge of the precipice. Under the tea garden is the Virtuous Lady Cave, which is to be reached by an easy descent to the bank of the river. There is a very fine view from the Raven Tor. The visitor, instead of returning to Tavistock by the way he came, can proceed to Horrabridge, over Roborough Down, and get back to Tavistock by Great Western Railway, thus accomplishing a most enjoyable circular route.

Above Tavistock the river Tavy winds its way through magnificent scenery, which is also of a wild description, especially at Tavy Cleave, a spot hemmed in by the heights of Dartmoor. To the east rises the ridge of Stannaton Down, on the north is the delightful eminence of Hare Tor, and on the south is Lint's Tor. At the

base of Hare Tor rushes the Tavy from the open moor. Although there is some rather rough climbing necessary to see the spot to the best advantage, the lover of Nature will feel amply compensated for the pains he has taken by the grandeur of the view.

BERE FERRERS, an interesting village pleasantly situated on the Tavy near its junction with the Tamar, has an old church Decorated and Perpendicular in style, and very interesting. It was rebuilt before 1330 by Sir William de Ferrers, and among the monuments is one (with effigies) to the memory of the founder, William de Ferrarüs, and his wife. Another, of a Crusader cross-legged, a member of the same family, was removed from the earlier church. The wood carving in this church is unique. The churchyard is particularly interesting, as it contains a monumental stone to Thomas Stothard, a royal academician, who was killed by falling from a window while sketching some tracery work. He was a brother of Mrs. Bray, the novelist. Bere Ferrers is on the main London and South-Western line, and is within half an hour's run of Plymouth and Devonport. It is a place quite worth looking up because of the very beautiful walks along the bank of the Tavy, and the district is a good field for the sketcher, painter, or photographer.

THE VALLEY OF THE WALKHAM comprises some exceedingly fine scenery, the objects of special interest being Sampford Church, Ward Bridge, and Beckamoor Cross. Sampford Spiney has been described as "a church



ON THE
WALKHAM.

and a house up in the air." The church has a Perpendicular nave and a Decorated chancel. The Perpendicular tower belonged to Plympton Priory. Beckamoor Cross is an ancient monument. At Ward Bridge the banks, covered with foliage and rocks, present a romantic appearance. In the vicinity of Horrabridge the grounds of some fine look-

ing mansions slant down to the banks of the river. Those who love a ramble should cross Ward Bridge and, proceeding in the direction of Walkhampton, up a lane, make a detour to the moor, on the right-hand side of the Walkham. Fox Tor, Staple Tor, Mis Tor, King Tor, Crypt Tor, and Foggin Tor, tower to a great height above the Walkham, and

this part of the moor is well worthy the attention of those who appreciate wild and beautiful scenery.

PRINCETOWN. This village, situated in the very heart of Dartmoor, 1,400 feet above the level of the sea, has in it the Government convict establishment, which of late years has grown in importance. The prison was built early in the present century for the incarceration of French and American prisoners of wars, as many as ten thousand having been said to be confined in it at one time. For some years after the war the building ceased to be used as a prison, but in 1850 it was adapted to the requirements of a convict establishment, and has served that purpose ever since. The governor's residence and houses for other officers are built on either side of the formidable-looking gateway, over which is the motto "*Parcere subjectis.*" The convicts have brought a large expanse of the moor under cultivation, and may be seen engaged in their daily toil under the surveillance of warders.

The *chars-à-bancs* which make the circular trips stop for an hour or so at the Duchy Hotel, Princetown, a famous old hostelry, and afford passengers an opportunity of inspecting the neighbourhood. A railway to Princetown runs over the moor in conjunction with the Great Western Railway branch line between Plymouth and Tavistock; the route is of a strikingly sinuous and most picturesque description, and includes a fine view of the Burrator Waterworks, whence Plymouth obtains its pure and abundant water supply. The pedestrian will find it exceedingly pleasant on a fine day to walk back to Tavistock, the route being downhill nearly all the way, and embracing a magnificent panorama of scenery. He would do well to inquire at Princetown for the group of Celtic remains about a quarter of a mile from Merrivale Bridge. They consist of circles, stone avenues, cromlechs, a rock pillar, and foundations of a village. The hut circles are numerous, and in good preservation. They are said to have been used as a market when the plague raged in Tavistock in 1625. To the south of Merrivale Bridge is Vixen Tor, which from the road to Tavistock has the appearance of an Egyptian sphinx. From the tor there is a fine view in the distance of the valley of the Walkham. Tea is provided by a cottager who resides under the tor at a small charge. The main road to Tavistock passes along the flank of Cock's Tor (whence the vale of the Tavy is discernible), and continues between hedges down to Tavistock. Instead of returning to the road from Vixen Tor, the pedestrian may walk on to New Tor, and passing through the hamlet of Moor Town to the right below, proceed over Whitchurch Downs to Tavistock. It should be mentioned that parties who journey by the *chars-à-bancs* are conducted to the Celtic remains near Merrivale Bridge.

At Two Bridges, a short distance from Princetown, also passed through by the circular route waggonettes, is the confluence of the rivers Dart and Cowsick; the banks of the latter are charmingly overhung with foliage, and the spot is very beautiful on a bright summer day. The

Cowsick is one of the most unique of the moorland rivers for scenery, and no one should miss seeing it. There is excellent accommodation at the Saracen's Head, hard by.

NORTHERN SECTION.

This section of the county is that portion of which Barnstaple may be considered to be the natural centre, and stretches away eastward to the Somerset border, and westward to Hartland and Lundy Island.

BARNSTAPLE, the Aber Taw of the Britons, probably the Artavia of Richard of Cirencester, Barnstaple in Domesday Book, with its name sometimes given in the abbreviated form Barum, the metropolis of North Devon, is picturesquely situated on the right bank of the Taw, about seven miles from the mouth of the river, the tide in which ascends for three miles above the bridge, thus bringing the benefit of water fresh from the sea past the town twice in twenty-four hours. To this circumstance, in some degree, may be attributed the higher winter and the lower summer temperature which Barnstaple enjoys beyond localities only a few miles further from the sea. The average mean temperature during the last twenty years is 50.95° ; the rainfall is much less than in other places in the neighbourhood, excepting a few on the coast, the annual average for thirty years being 38.51 inches. Tourists who do not intend to make a long stay in one watering-place,

SOUTH
WALK.



but to visit various points of attraction and interest in the locality, will find Barnstaple an admirable centre for their purpose. The town has three railway stations. The Junction Station, on the London and South-Western line, two hundred and eleven miles from Waterloo, is that from which the traveller may journey up to town by Crediton, Exeter, and Salisbury, and down to Torrington, passing Instow and Bideford. From the Town Station, on the opposite bank of the river, also on the South-Western line, the trains depart for Braunton, Morthoe, and Ilfracombe.

At the same station commences the Lynton and Barnstaple Railway, nineteen miles in length, constructed under special Act of Parliament. This is a two-feet gauge railway, a circumstance the traveller seated in one of the coaches would not suspect, or, it may be more correct to say, about which he would not think, if, being a stranger to the district, he were travelling on it on a fine day. To avoid tunnels in constructing the line, the run is very much in curves, and consequently the visitor has a constantly changing panorama of beautiful scenery passing before him. The rise from Barnstaple Station to the highest point on the line is nearly one thousand feet, the usual gradient being about one in fifty. The Chelfham Viaduct is about three hundred and fifty feet long and seventy feet above the valley. The third railway station at Barnstaple is in the Victoria Road, at the terminus of the Devon and Somerset Railway, a branch of the Great Western Railway running into the main line near Taunton. By this line South Molton, Dulverton, and other stations near Exmoor are passed, and other historic haunts traditionally associated with the hunting of the red deer and Blackmore's famous story are rendered easily accessible.

While tourists will thus find Barnstaple a most convenient starting point from which to visit the other portions of North Devon, it offers many attractions and advantages to persons deliberating on the choice of a place for permanent residence. The low death-rate and the small number of cases of zymotic disease which occur demonstrate its healthy character.

The market is one of the most spacious and handsome in the West of England, and on Fridays is abundantly supplied not only with the produce of the garden, the farm, and the poultry yard, but with wares of every description. But the town has also plenty of well-filled shops.

Barnstaple Fair, held in September, has long been famous all over North Devon, and even in neighbouring counties. It continues for three days, the first being chiefly devoted to the sale of cattle, the second to dealing in horses, and the third being the pleasure fair. The first day is marked by the ancient and quaint ceremony of proclaiming the fair, the Town Clerk doing this, accompanied by the Mayor and Corporation, who have previously regaled themselves on toast and ale. Meanwhile, as a token of welcome to all, a large stuffed glove is exhibited from the front of the Guild-hall, remaining there while the fair continues.

Few localities are so fortunately circumstanced in respect to the supply of water as Barnstaple. The quality is of the purest, and the supply is sufficient for a population three times as large as the present one.

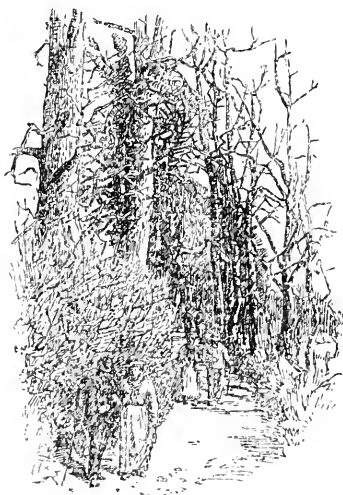
The sportsman will be at no loss for occupation. The Devon and Somerset Staghounds have many of their meets sufficiently near the town for enthusiastic sportsmen to enjoy a run with them; Sir John Amory's Staghounds pay occasional visits, meeting usually about three miles from the town, while two packs of foxhounds and one of harriers

afford frequent opportunities for sport. The fisherman can get trout and salmon fishing in the neighbourhood, and by a railway journey of twenty minutes to Instow a boat for sea fishing may be obtained. The theatre has frequent performances by travelling companies, while high-class concerts and musical performances take place in the Music Hall, a building well worth a visit to inspect its elegant and costly decorations. The North Devon Athenæum will be found by all students of art, science, or literature to be a most interesting institution, the benevolent and enlightened founder, Mr. W. F. Rock, expressing in his dedicatory letter to the directors his wish that it should be a resort for students in these subjects, chiefly by its library. In accordance with Mr. Rock's expressed wishes the principal portion of the expenditure on books is incurred in buying those of a high-class nature, and the library is consequently one of an exceptionally useful character to students. History, biography, science, poetry, and drama are all well represented, but the natural history department is the largest and most valuable, including nearly all the ornithological works of Gould and of other eminent naturalists. In the theological room is a collection of works known as the "Doddridge Library," they having been presented to the town chiefly by a merchant of that name and his friends shortly after the middle of the seventeenth century. Among the works are some that are rare, curious, or valuable. The following are included in the collection: Walton, "Biblia S.S. Polyglotta"; Castellus, Edm., "Lexicon Heptaglotton"; Beard, Thos., "Theatre of God's Judgments"; the works of King James the First; Prynne, Wm., "Histriomastix." The Athenæum also possesses a geological room, which, in addition to specimens of a general description, has a large local collection of a very valuable character made by an eminent geologist of the borough, Mr. Townshend M. Hall, F.G.S. The Athenæum is free, and open to all visitors. The Municipal Art and Science Schools are liberally provided with apparatus and appliances of all descriptions, are well conducted, and meet with great success.

The geologist will find much to interest him in the neighbourhood, especially in the famed Pilton beds.

The botanist will be delighted with the variety and profusion of the wild flowers of the district, especially on the burrows near Santon, which will be described in the account of Braunton. The same burrows afford a happy hunting ground to

LOVERS'
GROVE.



the entomologist also. Ornithology is well represented, the banks of the Taw from Barnstaple to Instow being visited by many species of birds, some of great rarity. Again, the simple sightseer, he who merely looks to find pleasure in nature, will have ample compensation for the time he spends in Barnstaple. Entered from the Junction Station on the Tawstock side of the river by the long bridge, the borough has a most charming aspect, environed as it is with a wealth of greenery and foliage. A capital posting service, also characteristic of the place, brings the sojourner into close contact with every highway and lane reaching into or leading out of the borough, and in the directions of Pilton and Newport are many delicious drives which open up delightful views and charming, ever changing vistas, of breezy upland stretches of corn crops, pleasant streams, and heath-clad hills. The town has buildings and industries of interest to visitors, but before touching on these a few notes respecting events in its history will be of interest.

No positive evidence that the Romans had a station here can be adduced, though the name Artavia appears like a Latinised form of Aber Taw, but history and tradition certify that this neighbourhood was the scene of protracted and sanguinary contests with the Danes, especially in the reign of King Alfred. It is not till the time of his grandson Athelstan that we get any positive statements respecting Barnstaple. That monarch, we are told, after defeating the Danes and driving the ancient inhabitants of Damnonia beyond the Tamar, took up his abode in Barnstaple, caused the walls to be repaired, and rebuilt the castle. In Domesday Book it is stated that Barnstaple belonged to King William, that there were forty burgesses within the borough and eleven outside, and that twenty-three houses had been laid waste since the Conquest. The parliamentary history of the borough dates from the twenty-third year of Edward I. During the Civil War Barnstaple fell into the possession of each of the contending parties in turn for a time. The port of Barnstaple was of importance from an early period. In 1344 King Edward III. sent precepts to the magistrates of forty-four places ordering them to return representatives to a council of shipping or naval parliament, and of these places Barnstaple was one. Barnstaple, Stow states, sent five ships against the Spanish Armada, and for the expedition to Cadiz in 1596 Barnstaple ships were again found in the English navy. The foreign trade of the port by the same period had grown to be considerable, especially in wine, tobacco, and wool.

The parish church is dedicated to St. Peter. The present edifice was consecrated by Bishop Stapledon in 1318, almost certainly on the site and lines of an older edifice. The leaden spire, which has the appearance of being twisted, being, in fact, inclined to the south, arrests the attention of all visitors. This deflection was caused by a great thunderstorm, which occurred in 1810, expending the whole of its force on church and steeple. In 1864 Sir Gilbert Scott, in a report which he prepared with respect to the restoration

of the church, recommended the retention of the steeple in its existing condition, "it being a most remarkable and interesting structure, giving character and quaint antiquity to the aspect of the church." There is nothing else in the exterior worthy of notice, while of the interior it can only be said that it is spacious and commodious. There are, however, on the walls several ancient monuments meriting attention. Mr. Blake, a man of unblemished character even according to his opponents, was ejected from his living for his loyalty to his king. Before the actual ejection he suffered greatly, being summoned three times to answer unfounded charges, on one occasion being seized by a party of horse and hurried to Exeter on a bitter, stormy, wintry day, and at another time his vicarage house, which he had just entirely rebuilt at his own cost, was broken into and occupied by rebel troops. During the course of the last restoration of the church, in 1866-1882, several frescoes and passages of Scripture were found on removing the coating of plaster with which they had been covered; the colours were beautifully bright and fresh-looking, especially the vermilion and flesh tints; nothing now remains except the traces of one fresco representing a bishop baptising a woman who is kneeling in a font.

The other churches of the borough are Holy Trinity, St. Mary Magdalene, Newport, and Pilton. Holy Trinity, which was erected in 1843, except the tower, built in 1846, and all with the exception of the tower re-erected in 1868, is a very beautiful building. The graceful tower, one hundred and fifty feet in height, is a very fine and striking object adorning the eastern end of the town. St. Mary Magdalene, erected in 1846, is also a handsome, well-proportioned building, with a tower and spire, this also rising to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. Pilton Church possesses many interesting features. The tower, which before the dissolution of monasteries was the campanile of the contiguous Benedictine Priory of St. Mary, was partially destroyed during the civil wars, the upper portion being pulled down, probably by the garrison of Barnstaple, desirous of freeing themselves from the annoyance of a battery mounted upon it. In Bishop Grandisson's register is found a license to a female penitent to retire dated 4th November, 1329, and another on 24th May, 1332. This church is well worth a visit from all persons interested in ecclesiology.

The Grammar School, situate in the churchyard of St. Peter's, will attract the attention of all passers-by. This was built for ecclesiastical purposes, being a chapel dedicated, or perhaps rededicated, to St. Anne. The lower portion of the building is of much older date than the upper, which was built about the year 1450. In the reign of Edward VI., sharing the fate of the other establishments of a similar character, the chapel was secularised, the endowment confiscated, and granted by the Crown to two members of the Prideaux family, who in 1569 sold the building to the Corporation of the town for the sum of £108 13s. It then

began to be used as a school, and has so continued to the present time. Among its alumni have been Bishop Jewell,



CHURCH
AND
GRAMMAR
SCHOOL.

his polemical opponent in later years, Dr. Harding, John Gay the poet, Judge Dodderidge, and Dr. Musgrave, the learned editor of "Euripides."

The Conventual Church of St. Mary Magdalene, an important religious house founded just after the Conquest, is now represented by a few remains connected with the stable of a house in Boutport Street.

In Litchdon Street may be seen the Penrose Almshouses, founded in 1627, a quaintly-built establishment, which, with the exception of the Church and the Grammar School, is almost the only relic of old Barum.

The site of the castle is near the Town Station of the L. and S.W. Railway. Tradition says that the castle was built or repaired by Athlelstan; its mound still remains, but no traces of its masonry are to be seen; during the Civil War sixteen guns were mounted upon it. The site is now private property.

Barnstaple Bridge is about seven hundred feet in length, with sixteen arches. The date of its construction is not known, but it is alluded to as in existence in documents of the thirteenth century. Some of these documents were briefs or indulgences promising blessings to those persons who should contribute towards the support of the bridge over the Taw, "a great, huge, mighty, perylous, and dreadfull water." The chapel of St. Thomas à Becket stood at the foot of the bridge erected, tradition says, by one of the Tracys, who were lords of the castle at Barnstaple, in expiation of the murder of à Becket by his ancestor.

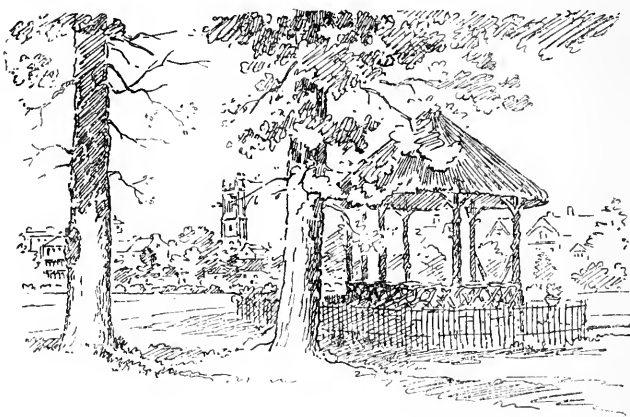
The Guildhall, which was built in 1826, has nothing in itself worthy of special notice, but it contains some interesting portraits. Thirty of these are those of members of the Corporation or other notabilities of the town in the early part of the eighteenth century. The portraits were painted by Thomas Hudson, a native of Devonshire, perhaps of Bideford, to whom Sir Joshua Reynolds was apprenticed for

four years in the year 1740, after some indecision as to whether he should be a painter or an apothecary. From the date of their production it is at least most improbable that, as is often stated, Hudson was assisted by Reynolds in painting them. Over the bench are portraits of Mr. Rock, Barnstaple's great benefactor; of his sister, Mrs. Payne, also a liberal friend of the town, and chief founder of the Convalescent Home at Morthoe; and of Mr. Hodgson, a former member for the borough.

Queen Anne's Walk, opposite the end of Cross Street, a colonnade, built as an Exchange or Merchants' Walk; it is first alluded to by the latter name in a commission of the period of Charles II. respecting the limits of the port. The modern name has been given to it from a statue of Queen Anne, presented by Rolle of Stevenstone in 1708.

Rock Park and Sports Ground are also generous gifts of

IN
ROCK PARK.



Mr. Rock to his native town. The park was dedicated to the public by Mr. Rock on the 12th of August, 1879. The length from the entrance opposite Riversdale to the termination at the embankment of the loop line of railway is nearly half a mile. Broad gravel paths, with borders of evergreens, shrubs, and trees intersect the greensward at intervals. The embankment bounding it on the river-side is twenty-four feet wide, with a double row of *elms*, while on the Newport side a carriage road runs to Lovers' Grove. The Sports Ground was dedicated to the public in August, 1886.

The Square, with its grass enclosures, flower beds, and fountain; the North Walk, with its lofty and umbrageous trees; the Pilton Park, with its glory of flowers, all make pleasing breaks in the monotony of houses and streets, and give testimony to the enlightened energy with which the authorities are bringing its institutions and arrangements up to these latter-day requirements.

The great industry of former days—the manufacture of woollen goods—has entirely ceased, although a century ago it was flourishing to such an extent that it gave employ-

ment to one thousand persons. Other manufactures and industries have, however, arisen, thus preventing the decadence seen in many of the old West of England towns that flourished by this manufacture before the migration of the greater portion of it to the North of England. The oldest of these industries is that of lace, which is conducted on a large scale by the firm of Messrs. Miller Bros., Ltd. The Raleigh Cabinet Works, also a limited liability company, manufacture furniture on a large scale, employing regularly about four hundred hands. The reputation of the firm is second to none, and a visit to the premises would be very interesting, as showing how present day machinery and appliances are employed. Pottery is represented by Brannam's Royal Barum ware, which has secured a world-wide celebrity, and has received the patronage of the Queen and various members of the Royal Family. No stranger should leave Barnstaple without a visit to the works to inspect the handsome specimens of the manufacture always to be found there. Mr. Lauder's "Devon" art pottery is made here, and has commanded attention by its excellence. Two flourishing foundries have long been established here. Other industries pursued in the town are glove-making, tanning, collar-making, and coach-building.

Excursions from Barnstaple amid beautiful scenery and attractive surroundings may be made in all directions, a few of these being as follow. Leaving the town by the suburb of Newport in a little more than two miles

LANDKEY is reached. The church, restored with more judgment and taste than has been exhibited in some of its



DRIPPING
WELL.

neighbours, contains monuments to members of the Acland family, whose original home, Acland, is in this parish. There are also three effigies, discovered during the restoration of the church about the year 1875. One had been walled up in its original position, while the other two were found buried beneath the old pews. They probably represent members of the Beaupell family, who had their ancient dwelling-place here, and whose last heiress, Margaret, married Sir Nigel Loring, one of the founders of the Order of the Garter. About two miles further comes the village of SWIMBRIDGE, for forty-seven years the scene of the labours of that "mighty hunter" and worthy man, the Rev. John Russell. The church, Late Perpendicular with Decorated tower, contains a beautiful screen (Perpendicular), and among other monuments one to John Rosier, Gent., Attorney, 1658, which, introducing many legal terms, begins in the following style :

"Loe with a warrant sealed by God's decree
Death his grim Sergeant hath arrested me."

TAWTON, on the right bank of the Taw, two miles from Barnstaple, was at the time of the Conquest, and long after,

a manor of the bishop's, and hence its appellation anciently was Tawton Episcopi, and now is Bishop's Tawton. The statement often made that at one time the bishop of the diocese was named from it seems devoid of all foundation. A farmhouse close to the churchyard was the occasional residence of the bishops when they were exercising their episcopal functions in the district.

CHITTLEHAMPTON, a royal demesne at the Conquest, possesses a church of many attractions. It is dedicated to Saint Hieretha, who is said to have been born at Stowford, Devon, and to have been buried the year after Thomas à Becket's martyrdom. The church is of the Perpendicular order, and has many interesting internal features, but the glory of the edifice is the tower. The erection of the towers of Bishop's Nympton, South Molton, and Chittlehampton is traditionally ascribed to the same architect, and they have been styled respectively "Length," "Strength," and "Beauty," and it has well been said of Chittlehampton that it combines the good qualities of its less pretentious neighbours with that so deservedly allotted to itself.

TAWSTOCK, opposite Tawton, may be reached by a path on the embankment of the Taw known as the "Seven Brethren Bank," a designation given because seven elm trees were planted to mark the burial place of four brothers who died of the plague in 1646. Tradition says that they were fishing on the banks of the river, from which they drew some rags floating up with the tide, and thus became infected with the pestilence which had been brought to Bideford from the Levant, and thence spread over the neighbourhood. The present embankment is said to have been constructed one hundred years ago by a regiment under the command of Sir Bouchier Wrey, the proprietor of the adjoining land. The War Office, hearing of this employment of the men, asked for an explanation, whereupon the baronet replied that he was teaching his men practical engineering. Leaving the bank of the river, after crossing a narrow "pill," a path across fields will bring the pedestrian to the church, one of the most interesting in the neighbourhood. This is a genuine cruciform church, chiefly in the Decorated style, but with some of the windows of the Perpendicular order, and others extremely debased Tudor. Tawstock Court, the seat of the Wrey family, is situated on rising ground a short distance above the church. The house was built to replace one destroyed by fire in 1785; the style of architecture may therefore be conjectured. A gateway bearing the date 1574 is the only relic of the seat of this old family.

ATHERINGTON contains Umberleigh, now known for its railway station, but anciently for its association with King Athelstan, who here had a residence, and built a chapel dedicated to the Holy Trinity. The church has an altar-tomb with brasses for Sir Arthur Basset and two wives (1540), but the glory of the edifice is the rood screen, usually pronounced the finest in Devonshire.

FREMINGTON lies three miles to the west of Barnstaple.



THE COOMBE: HOO MEAVY



BARNSTAPLE

and, besides having a church with some interesting features, with its stoup for holy water outside the building, it has from an early period had famous pottery manufactures, which are now carried on with considerable enterprise. A pleasant walk to Fremington may be taken along the left bank down the Taw, through Anchor Wood, anciently, it is said, containing an anchorite's cell, and over fields to Bickington, and thence by the high road. Also in a westerly direction, but on the right hand of the river runs the road to

BRAUNTON, situated five miles from Barnstaple. Opposite the three milestone will be observed Heanton Court, long a seat of the Basset family, but now a farmhouse. On the hill to the north-west may be seen the church of the parish Heanton Punchardon, the manor of which at the period of Domesday Book was held by Robert de Punchardon, under Baldwin, the sheriff, having been taken from Ulf, the Saxon owner. Braunton is in many respects an interesting parish: it is of large extent, and formerly had a much larger proportionate population than it has at present. The church is interesting and well cared for. The earliest portion is of the Early English period, the tracery of the windows Perpendicular. The spire is of wood and covered with lead.

The Great Field, an open hedgeless track three to four hundred acres in extent, under arable cultivation in small unenclosed plots, is considered to be a specimen of the Anglo-Saxon system of communal cultivation which has survived to our times emancipated from all its original servitudes. Braunton Burrows, an expanse of blown sand of about four miles in length, with an average breadth of one mile, presented a very different appearance down to three or four centuries ago, for in Leland's days there were cottages and St. Anne's Chapel—the foundations of which were to be seen within the present century, where all is now waste—abandoned to rabbits, which breed here in large numbers; it is, however, highly appreciated by the entomologist, and by some writers termed the botanist's paradise, from the number of species of plants, some of great rarity, found here. Among the flowers there finding a habitat are *Matthiola sinuata* (Sea Stock), *Teucrium scordium* (Water Germander), *Euphorbia portlandica* (Portland Spurge), *Scirpus holoschænus* (Round-headed Club Rush), and *Polygonum maritimum* (Sea-knot Grass). Santon Court, mentioned in Blackmore's "Maid of Sker," now a farmhouse, but formerly the seat of several old families in succession, is near one end of the burrows, while at the other end a small watering-place is springing up. Golf links are established at Santon, and a walk, pronounced by Kingsley to be one of the finest in Devon, can be taken on the downs above the sea, giving a grand view of the mouths of the Taw and the Torridge, and of Instow, Westward Ho! Clovelly, Hartland Point, Lundy Island, and, in clear weather, of the Welsh hills. This path leads round Down End to

CROYDE, another small watering-place, the scene, on February 11th, 1799, of the wreck of H.M.S. sloop-of-war *Weazle*, and the drowning of all, one hundred and six persons, on board.

ILFRACOMBE, also written Ilfordcombe, Alfreincombe, Alfredscombe, and in various other ways, was a place of some importance in past ages by reason of its port, the only one for a long extent of coast affording any shelter



in stormy weather. In 1346 Ilfracombe sent six vessels and ninety-six men as its contribution to the fleet Edward III. was preparing for his invasion of France, while Liverpool furnished only one vessel and five men.

At the commencement of the present century the population of Ilfracombe was 1,838, while it is estimated that it has now 8,500 permanent inhabitants, rising to 25,000 during the season. This increase is not due to the extension of any great manufacture or branch of commerce, but in the first place to the picturesque scenery of its inland background and the cliffs, grand and ever changing in appearance and character as the voyager views them, which protect it from the ocean waves ; then to its genial and yet invigorating climate, which, while mild and equable as some places in southern and sunnier climes, is in its air incomparably more bracing. It would, perhaps, be more correct to speak of the climates rather than the climate, for while the air is fresh and bracing along the sea front and on the higher grounds, the delicate invalid will find a climate mild and genial in the Tors Park, St. Brannock's Park and Road, and the Langley and Chambercombe Valleys. The official meteorological statistics will afford the best evidence with respect to this matter. During the seven years 1892-98 the average winter temperature was 44.9° , that of summer 57° , the mean daily range being 8.4° . The average rainfall during the same period was 31.53 inches. The entire district, it may be observed, being founded on strata of slate rock set generally at a considerable angle with the horizon, is naturally and effectively drained of all surface moisture. The average annual death rate for the years 1896-8 was 12.7 per thousand, that from zymotic diseases being .5 per thou-

sand, or five per ten thousand. While nature has thus favoured this spot, the authorities of the town have done their part in an enlightened and liberal manner. The supply of water is much more than sufficient for the present demand, and steps are in contemplation for securing further stores in view of an increased number of residents and visitors. The quality of the water leaves nothing to be desired in the way of purity. Hotels, boarding-houses, and lodgings abound in the town and neighbourhood. Bathing can be indulged in from many points. A large public swimming bath will be found in connection with the Ilfracombe Hotel, a tepid swimming bath in the Baths Building at the entrance to the tunnels through which access is obtained to two excellent pool baths in the sea, one for ladies and one for gentlemen, formed by connecting various rocks by walls, an arm of the cliff screening the one from the other. At Rapparee Cove a good beach affords a favourable bathing-place, reserved at certain times for ladies, while gentlemen only can obtain a dip at Blythe's Cove, and also, before ten a.m., at White Pebble Bay. Sailing and rowing boats abound in the harbour; the charges for their hire are fixed by authority. Golf, tennis, and bowls can all be indulged in by visitors. The country around is by no means an ideal one for cycling, happily for lovers of the grand in scenery, but resolute cyclists may get a few tolerable runs if they are willing to walk the "dangerous" portions of the roads. Sea-fishing affords good sport, especially off Helesborough. The geologist will find abundant occupation and interest in the study of the strata of the neighbourhood. Very full information respecting the geology of the district will be found in works published specially on the subject in the "Transactions of the Devonshire Association" and in De La Beche's "Report." A diligent search for fossils will show that many and various kinds are to be found. The student in other branches of natural history will meet with much that will interest him in his rambles. For the botanist there is a profusion of ordinary flowering plants and ferns, and the rarer plants are not yet quite extirpated, while among the rocks and in the pools between them will be found numerous species of seaweeds. The ornithologist will meet with a large variety of sea and land birds, and the entomologist will not ply his net in vain. Careful search among the rocks will still reward the admirer of sea anemones, for although some of the species mentioned by Mr. Gosse as being found when he wrote his "British Sea Anemones and Corals," some forty years ago, are now rarely, if ever, met with, the Rose, Snowy, Daisy, Sandalled, and Scarlet-fringed Anemones, the Globe Horn, and the Scarlet Pimplet are still found.

Crewkhorn Cave, a recess in the cliff reached by the tunnels, was pointed out as the place where William de Tracy, one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, lay in hiding for a while, being visited and provided with food by his daughter while in this retreat, but there is now little

remaining, because of a landslip which recently occurred. Cairn Top, near the railway station, is worthy of a visit because of the splendid land and sea view obtained there. Holy Trinity Church is a large structure consisting of nave, chancel, and north and south aisles, extending the entire length of the building. The Norman font is all that remains of the original edifice. The church was rebuilt when the Early English style prevailed, as is shown by the piers and arches of the nave, and perhaps the tower, though some authorities maintain that in the lower portion, at all events, this is Norman. The Tors, lying at the west end of the town, are seven hills covered with furze and bracken, along which winding paths have been cut at various elevations so as to provide walks along them that afford some of the grandest sea views in the kingdom. The Capstone Parade, being close to the town, and easy of access, is the popular parade ground. The Capstone Hill rises abruptly from the water to the height of two hundred feet. Paths have been made both at a small height above the sea following the line of the coast and also over the hill in various directions, and these paths afford a most beautiful sea walk. At the foot of the hill is placed the Victoria Pavilion, a fine structure of glass and iron erected in 1887 to commemorate Her Majesty's Jubilee. This affords a pleasant promenade after darkness has set in and in bad weather. A band plays daily during the season, and concerts and other entertainments are provided without charge to the visitors. The interior is rendered attractive by the ornamentation of flowering plants and shrubs. Lantern Hill, an elevation a little to the east of Capstone, attains only about half its height. It derives its name from a lantern displaying a red light for the benefit of vessels entering the harbour placed on the western gable of St. Nicholas Chapel, now empty and deserted, with little ecclesiastical about it except its name, but formerly visited by sailors and their relatives to pray to the patron saint of mariners for safe deliverance from the perils of the sea. Walks of most varied and interesting character may be taken in all directions. The following may be mentioned, but there are many others, and deviations may constantly be made:

LEE may be visited by way of the Tors and the downs and lane beyond. The bay is nothing more than a rocky cove, but the scene is picturesque both in the light tints of the cliffs and the comb, while thickly wooded hills form the background. The return can be made by the inland road through Whitestone.

Two POTS can be reached and the return journey made in four miles, going thither by the new Barnstaple Road. Fine views of the wooded valleys of Chambercombe Common and Warmscombe are obtained. The return by the old road will also afford a fine prospect.

CHAMBERCOMBE, a shortened form of Champernowne Comb, where the Champernownes, formerly lords of the



ILFRACOMBE: LANTERN HILL AND HILLSBOROUGH.

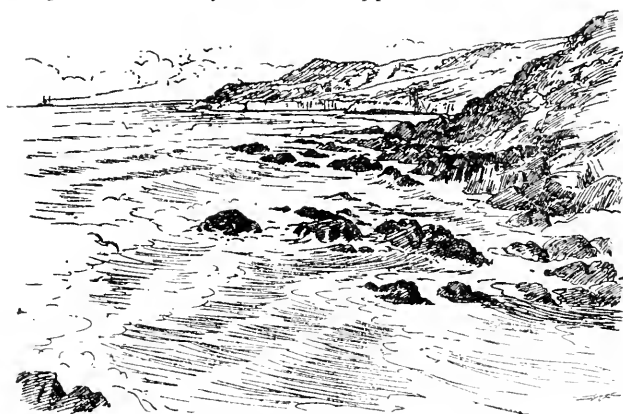


LYNMOUTH: FROM THE TORS.

manor, lived, is situated among beautiful woods and hills. It well deserves a visit by the tourist, who may thence make his way through Hele to the grand headland Helesborough, often written Hillsborough, which rises to the height of two hundred and forty-seven feet above the sea in a nearly perpendicular cliff. This hill has been acquired for the townspeople by the Urban District Council, and is a favourite promenade, affording, as it does, a pure invigorating air, and views by land and sea of varied but always enchanting description.

Excursions can be made in all directions from Ilfracombe by means of the railway, excursion brakes, steamers, carriages, etc. The following places have all points of attraction that render them worthy a visit :

MORTHOE, the hoe or hill of death, was the name given by the Normans because of the rock a short distance from the point, and is by no means applicable to the weather-



MORTE
POINT.

beaten grey-looking village which is famed for its pure, invigorating breezes. The church, dedicated to St. Mary, is chiefly Early English, but the lower part of the tower appears to be Norman.

ROCKHAM BAY, famed for its pebbles and the general beauty of its scenery, and BULL POINT, noted for its lighthouse, are usually visited from Morthoe. From the lantern of the lighthouse dart three flashes every half-minute, the flash being equal to fifty thousand candle-power. Damage, formerly a manor house, now a farm homestead, is claimed on the authority of Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," as the birthplace of John Cutcliffe, otherwise known as Rochedetaillade and De Rupescissa. The dates of his birth and death are not known, but he was alive in 1356, as, in his "Vade Mecum," written just after the battle of Poitiers, he states that he was then a prisoner in a dungeon at Avignon. His works are numerous, and written in Latin; three treat of alchemy, others are books of prophecy, in which he certainly made shrewd guesses as to coming events. Leaving this old world place and worthy, the tourist must retrace his steps to Morthoe, and, first visiting the point for the grand land and seascapes to be

obtained on the higher ground, proceed on his way to BARRICANE, a favourite place of resort for children to search for the shells, of which a few can be found entire among the tons of fragments cast up by the sea in this the only beach of its kind in the county, and for children of riper age also, who will perhaps explain their undignified appearance by telling an inquirer that, having perused Mr. Gosse's work, "A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast," they are looking for specimens of the Cowrie, the Wentletrap (*Scalaria communis*), the Elephant's Tusk (*Dentalium entalis*), the Cylindrical Dipper, locally the Maggot (*Bulla cylindracea*), and the Bearded Nerite (*Natica monilifera*). Here also, according to the same authority, are found the Blue Snail (*Ianthina communis*), and the *Villula limbosa* on which it feeds, and from which it is supposed it acquires the blue colouring of its shell. From Barricane it is a very short distance to

WOOLACOMBE, a new and rising watering-place, bright and sunny when there is any sun in North Devon, with one of the lowest rainfall records of the district, and a genial and salubrious climate. A temporary church of iron is dedicated to St. Sabinus, perpetuating the legend that this missionary to the heathen of North Devon was shipwrecked on the sands here. Golf players will find that they can indulge in their game at Woolacombe, as can those persons who delight in tennis courts. The sands are usually firm and agreeable to walk upon for the two miles which they extend to Vention. A path will be found also along the undercliff above them, and from Vention a walk round Baggy to Croyde may be enjoyed by a fairly good pedestrian. Having reached the limit of excursions suggested in

this direction an easterly course may now be taken, and a commencement made at

BERRY NARBOUR, taking Watermouth Caves on the way. These are situated opposite the grounds of Watermouth Castle, which stands on a gentle eminence commanding fine views of land and sea—an edifice older-looking than its years, about one hundred—through its battlements and buttresses. The caves are deserving of inspection, as is the entire cove. A great natural tunnel perforated in the solid rock will be found, with nearly horizontal roof, but sides with angular grooves and projecting



BRIARY
CAVE.

buttresses. The prospect of the sunlit exterior from this archway, dark as night, is very lovely, "and reminds the beholder," says Mr. Kingsley, "of a sunny picture set in an ample black frame." Berry Narbour takes its second name from the family to which it anciently belonged, as do many places in the district, Bratton Fleming, Stoke Rivers, Combe Martin, and Newton Tracy, for example. The church affords specimens of many styles. A Norman arch is seen in the north wall, opening into a small chapel, now used as a vestry; the font also is Norman, the chancel Early English, the nave and aisle Perpendicular. The tower, Late Decorated, with a Perpendicular west window, is eighty feet in height, and finely proportioned.

COMBE MARTIN, a straggling village a mile in length, is built in a deep "coombe," through which a stream boasting the name "Humber" makes its way to the sea. "Out of the world and into Combe Martin" can no longer be considered applicable to this place, for during the season the number of visitors resident for a time is large and increasing, while brakes, carriages, horses, cycles, and pedestrians keep the place alive. The cliff scenery is of the bold, rugged character of the coast in these parts, affording the spectator grand views by sea and land, while the geologist will be greatly interested in the altered geological formation. In the sharp slant of the rocks of the Little Hangman the Hangman Grits dip suddenly under the slates. But the pride of Combe Martin is its church, dedicated to St. Peter, an old battlemented building of rose-coloured stone, which contrasts and yet harmonises well with the clinging ivy. The tower, ninety-nine feet high, is constructed in four stages; in the third stage there is a small niche, which formerly contained a figure in the face of each buttress, but now some are empty. This church has been brought into notoriety by Marie Corelli's novel, "The Mighty Atom." The silver and lead mines of Combe Martin have been several times worked and closed. In the reign of Edward the First miners were brought from Derbyshire to work them, and Camden states that Combe Martin silver helped to pay the cost of the French wars in the reigns of Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth.

LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH. The scenery around these places is far grander than that of any other part of the South of England, reminding travellers who have visited Spain of the Pyrenées, characterised, as it is, by wild, fantastic craggy and precipitous hills, deep valleys, and rushing streams, foaming over the boulders, with which their channels are bestrewn. "My walk," says Southey, "to Ilfracombe, led me through Lynmouth, the finest spot, except Cintra and the Arrabida, which I have ever seen. Two rivers join at Lynmouth; each of these flows down a combe, rolling over huge stones like a long waterfall. Immediately at their junction they enter the sea, and the rivers and the sea make but one uproar. Of these combes the one is richly wooded; the other runs between two high, bare, stony hills, wooded at the base. From the Summerhouse

Hill between the two is a prospect most magnificent—on either hand combs and the river; before, the beautiful little village, which, I am assured by one who is familiar with Switzerland, resembles a Swiss village. This alone would constitute a view beautiful enough to repay the fatigue of a long journey, but to complete it there is the blue sea, for the faint and feeble line of the Welsh coast is only to be seen on the right-hand if the day be particularly clear.” No incidents in the early history of Lynton have been recorded, but the stone circles and the pile of rocks called the Cheese Wring have tempted some writers to suggest that in the Valley of Rocks is a spot where the Druids in ancient times worshipped, and that here is a Stonehenge or Avebury in miniature; but it will require a strong imagination to realise these things. At the Conquest, William gave the manor to one of his captains, William de Chievre, the Saxon owner, Alward Tochesone, being dispossessed. In later times it was owned by Reginald de Lyn, Henry de Hallesworth, the Crown, the Chichester and Basset families, and then became subdivided. The British word llyn, a torrent, is the origin of the appropriate names of these two villages. Lynton is placed on the top of the hill, about

CASTLE
ROCK.



five hundred feet above the sea, and has a more bracing climate and finer views than can be obtained in the valley where Lynmouth lies. From Lynton the country to the westward can be most readily explored, and excursions in that direction made. Before giving an account of excursions it is as well to mention that anglers are to be seen in great numbers around Lynmouth, for there is excellent sport in the rivers, and those who take a pleasure in sea-fishing will also meet with every facility for indulging in their sport; the boatmen supply the necessary tackle. Steamers frequently call off Lynmouth by which excursions can be made to Ilfracombe, Clovelly, and other places.

Summerhouse Hill, named from a summerhouse which long ago disappeared, affords a prospect unsurpassed for

grandeur by any in the county, and should be visited by tourists who wish to get a bird's eye view of the district. The West Lyn can be heard tumbling down its rocky bed, but is hidden from the view by luxuriant woods. The East Lyn Valley, presenting a different, but not less lovely, appearance, lies on the right; below is Lynmouth, and in front is seen the Severn Sea.

The North Walk, a path cut in the cliff about midway down the slope, conducts past the Chimney Rock and Ragged Jack to the Valley of Rocks, described by Southey as "a palace of the preadamite kings, a city of the Anakim." The most striking objects are the Castle Rock and the Cheese Wring. Passing the charming little bay known as Wring Cliff Cove, the pedestrian soon arrives at Lee Abbey, which is, notwithstanding its appearance and that of the sham ruins hard by, a modern mansion.

LEE BAY must not be passed without inspection, for it is equalled in beauty by few of the Devonshire coves. Soon after passing its western point, a place known as Crook Meads is reached. It is suggested that the name should rather be Crack Meads, because a subsidence of the land having taken place hereabout a century ago the meadows were fissured by the casualty, and presented a cracked appearance. A walk of a mile and a half from this spot brings the pedestrian to

WOODA BAY, a most charming glen, affording beautiful vistas of the sea through breaks in the mass of foliage which skirt the road by which the descent to the water's edge is made from the Glen Hotel. This has hitherto been



WOODA
BAY

quite a secluded spot, but a pier has been erected, the old manor house turned into an hotel, and other efforts made to cause it to become a place of resort. This is one of the most delightful spots in Devon. From Wooda Bay the walk can be continued along the cliffs to

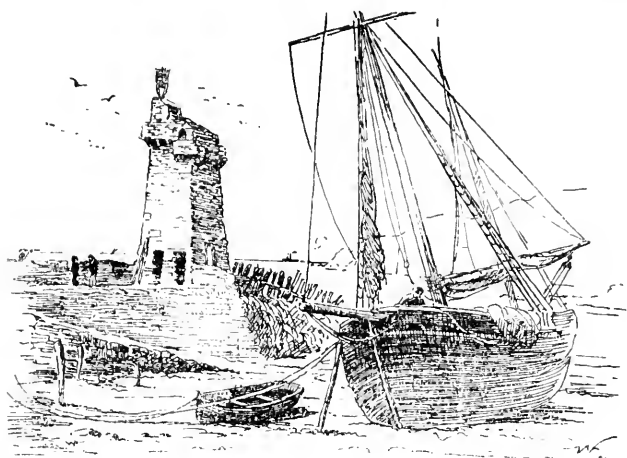
HEDDON'S MOUTH, passing on the way Hollow Coombe, with its cascade and the caves at the base, down to which Bishop Hannington, when curate here, made a zigzag path in the cliffs. Heddon's Mouth is by some persons considered more wildly grand than any of the other inlets on this

coast. From High Veer a most extensive and glorious view of the coastline is obtained, and a charming walk is that along the path below to Hunter's Inn, a hostelry shut in by hills covered with wood, fern, and furze. Instead of the cliff-path a new road may be taken from the Glen Hotel to Hunter's Inn; this is on much higher ground, and commands more extensive views, but has not the wild charm of the coast track.

MARTINHOE, the parish in which Hunter's Inn is situated, has a pretty church, which we learn from the register of Bishop Grandisson was dedicated in 1338 by Richard Traunceys, Bishop of Waterford, Grandisson having granted him a commission to perform the act. This parish will always be associated with the memory of James Hannington, the martyred first bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, who was associated with this parish and the adjoining one, Trentishoe, for some time after his ordination. From Hunter's Inn a really good walker may make his way over the high land bordering the sea to Combe Martin. A long climb by a zigzag path through the pine woods will bring the traveller to Trentishoe, with its tiny church, and after passing this, and ascending five hundred feet more, at the height of one thousand and eighty-three feet Holstone Barrow is reached. From this is a descent of about nine hundred feet to the stream marked on maps as Sherrycombe, this being intended, no doubt, for Sheercombe, down which a stream tumbles over the edge of the cliff in a picturesque waterfall, a descent rendered tedious and difficult by the flat smooth stones which have a habit of following after the pedestrian, and making his course somewhat perilous. From the stream a steep ascent up smooth and slippery turf terminates in the Great Hangman, one thousand and forty-four feet high, and when another descent and ascent have been made the summit of the Little Hangman, six hundred and eighty-two feet, is attained, whence there is a steady descent to Combe Martin.

LYNMOUTH is connected with Lynton by the cliff railway, for which the locality is indebted to Sir George Newnes, Bart. It presents a very alarming appearance to witness the carriages ascending and descending such an incline, but danger, if not impossible, has been reduced to a minimum by the automatic brakes and an emergency brake. The village has but one street, but houses are perched here and there on eminences peeping out from among the luxuriant foliage, and for a short distance follow the course of the stream upward from the bridge. Overlooking the harbour is a square, ruddy-tinted tower, suggesting an erection brought bodily from the banks of the Rhine some three centuries ago, but which is only a little more than one hundred years old. An esplanade has lately been made, affording a pleasant promenade, sheltered from the shore winds, but open to the sea breezes. Within a short distance are several sights to be seen. Glen Lyn, entered by a gate near the bridge, is private property, but opened to the public on the payment of a small fee. Down this

glen rushes the West Lyn, descending five hundred feet in the last two thousand of its course, its bed strewn with huge boulders, its banks clothed with the greenest of moss and the most luxuriant of ferns. Watersmeet is where the Combe Park Water joins the East Lyn, usually



LYNMOUTH

called Brendonwater, the former tumbling in a cascade, its white foam set off by the dark woods by which it is environed.

ROCKFORD may be reached by various routes. The most pleasant is by the windings of the East Lyn. Passing at the back of Watersmeet Cottage the path leads through woods and clear spaces to the Long Pool, and soon after passing this the hamlet comes in sight, and about a mile further is

MILLSLADE (BRENDON), a place much visited by anglers, as well as the artists, who, in fact, are met with in great numbers everywhere in the district. From this spot many visitors make their way to

DOONE VALLEY, distant four miles in a direct line by the Slocombslade Road and Cross Gate. The scenery around this spot has not the wild grandeur of some which has been looked upon in the neighbourhood, but still it has many visitors, and will continue to have many while "Lorna Doone" is read, such is the magic power of a master in the world of romance.

OARE is where John and Lorna were married and their children were christened, and where Lorna herself was shot by Carver, all according to the novelist. The church was visited in 1863 by the Prince of Wales (according to veritable history), in commemoration whereof a tablet with the Prince's feathers in high relief has been placed in the building by Mr. Snow, whose family have been land-owners in the parish for one thousand years.

GLENTHORNE should be visited from Lynmouth, from which it is distant six and a half miles if the coast-path is taken from

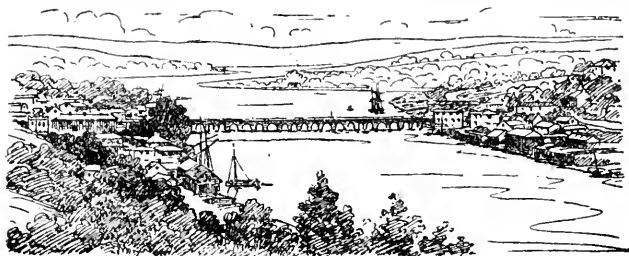
COUNTISBURY, a small village with a church, whose weatherbeaten appearance testifies to the violence of the gales that beat upon it on its elevated site. Before reaching the village on the right side of the road from Lynmouth, the antiquarian will be interested in seeing an ancient camp, commonly attributed to the Romans, some Roman coins having been found there, but more probably Celtic originally, and adapted and used by the Romans. The elevation above sea level is seven hundred and fifty feet. The owner of Glenthorne has for some time kindly opened the grounds to the public, by whom their wild and beautiful scenery must be highly appreciated. The house is erected on a grassy plateau, the only level spot for miles, about one hundred feet above the level of the sea, amidst the most charming surroundings. In the neighbourhood on a hill eleven hundred and thirty-seven feet above the sea is Oldbarrow, a camp usually credited to the Romans as constructors, but more probably an adaptation by them of an earthwork thrown up by the British before their coming. The tourist who follows the routes last given has been for some time over the Devonshire border in the county of Somerset. If he will take advantage of the facilities afforded as a centre by Lynmouth he will be amply repaid by visiting

CULBONE, four miles beyond Glenthorne, which is famed for its tiny church, so shut in by woods and hills, towering twelve hundred feet above it, that for nearly half the year the rays of the sun do not strike its walls. This church is sometimes claimed as the smallest in England, and though only thirty-three feet by twelve, it has its porch, nave, chancel, screen, and thirteenth century font. In the small churchyard are the remains of a fourteenth century cross, consisting of about one foot of the base mounted on a rude, irregularly octagonal calvary.

PORLOCK, distant from Culbone about four miles by woodland paths, giving frequent glimpses of the sea through the foliage, is a charming little village, situate about one mile from the sea in an amphitheatre of hills, spurs of Exmoor. There are several interesting incidents in its history, including the landing of Harold, son of Godwin, in 1052. The church, dedicated to St. Dubritius, has nothing worthy of special note in its architecture except an ugly truncated spire, but contains some interesting monuments.

SIMONSBATH, on the Barle, nine miles from Lynton, is a picturesque oasis in a wild and somewhat desolate district, with a series of charming views to one going up the stream, which affords good sport to anglers who can obtain permission to fish here. Simon's Pool, from which the village takes its name, is a little way up beyond the bridge, and is said to be the place where one Simon, a noted outlaw, used to take his bath. Other writers, however, maintain that the name is connected with Siegfried, the dragon slayer, son of King Sigmund. Other points of interest are Moles Chamber, Chapman Burrows, and the village of Challacombe.

BIDEFORD. No introduction to this attractive old town has yet been written equal to the description given by Kingsley in "Westward Ho!" and therefore it is pardonable again to quote a portion of it. "All who have travelled through the delicious scenery of North Devon must needs know the little white town of Bideford, which slopes upward from its broad tide-river, paved with yellow sands and many-arched old bridge, where salmon wait for autumn floods, towards the pleasant upland on the west." The name of the town is given in the Exeter Domesday Book as Bediforda; in the Exchequer Domesday Book as Bedeford. It is usually explained to signify "By the Ford," as it was



BIDEFORD
AND
BIDEFORD
BRIDGE.

found written in some old documents; some writers state that it was anciently Renton-by-the-Ford, but no sufficient authority is produced to prove the statement. The Saxon owner at the Conquest, Brihtric, lost his manor, which became a portion of the royal demesne, and was conferred on Queen Matiida as a portion of her dowry. Reverting to the Crown at her decease it was bestowed by William Rufus on Sir Richard Grenville, one of his renowned commanders, in whose family it remained nearly seven hundred years—till 1750—when it was purchased by Mr. Cleveland, of Tapeley, who subsequently sold it to the Town Council of Bideford, in whose possession it remains. About the commencement of the thirteenth century Bideford became a borough by grant of one of its Grenville lords, whose descendant in the reign of Edward I. confirmed the grant. According to some authorities the borough sent members to Parliament in the times of the first three Edwards, but on the burgesses pleading their inability to pay their member they were afterwards excused. The inhabitants, sending a petition to Queen Elizabeth, in which they describe themselves as "inhabitants of the village and manour of Bedyford," pray that "the said village may thenceforth be a free borough corporate." The prayer of the petition was granted, and the borough incorporated by charter, the provisions of which were greatly enlarged by another charter which was granted 16 James I., and remained the governing charter. Before this time Bideford had risen to be a place of importance. The enterprise of its inhabitants had established trading relations with America, Holland, Spain, France, and other Mediterranean countries. The active settler of Virginia, Sir Richard Grenville, who after his return from his famous expedition took up his abode at Bideford, brought the town into further prominence. This

connection with Bideford creates local interest in the story of this hero of "The Last Fight of the Revenge," in memory of whom and of the fight a large brass has been erected in the church, on which are inscribed Sir Richard's memorable farewell words.

The merchants of Bideford, like those of Barnstaple, after the destruction of the Armada, were active in fitting out privateers and scouring the seas for prizes, and the capture of the pirate vessels which, especially those of Algiers and Tunis, swarmed in the Channel on the look out for merchantmen. So many of these fell into their hands that they named the offing of the Taw and Torridge "The Golden Bay." Defoe, at the end of Queen Anne's reign, describes Bideford as one of the best trading towns in England—"sending every year great fleets to Newfoundland and the West Indies, and particularly Virginia, and though the merchants had been great losers by the late wars yet still keeping up a great trade." The trade to Newfoundland was greatly interfered with by the treaty, which gave the French a right to land on the coast and erect buildings in which to cure their fish; this trade Bideford had almost monopolised. A considerable commerce, however, remained with the rest of the colonies until the war of independence broke out, and then it began to decline.

The men of Bideford were not indifferent spectators when the Civil War broke out. No other striking events occur in the history of the town after the Civil War and the great visitation of the plague in 1646. In that year two hundred and fifty-eight persons were buried in the churchyard, the annual average at the time being under thirty, this number affording evidence of the terrible extent of the calamity.

While Bideford can give an interesting account of its past history, its present condition is one in which any town might take pride. Standing on the banks of a tidal river over a thousand feet wide within four miles of the ocean, the health-giving breezes and currents are constant visitors to the town. The principal streets being built on a slope, not always gentle, offer unusual facilities for draining purposes, of which advantage has been taken. Nature has conferred yet one other benefit on Bideford. From a high moorland a few miles distant an abundant supply of the purest water is brought into the town. The inhabitants have also done their utmost to render the town pleasant and attractive. The modern streets are wide, and the houses well built, especially those being constructed in the extensive building operations now going on. Nor has the enterprise of the builders stopped at the limits of the town. On the slopes of the hills around have been erected, and there are now being built, villas and residences of more modest pretensions. The shops are numerous and of a high class, and the market twice a week is supplied with produce of all kinds. For the sportsman there are fox-hunting, hare-hunting, shooting, fishing, and otter hunting. The athlete is provided with bowling, cricket, tennis, and cycling clubs, while



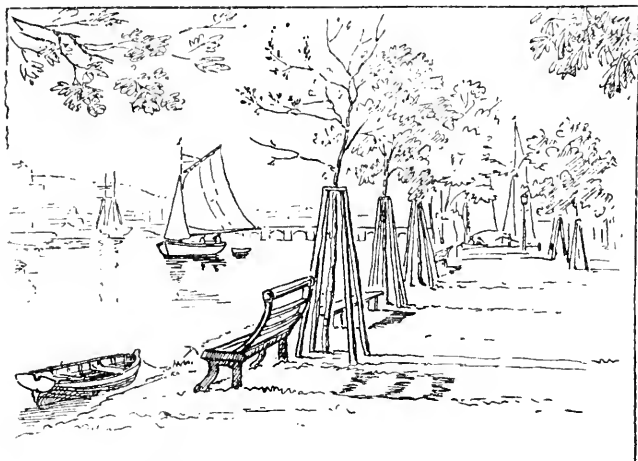
BIDEFORD.



CLOVELLY.

the famous Westward Ho! golf links are only three miles distant, and a free public library and news-room are available for those desiring them.

Bideford Bridge dates from the fourteenth century, when it was built by Sir Theobald Grenville and others, and endowed with lands and houses for its maintenance. The funds of the feoffees must be in a flourishing



BIDEFORD.

condition if Kingsley's words are correct when he says of the bridge, "Being first an inspired bridge; a soul-saving bridge; an almsgiving bridge; an educational bridge; a sentient bridge; and last, but not least, a dinner-giving bridge." The bridge is six hundred and seventy-seven feet long, with twenty-four arches of different widths, to account for which local tradition says the wide arches were built by the rich people, the narrow ones by the poor. The widening of the bridge with iron, at a cost of £6,000, has not tended to make it more attractive, as will be seen by an inspection of a fine engraving of the old structure placed in the Free Public Library.

The church, dedicated to St. Mary, was consecrated by Bishop Bronescombe in 1259. The old church, with the exception of the tower, was taken down in 1864, and rebuilt as nearly as possible with the same ground plan and in the same style as before—the Perpendicular. Several fine stained glass windows have been inserted, and under the tower may be seen a small carved wooden screen formed of pieces of the old woodwork. Many of the old monuments have been replaced, among them one to the memory of a true hero, John Strange, a merchant of the town, who in the plague of 1646, when the mayor left the place through fear, voluntarily took the office, and by his active exertions and excellent regulations saved the lives of many of his townsmen, and checked the progress of the fatal malady, to which, unhappily, he fell a victim. Almshouses in Meddon Street were founded by John Strange, but rebuilt some years ago by a Bidefordian resident in another town. Close by

the almshouses in a narrow alley may be seen one of the gratings of the old gaol. Allusion has already been made to the large brass commemorative of Sir Richard Grenville. During the troubles of the Civil War the church was desecrated by the Republicans, the baptismal font, one of the Norman style, was removed, and Polwhele relates "was appropriated for the purposes of a trough for his swine to feed out of by one schismatic. And if he had had his deserts he would have made one of their company." The rector of the parish when the war broke out was the Rev. Arthur Gifford, of the Brightley branch of that family, a brother of Colonel Gifford. Being a Royalist he was turned out of his church and vicarage, into which the Rev. W. Bartlet was intruded. After many persecutions and sufferings Mr. Gifford recovered his rights at the Restoration. Mr. Bartlet formed a church in that town on the principles of the Independents, being assisted by his son, Mr. John Bartlet. They were soon joined by Mr. Lewis Stuckley, who removed from Exeter, and from this beginning arose the body of Independents now in Bideford. The first building erected for worship, called the Great Meeting House, was built in 1696; the present handsome structure was completed in 1856. The Roman Catholics and various denominations of Nonconformists have their places of worship, but none call for special notice. Rather more than a century ago the curacy of Bideford was held by Rev. Jas. Hervey, the author of "Meditations Among the Tombs and Contemplations."

The Bridge Hall, a handsome building, contains the Free Public Library and News Room, a hall in which the Bridge Feoffees hold their meetings, a room for the use of the Town Council, and other offices. In the cellar are interesting relics of Old Bideford—it is, indeed, a pity that they are thrown there—including the stocks and a bell with a rather amusing story. For nearly forty years prior to 1783 the rector was the Rev. John Whitfield, a clever but eccentric man, who was always at variance with his parishioners. Having denied the latter the use of the vestry, they met at the Old Grammar School, where they hung a bell with the following inscription:

"Our parson's pride formed me a bell,
By that I rose, by that Satan fell."

Of the old buildings, there is a very fine ceiling (1688) at the Royal Hotel, and in the Three Tuns Inn on the Quay is a large panel bearing the Grenville Arms, though its origin is unknown. Another inn on the Quay—the Newfoundland—is stated to have been the Ship Tavern, named by Kingsley as the meeting place of the Brotherhood of the Rose. Outside the School of Art, at the end of the Quay, are eight guns, pronounced by Captain Enthoven, R.A. (deputed by the Artillery Institution), to be "Spanish of the sixteenth century." There are similar guns at Appledore, Instow, Westward Ho! Portledge, and Clovelly, but they have not yet been examined by an expert.

In 1682 three Bideford women—Temperance Lloyd, Mary Trembles, and Susannah Edwards—were convicted,

at Exeter, of witchcraft, and were executed. These were the last executions in England on a charge of witchcraft. Excursions from Bideford through districts displaying charming, ever-varying scenery may be made in all directions. Among these is one to

APPLEDORE. If the tourist is a pedestrian he will find an attractive walk from Bideford along the bank of the Torridge, especially to be enjoyed on a fine evening when the tide is running strongly up the river. Appledore is a busy little port; the building and repairing of ships is here carried on, and vessels of greater tonnage than can be found at Bideford will be seen at the Quays. It has been claimed that it was at Appledore that Kingsley wrote or planned his poem of "The Three Fishers"; the proximity of the place to the bar of the river, and the constant sailing away to the west of fishermen, may have suggested the idea, for Clovelly is stated by others to be where the composition took place. At all events, the neighbourhood of Appledore can claim one historic spot, namely, Kenwith Castle. From this stronghold, in the reign of King Alfred and the year 878, the brave Earl of Devon sallied forth against the Danes, who had established a blockade of the fort under their renowned chieftain, Hubba. The Danes suffered a terrible defeat, Hubba, their leader, with twelve hundred of his followers were slain, and their mystic banner, the Reafen, was captured. In their retreat to their ships they are said to have rallied at a spot still called the Bloody Corner, and on the adjoining shore the name of Whibbleston, or Hubba's Stone, perpetuates the memory of Hubba, and the exact place of his interment is suggested as designated by a rough slab of rock lying on the open beach a short distance above Appledore.



INSTOW
AND
APPLEDORE

INSTOW QUAY, opposite Appledore, three miles from Bideford, at the junction of the Taw and Torridge, is a rising watering-place. Its sands are firm and extensive, the favourite resort of children from Bideford, Barnstaple, and other places, who find here cockle hunting, as well as other diversions. Lodging-houses are numerous, and, being easy of access by train from the neighbouring towns, are well patronised. The old village with its church is situated

about one mile inland; in Domesday Book the name is written *Johannestov*. Tapeley Park, in the neighbourhood, but in the parish of Westleigh, is an ancient seat, for the last two centuries belonging to the *Clevelands*, but now to Mr. A. A. L. Christie, the present representative of the family.

BUCKLAND BREWER, six miles from Bideford, has a fine old church with lofty tower of granite blocks. In this parish is Orleigh Court, long the seat of the Dennis family, and the birthplace of Captain Speke, the famous explorer of the sources of the Nile. Edward Capern, "the postman poet," wrote most of his poems in this village. His journeys between Bideford and Buckland necessitated a walk of thirteen miles daily, including Sundays, until the year 1859, when, through the representations of one of his best patrons, Mr. Rock, the benefactor of Barnstaple, his salary, which had been ten shillings and sixpence a week, was raised to thirteen shillings, and (what was even more appreciated by Mr. Capern) he was relieved from his Sunday duties.

WESTWARD HO! may be considered to date its existence from about 1863, in which year the Countess of Portsmouth laid the foundation stone of the Royal Hotel. In 1874 the United Service College was opened. Designed chiefly for the sons of officers in the army and navy, it has had a prosperous career, having educated many men since distinguished in various careers of life, among them Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Kingsley College, established later, is now closed. There are, in addition to the hotels, excellent lodging-houses and villas of private residents. The place has, however, not grown as was expected, nor to the extent that its many attractions and advantages would seem to merit. It has a climate equal to any in England, being mild, but not relaxing, a picturesque situation, and many natural beauties; splendid enclosed baths and open sea-bathing for those who would take their baths as and where Amyas Leigh took his. For children it has great attraction in its extensive sands and turfy burrows, which involve no danger of a fall from cliffs, and at present it has not been reached by "trippers" to any extent. But to many persons the greatest attraction will be the golf links, which are praised by all golfers who visit them, they being said to compare favourably with the best links even in golf-playing Scotland. The links are protected from the sea by a ridge of pebbles about two miles in length, fifty feet wide, and twenty feet high. The ridge is much reduced in size from what it originally was, and hence the sea is making encroachments to a serious extent.

The geologist will be interested in learning that deposits of flint implements occur mixed with the stems and roots of large trees, the remains of a forest, now submerged and converted into peat, visible only far outside the Pebble Ridge at low tide and immediately after a westerly gale, which has the effect of stripping off the bed of sand with which it is at other times covered. A raised beach is also to be seen a little to the west of the Nassau Baths.

A walk of about two miles from Westward Ho! by the cliffs will bring the pedestrian to the Abbotsham cliffs, where a pleasant little cove will be found, a favourite haunt of picnic parties. Striking inland Abbotsham is soon reached, and has a church well worthy a visit, especially for its carved bench ends, some displaying the emblems of the Passion, another a representation of the Crucifixion, another the figure of a bishop, while two seem rather out of place in a church, being absurdly grotesque. The architecture is Early English, and the font Norman.

BUCKS MILLS, a fishing hamlet, is the next place reached on the coast. In beauty of site and picturesqueness of scenery, it is little behind the more written about, three miles distant, Clovelly. The inhabitants have the reputation of keeping themselves apart from their neighbours, and, as the people of Beer, near Sidmouth, are reputed to have had Flemish blood in their veins, being descended from a colony that had emigrated to escape persecution on account of their religion, so the Bucks Mills people are reputed to have a strain of Spanish blood, derived from shipwrecked mariners of Spain. At low tide the road may be taken along the beach, passing Freshwater Cascade, mentioned in "Westward Ho!" and in two and a half miles the pedestrian will reach

CLOVELLY, a name maintained by some to be an Anglicised form of Clausa Vallis, the enclosed valley; by others to be another form of Cleeve Lea, the steep slope or pasture. The Domesday form of the word Clovelie seems to favour the latter theory. Those persons who supported the former pointed to the earthworks known as Clovelly Dikes, situated at Clovelly Cross on the Hartland Road, about one mile from Clovelly, claiming them as a Roman work, but their form and character would suggest that, while they may have been adapted and used by the Romans, they are not of Roman, but just possibly of Danish, more probably of Celtic, origin. There were three embankments, varying from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height, the intervening ditches being about thirty paces wide. The area enclosed by the outermost bank is about thirty acres, the inner trench forming nearly a square with rounded corners, and measures about three hundred and fifty feet by three hundred feet. Not even that great word-painter, Kingsley, could in any verbal description do full justice to the charms of Clovelly, which, he says, "surpass all descriptive powers, whether of pen or pencil." It must



CLOVELLY.

be seen and studied that its beauties may be thoroughly appreciated, for many of its attractive features lie out of the beaten track, and require and repay some searching out. The street, if it is not degrading to the descent to the sea so to designate it, seems as if hung in a woody nook. Some of its cottages are of cob, all of startlingly primitive construction, and many of them are adorned in their season with roses, fuchsias of wondrous size, bowers of honeysuckle, hydrangeas, luxuriant displays of jessamine, camellia japonica, rhododendrons, and other flowers blooming in this favoured climate to a later period than in nearly all other parts of our island. The thoroughfare is made with cobbles from the beach, very slippery from the polishing of pedestrians' feet, and with a step every yard or two to prevent the whole being washed away when the rains descend and the winds blow. Mules and donkeys can take their journeys in this thoroughfare, but no vehicles can traverse its steep irregularities. On reaching the shore a pier of rough masonry will be found, and usually a large number of fishing boats will often be seen, for the great industry of Clovelly is the herring fishery. If the traveller, instead of reaching Clovelly by the coast, had travelled from Bideford by the Hartland Road, he would just beyond the ninth milestone have reached the Hobby Drive, and would do well to approach Clovelly thereby. The undignified name was given because of its construction being a hobby of its projector, Sir J. H. Williams. Being private property a charge is made for traversing the drive to defray the cost of repairing the wear caused by the numerous vehicles using it. This drive is a fine carriage road, and is fairly level for the most part in its circuitous course, cool in the hottest weather, affording ever and again glimpses of the blue sea far below, and has its banks crowded with ferns of a verdure and luxuriance rarely to be seen elsewhere. The church, All Saints, is an ancient building, with Norman tower and fine old arch, with chevron moulding to the porch. The font also is Norman, the rest of the sacred edifice being Perpendicular. The interior of the building presents no features of interest, except the monuments. They are chiefly to the Carys, lords of the manor from the reign of Richard II. to the year 1724, and to the Hamlyn family, for some time bearing the name of Williams. Of more interest than all these is a brass in the chancel, opposite the monument of William Cary, bearing the following inscription :

June 12th, 1819 — January 23rd, 1875.

In memory of

CHARLES KINGSLEY,

Rector of Eversley, Canon of Westminster,

Poet, Preacher, Novelist,

Son of Charles Kingsley, sometime Rector
of this Church, and of Mary Lucas, his wife.

Clovelly Court in 1680 was erected in place of an older mansion which had been destroyed by fire, but very little of this remains in the present building. Some of the scenery in the park is very picturesque, and especially along the cliff-path, with its oaks and moss-grown boulders leading

to the cliff known as Gallantry Bower and to Hartland Point, the entire distance, however, to be attempted only by a sturdy pedestrian. Gallantry Bower is about four hundred feet in height, and remarkable for its smoothness and for its being the most perpendicular cliff in Devon. A steep and stony descent conducts to Mouth Mill, a charming, wooded dell, opening on to the sea with an imposing background of sloping hills. The rocks here are of unusual magnitude, especially Black Church Rock, eighty feet in height, with two irregular arches worn by the waves. The ascent from Mouth Mill is very steep, and soon after leaving the summit another combe is crossed; above this is Windbury Head, on which some earthworks may be seen. The next summit attained is Exmansworthy Cliff, about one hundred feet higher than Gallantry Bower. A rough and difficult walk brings the traveller to Chapman Rocks, environed with grand scenery, and Fatacott Cliff, the loftiest eminence between Clovelly and Hartland. One mile from the rocks comes Shipload Bay, a cove enclosed by the most curiously contorted rocks of Eldern Point and the Titchberry Cliffs. A mile further rises Heracleia Acte, the Hercules Cliff of Ptolemy, the Pillars of Hercules of Richard of Cirencester, Hartland Point. This bluff is singular and striking in appearance; it is three hundred and fifty feet high, the summit has a flat and grassy platform about two hundred and fifty feet long and thirty wide, bounded by sheer precipices of three hundred feet. The views of the coastline on either side are magnificent, to the east the Severn Sea, to the west the Atlantic. Still keeping to the cliff, a path closely following its edge will be found. Upright Cliff and the Cow and Calf passed, the green hollow of Smoothlands is reached, then Damelands, followed by Black Mouth and Hartland Quay.

HARTLAND is most famed for its abbey, but the church is well worthy careful inspection. The church of Stoke Nectan is its correct designation, being dedicated to St. Nectan, the brother of St. Morwenna.

Hartland Abbey, the seat of the Stuckley family, is situated in a delightful seclusion begirt with woods. It was built at the end of the eighteenth century after the plan of the ancient abbey, a portion of the Early English cloisters of which were preserved as an ornament for the basement storey of its eastern and western fronts. Some writers allege that the abbey was founded by Gotha, wife of Earl Godwin, and mother of King Harold. Returning to Hartland Quay the coast walk may be resumed by Spekesmouth, with its waterfall upwards of fifty feet high, and presenting a snow-white appearance as it dashes over the smooth wall of black rock. About two miles further Henbury Beacon is reached, where once existed another cliff fortress, and in another mile Welcombe Mouth. During the whole of this coast-walk the geologist will have found varied and unceasing objects of interest in the strata of the cliffs. One mile inland from the Mouth lies the church town of

WELCOMBE, with its St. Nectan's Church, like Hartland, an older structure than the latter, and one that has suffered much from the ravages of time, to say nothing about restorers. The font is old, possibly Norman, more probably Saxon. We have now reached the borders of Devonshire, but few travellers will complain of a journey of four miles in Cornwall to see Morwenstowe and its church, the "old Morwenna's shrine" of the Rev. Stephen Hawker, its famous vicar, who inscribed over the porch of the vicarage, built by himself, the lines:

"A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
A pleasant place to watch and pray,
Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
O minister, for evermore!"

The edifice, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, is in its oldest parts Norman, with some arches and a piscina of Early English, a font Saxon or Norman, and fairly good sixteenth century bench ends.

LUNDY ISLAND may be reached from Instow in the mail-boat *Gannet* (Captain Dark) on Thursdays, the passage usually averaging about five hours. From Appledore the Trinity House skiff goes twice a month, and excursion steamers ply in the season from Ilfracombe and Clovelly, while sailing boats may be hired from Clovelly, seventeen

LUNDY
ISLAND.



miles distant, at any time. There is no inn, but refreshments and lodgings may be obtained at the Manor Farm near the landing place. The proprietor of the island, Rev. H. G. Heaven, is sometimes willing to let a six-roomed cottage when he does not require it for personal friends. The island is chiefly of granite, three miles long, with an average breadth of half a mile and a circuit of nine miles. The few ruins of Marisco Castle, the most interesting historical feature of the island, are at its south-east corner, not far from the landing beach, close to the brink of the most precipitous of the cliffs. The date of its erection is unknown, but it was in existence as early as the eleventh century, when Sir Jordan de Marisco was lord of the island. For the geologist there is much of interest. It has already been mentioned that the principal part of Lundy consists of granite. The south-east corner is slate, the two rocks meeting each other with sharp and distinct junction, Mr. Heaven's house being on the line of meeting. The scenery of the cliffs is wild and grand, the western coast, facing the Atlantic, being more bold and abrupt than the eastern. We leave this outer-Devon spot in the Atlantic

and get back again to the mainland, taking up our survey at

GREAT TORRINGTON. This town is the central point of a district affording every variety of inland scenery. Arriving at the station, which is the terminus of the L. and S.W. Railway, after a ten minutes' run from Bideford, the most exquisite prospect unfolds itself to the view, with the valley of the Torridge at the foot of the almost precipitous hill on which Great Torrington stands, the town itself being about five hundred feet above the sea level. Besides the road of about a mile which leads to the town, there is also a footpath skirting the side of the hill which continually



TORRINGTON.

opens up to the pedestrian fresh beauties—in some places being almost on the verge of a precipitous slope running sheer down to the river, and in others' peeping through swelling undulations of sweet-smelling gorse. One of the first objects of interest is the wooden viaduct of the light railway belonging to the North Devon Clay Co., which crosses the river at a considerable height and runs up a densely-wooded valley for about five miles to the works of the company. At the top of the hill above the railway station are the newly-formed golf links, which afford excellent play for those who are fond of the "royal game," being not more than ten minutes' walk from the town. These links are on a part of the common, which consists of four hundred acres and almost surrounds the town, and of which Great Torrington is justly proud. Particularly may be mentioned two spots on the commons from which the views are simply unrivalled, one being Castle Hill, which, as its name implies, was the site of the ancient castle, of which more anon, and the other Furzebon (or Furzebeam) Hill, which overlooks the railway station and affords a magnificent panorama of the country towards Bideford, with the straggling village of Wear Gifford lying in the valley, and the distant hills overlooking the far-famed Westward Ho! in the distance. The town itself can boast of an antiquity second to but few boroughs. In the reigns of Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III. it sent members to Parliament, and the earliest charter, of which a distinct record now remains,

was granted by Queen Mary, subsequent ones being granted by James I. and James II.

But the chief point of historical interest of which Great Torrington can boast is the church, which played a very prominent part during the Civil War. On no less than three different occasions was the town roused out of its quietude in those stirring times, on the last of which, on the night of February 16th, 1645, after a long and obstinate resistance from the Royalists, who had, under Lord Hopton, entrenched themselves within the town, Fairfax, the general of the Parliamentary army, with Cromwell as his lieutenant-general, succeeded in forcing an entrance and driving the Royalist forces pell-mell out of the town. His triumphal entry was almost immediately followed by a terrific explosion of about eighty barrels of powder, which the Royalists had stored in the church, and which almost demolished the sacred building. On the market day following, the celebrated Hugh Peters, who was with the army, preached to the country people and soldiers "out of a balcony" on account of the church having been blown up. The only portion of the original building which now remains is the old vestry, and the event, as well as the subsequent rebuilding of the church in 1651, is recorded on two stones built into the exterior fabric.

The Bowling Green, which occupies the site of the old castle, is of very great antiquity, and is most carefully looked after by an energetic committee, the beautifully-levelled greensward reminding one of the reply made by an old gardener to an American gentleman, who could not understand how it was that in England there were such exquisitely-carpeted lawns. "Well, sir," said the old man, "us rolls it and us rolls it, and then us dies, and then our children rolls it, and they rolls it, and they dies, and then their children rolls it and rolls it, and they dies, and so on—and that's the way us gets such beautiful lawns." Indeed, Great Torrington may almost boast, so far at least as North Devon is concerned, of being the father of the game of bowls, immortalised to all Devonshire folk by the famous incident on Plymouth Hoe, when the Spanish Armada hove in sight, so graphically depicted by Kingsley in his "Westward Ho!" Every summer evening may be seen on the green devotees of all ages, either watching or taking part in the game, and matches are periodically arranged with clubs of neighbouring towns, which have of late years followed in the wake of Torrington. Very few traces remain of the old castle, there being only a portion of the mound on which the keep stood, with the ditch partially surrounding it, and the "Bailey," now corrupted into "Barley Grove." The hill on which this castle stood overlooks the Torridge from a height of three hundred feet, and the view, whether from the brow of the hill or from the battlemented walls of the bowling green, is beyond description.

The river Torridge, as well as its tributaries, affords excellent fishing, both on the free waters at the foot of the

commons, and also in the preserved parts belonging to the Hon. Mark Rolle, tickets being granted for the benefit of visitors staying in the town. No more delightful day can be spent than by wandering with rod and line up the river through the lovely Darkham Woods, with the banks fringed with ferns.



TORRINGTON
CHURCH.

In the town are several handsome old houses, one of which has the honour of having received Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua having been connected with the town through the marriage of two of his sisters with two Torrington residents.

The staple trade of the town is gloving, and there are three large manufactories employing a large number of hands. There is also a collar factory, recently established, which finds work for many of the inhabitants.

The North Devon Clay Works, already referred to, are well worth a visit. No prettier bit of woodland scenery can be imagined than that of the valley through which the little railway runs from Torrington Station to the extensive works at Marland. The celebrated Josiah Wedgwood made use of this clay, and there are many traces of its having been worked from a very early date.

Not far from the clay moors, in the parish of Merton, is Potheridge, the birthplace of George Monk, Duke of Albemarle and Earl of Torrington, and Baron Monk of

Potheridge, who played the principal part in restoring Charles II. to the throne.

About a mile from Torrington Station is the village of FRITHELSTOCK, where, adjoining the pretty little church, are the picturesque ruins of the old priory founded about 1220. The west front of the chapel is intact with three elegant Early English windows. What was once the refectory is now, alas! converted into a farmhouse, but in some of the outbuildings may still be seen the rafters of the old buildings of a far more substantial character than we see now in our modern farm structures.

On the opposite hill stands the village of MONKLEIGH, in the church of which is the tomb of Lord Chief Justice Hankford, whose seat was at Annery, and who is generally supposed to have been the judge who had the boldness to commit the wild Prince Hal, afterwards King Henry V., to prison for striking him on the bench.

The Hall at Wear Gifford, which is now the residence of Judge Beresford, is another interesting place. It belongs to the Fortescue family, and is rich in oak carving and old tapestry, which have been preserved with more than usual care. The Hall, with its old gatehouse adjoining the church of Wear Gifford, is a picturesque object from the railway between Bideford and Torrington.

SOUTH MOLTON, a place of considerable antiquity, takes its name from the river Mole, which, descending from Exmoor, flows past the town. At the time of Domesday Book the manor was held by the king in demesne, but in the reign of Edward I. by William Lord Martyn by sergeantry to find a man with bow and arrows to attend the Earl of Gloucester when he went to Gower to hunt. In 1487 it was conferred on Margaret Countess of Richmond. Queen Elizabeth granted it to Thomas Whitmore, who conveyed it to Hugh Squier, by whose descendant it was sold to the Corporation in 1700. In 1357 a charter was granted to Martyn for holding a fair, to be held at the feast of the Assumption, and a market to be held on Sunday. In 1590 Queen Elizabeth gave the inhabitants a new charter, increasing the number of fairs in the year to two, and this grant was confirmed by a charter of Charles I. The market day was changed to Saturday at an early period, but the date of the alteration is not known. For many centuries the town was presided over by a portreeve, elected by the freemen, that is, the inhabitants paying scot and bearing lot. It was incorporated as a borough by a charter of Elizabeth in 1590, which charter was superseded by one obtained on petition by the inhabitants from Charles II. in 1684. The borough was represented in the thirtieth year of King Edward I. by Walter Doggel and Robert Fuller, but the burgesses, having to pay their representatives, presented a petition asking to be excused the expensive honour, and had their prayer granted. The town took little part in the civil wars. The town is beautifully situated on a hill with gentle slopes on every side, except the west, and with its church tower is a conspicuous object



GREAT TORRINGTON: CASTLE HILL.



SOUTH MOLTON: CASTLE HILL PARK BRIDGE

for a great distance in all directions. The streets are unusually wide and regular, the drainage exceedingly good, full advantage having been taken of the facilities for carrying out a thoroughly effective system afforded by the position of the town. The supply of water is also of the most satisfactory character; the quantity is practically unlimited, and the quality of the purest. The source is a famous spring, the Holy Well, on the common adjoining the Forest of Exmoor, where a wake was formerly kept every year on Holy Thursday, visited by numbers of people suffering from diseases of the eye, some of whom came great distances. Among the advantages of this town as a place of residence, one of an unusual character is the freedom of the inhabitants from borough rates, owing to the income derived from the gifts of two benefactors, Robert Cope and Hugh Squier, and the profit accruing from the purchase of three-fourths of the lease of the rectory by the Corporation in 1755. Like many of the West of England towns, South Molton had its manufacture of woollen cloth in past days, but, as is the case elsewhere, this industry has departed from the town. Sportsmen will find this a most convenient centre from which to seek their sport, whether it be hunting the red deer, the fox, the hare, or the otter, or fishing. It is also a convenient place for exploring a great portion of Exmoor. There is little in the buildings of the town to attract attention. The Town Hall was erected in 1753, a great part of the materials being purchased at the sale of the mansion of Stowe, near Kilkhampton, which was disposed of piecemeal. The pride of South Molton is its parish church, the tower of which is locally called "Strength," a title which its thick walls and massive buttresses justify, being one of the trio built by the same architect to whom allusion was made in the account of Chittlehampton. The height to the top of the weathercock is one hundred and twenty-eight feet. There is a very fine stone pulpit, and there are a few rather good monuments, but many of the interesting features of the church have been got rid of at various restorations.

NORTH MOLTON lies three miles away from South Molton on the way to Exmoor. The church is a fine building, having a tower one hundred feet in height, and a richly-decorated screen. The original figures of the old oak pulpit were painted and gilt some time ago. The Perpendicular font is unusually fine, the basin is octagonal, richly arcaded, moulded, and foiled, while the stem has figures under canopies. The chancel is lined with carved oak, and its south aisle contains a monument to Sir Amias Bamfylde, his lady, and seventeen children.

Castle Hill, the seat of Earl Fortescue, three miles west of South Molton, is in a park of four hundred acres, finely wooded. The park and grounds slope through beautiful woods to a sheet of water in the valley below. The Fortescue family has had many distinguished scions, but none of greater worth than Sir John Fortescue, Lord Chancellor to Henry VI., author of the treatise "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*," and other works chiefly of a legal character.

BISHOPS NYMPTON, four miles from South Molton, has the church with the tower described as "Length"; it is, however, shorter than that of South Molton, "Strength," by forty feet, and is only the longest in proportion to the square of its base.

CHUMLEIGH, eight miles south of South Molton, an old town on the former high road from Exeter to Barnstaple, is placed on the summit of a high ridge of land. It has lost what importance it formerly had as a place where some woollen cloth was made. The most notable incidents in its history are in connection with the Civil War. The church, of the Perpendicular order, has a handsome tower and a good rood screen, and is one of the finest of its character in the district. It will seat thirteen hundred people. The church was collegiate with seven prebends.

THE CLIMATE OF DEVON.

In giving a general description of the climate of the county it should first be stated that all the facts brought out are based upon accurate meteorological observations made at the principal centres over a long series of years, collected annually, and published in the "Transactions of the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science and Art."

Broadly stated, there are in this lovely county three different types of climate, varied according to the locality and whether the land lies near the sea coast, the lower innerlands, or the highlands of Dartmoor.

The warm lands of the sea coast in winter are Riviera-like in their genial and equable temperature, but with this greater advantage over the South of France in having a smaller mean range or difference between day and night temperature, making it possible for invalids, to their great advantage, safety, and comfort, to be out of doors in the evening hours of the day. And owing to this smallness of the mean range of temperature there is an absence of all feeling of chilliness at the time of sundown, with a continuance of warmth during the night hours.

Beginning then at the eastern side of the county, and working round, are the coast towns and the seaside health resorts of Sidmouth, Exmouth, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Paignton, Brixham, Dartmouth, Torcross, Salcombe, Plymouth, Clovelly, Wollacombe Bay, Ilfracombe, and Lynmouth. And all around the coast will be seen that striking feature of a mild, equable climate, trees growing luxuriantly to the water's edge, with foliage fringing the blue sea, where such delicate shrubs as the choisya, fuchsia, azalea, daphne, eucalyptus, palm trees, dracænas, and camellias, grow and bloom with tropical vigour in the open gardens, and remain unprotected throughout the winter months. At all the coast towns will be found the largest

duration of sunshine and cloudless skies ; the highest mean temperature and the least range of temperature ; the smallest rainfall and the lowest percentage of humidity. There also the soft and balmy south and west winds prevail, bearing on their wings from off the sea so large a proportion of health restoring and exhilarating ozone.

Behind the coast towns is the moderate and bracing climate of the innerlands, beginning again from the eastern side of the county : Honiton, Exeter, Newton Abbot, Totnes, Kingsbridge, Plympton, Tavistock, Bideford, and Barnstaple. In these the sunshine, temperature, and rainfall are intermediate.

About the centre of the southern portion of the county is the remarkable undulating high tablelands of Dartmoor, the bracing and invigorating highlands of Devon, covering an area of about twenty miles from north to south, and fifteen miles from east to west, and shaped in the form of a diamond, rising from eight hundred feet to over two thousand feet above the sea level, giving a climate equal to Scotland, with the addition of a greater quantity of ozone than is to be found in the North of England. From observations taken recently it is found that on Dartmoor ozone is present in the air in greater abundance during easterly winds than is to be found on lower levels. In contradistinction to this on the coast of Devon westerly winds, which blow for about two-thirds of the year, have the greater percentage of ozone. The towns bordering on these highlands are Newton Abbot, Bovey Tracey, Moretonhampstead, and Chagford in the east ; Ashburton, Buckfastleigh, and South Brent in the south ; Tavistock and Princetown in the west ; and Okehampton in the north. On these high tablelands, as may be expected, there is the largest rainfall, the lowest mean temperature, and the least sunshine. The following statistics testify to these statements :

Taking then the divisions already named, first there is around the coast a mean annual temperature of $50^{\circ}.7$, with a mean annual range of temperature of $10^{\circ}.9$; a mean annual rainfall of 35.63 inches, with a mean annual total of sunshine of 1,680 hours, being equal to thirty-eight per cent. of the possible sunshine, or an average daily duration of four and a half hours throughout the year.

The innerlands have a mean annual temperature of $49^{\circ}.6$, with a mean annual range of $14^{\circ}.7$; a mean annual rainfall of 42.81 inches, with a mean annual total of sunshine of 1,580 hours, being equal to thirty-six per cent. of the possible sunshine, or an average daily duration of four and a quarter hours throughout the year.

On Dartmoor and the district surrounding it, there is a mean annual temperature of $48^{\circ}.6$, with a mean annual range of $12^{\circ}.5$, a mean annual rainfall of 57.94 inches, and a mean annual total of sunshine of 1,480 hours, being equal to thirty-four per cent. of the possible sunshine, or an average daily duration of four hours throughout the year.

Based on these statistics, which are deduced from a long series of observations at above thirty-five stations, it will

be seen how there is a graduated sequence of mean temperature, rainfall, and sunshine. At the coast will be found the highest mean temperature, the smallest mean range, the greatest duration of sunshine, and the least rainfall. On the innerlands the mean temperature is 1° cooler, and here the mean range is the largest; but the sunshine and rainfall are intermediate. The moorlands have the lowest mean temperature, being $2^{\circ}.1$ lower than the coast towns; the mean range is, however, intermediate. The sunshine is four per cent. less than the coast towns, and, as might have been expected, the rainfall largely exceeds that of either the coast or innerlands.

A very important element in climate is wind direction, and the quantity of ozone in the air. Taking a general average of the whole county, it can be stated that for about two-thirds of the year or upwards of two hundred and fifty days, the winds are southerly and westerly in their direction, and blowing in from the sea. These bring with them the largest proportion of ozone, providing that exhilarating and invigorating stimulant so beneficial for the over-worked brain, and for a supply of which our legislators in the House of Commons have expressed their great desire. The mean annual percentage of ozone always present is over fifty per cent., but during the prevalence of the fresh, moist southerly and westerly winds as much as seventy-five per cent. is measured.

There is around the coast a notable absence of electrical atmospheric disturbances; heavy thunderstorms, lightning, and thunder being quite unusual, and from a medical point of view this aspect is important for epileptic patients and invalids in general.

The small mean daily range of temperature, which, it may be noted, is around the coast the lowest, affords that safety to delicate persons, especially in the evening hours of the day and at night, which is so much to be desired in making choice of a place of residence for such.

It may also be stated that always in periods of abnormal weather or extremes of temperature prevailing over England, Devonshire is certain to get the benefit of about 10° of temperature. That is, of course, in periods of extremes of either cold or heat. In winter during cold periods Devonshire will be 10° warmer, and in summer, during heat waves, 10° cooler, than London, the Midlands, and the North.

In contrast to these claims made for the Devonshire climate, Dr. C. Theodore Williams, president of the Royal Meteorological Society in 1892, stated, in an address on the climate of the French Riviera health resorts, that "the fall of the temperature on the Mediterranean coast at sunset is very marked, especially in December and January, when the fall may amount to $2^{\circ}.5$ in twelve minutes, and 10° or 11° in four hours."

Mr. F. C. Bayard, F.R.M.S., in his paper on "English Climatology, 1881-1890," directs attention to two great facts which have a special bearing on the climate of Devon,

owing to the influence of the Gulf Stream waters of the Atlantic, viz., "(a) the great influence of the sea and its tendency to increase the temperature of the sea-coast stations in winter, and diminish it in summer; and (b) that the temperature rises much more rapidly than it falls, that is to say, that the average rise in temperature between April and July is from 12° to 17° , whilst the average fall between July and October is only from 8° to 13° ," and again he says, "With respect to mean temperature the sea-coast stations are warm in winter and cool in summer, whilst the inland stations are cold in winter and hot in summer."

It is an undoubted fact, verified by reliable observations, that the warmth, the equable temperature, and the large prevalence of soft ozonic winds on the coast of Devon are largely due, as Dr. Williams says, "to the warming influence of the waters of the Atlantic," or in effect to the constant touch, throughout the year, but especially in the winter months, of the Gulf Stream waters.

Finally it is claimed in regard to the climate of Devon that the winters are warm and the summers cool.

EDUCATION.

Devonshire is fortunate in the number of its schools of every grade; moreover, its educational endowments present exceptional facilities which enable diligent students to pass to schools of superior standing, and ultimately to the ancient universities of Oxford or Cambridge.

Primary education is well cared for in numerous voluntary and board schools in every part of the county.

Secondary education, whether as a training for business life, the universities, or such professions as require a longer preliminary preparation, is easily to be obtained, either in the schools of old foundation or in institutions which have been provided by the public spirit of more recent times. Some of these schools date their foundation from a very early period, and possess a history full of interest, and of which any school may be proud. Among them are: Exeter, Tiverton, Totnes, Crediton, Kingsbridge, Ashburton, etc., while of more recent establishments may be named the valuable foundations of Tavistock, both Kelly College and the Bedford Grammar School; the Proprietary Colleges of Plymouth, Devonport, Newton Abbot, Shebbear, and Westward Ho; the Devon County School of West Buckland, and numerous other scholastic institutions, public and private, doing excellent work in the promotion of secondary education, whether middle or higher. Although in these schools the well-being of boys has been the chief consideration, yet the training of girls has not been wholly overlooked. "High schools" and "middle schools" have been established for their benefit, and such is the excellent work therein accomplished that

boys have need to be on their guard lest their sisters take their chief laurels from them.

There are some university scholarships or exhibitions confined to certain schools, and others restricted to the county, or the old diocese of Exeter (Devon and Cornwall). Much success has also been obtained by Devonshire scholars in open competition for University scholarships, Civil Service appointments, and kindred distinctions, all bearing gratifying testimony to the sound and practical work of its schools.

The gradation of schools is especially complete in the city of Exeter, which possesses its grammar school for boys, its high school for girls, both being of the first or highest grade; Hele's and the Girls' Middle School as second grade; St. John's Hospital and the Episcopal Schools providing primary education of higher standard for both boys and girls. Aided by the endowments of these schools both boys and girls have passed through them from elementary schools to Oxford or Cambridge, and thence to very useful work of life in varied spheres.

Much encouragement and assistance to what may be called progressive education have also been rendered by the Devon County Council through its scholarships, bursaries, lectures, etc.

But not in strictly school work alone has good work been effected. In many towns, notably Plymouth, Devonport, Exeter, and Tiverton, great facilities are offered through the technical schools and continuation classes. University extension lectures and classes have taken firm root, and are doing excellent work in the promotion of literary and scientific culture throughout the county. Much of the marked success of this movement is due to the indomitable energy and powers of organisation of a single lady, whose fame and praise are well-known far beyond the limits of the county of Devon.

The county may be proud also of having taken the initiative in bringing the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge into closer touch with school life by the establishment of the University local examinations. In 1857 the county organised a local examination of its own, and through the public spirit of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, the late Sir Thomas Acland, Sir Henry Acland, and other influential friends, the University of Oxford commenced its work in 1858, and was soon followed by the sister University of Cambridge. And all Devonshire schools feel a pride in the fact that one of its schools, Blundell's, Tiverton, numbered among its scholars a hard-working talented boy, now the eminent and revered Dr. Frederick Temple, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

In this brief notice of Devonshire schools we have studiously avoided details which may have the appearance of individual advertisement. The prospectuses of each and all of them will furnish full particulars of the curriculum and the advantages they offer, and such information is readily obtainable.

It may well be added that the excellence of the railway service to the larger centres gives to many outlying towns and even villages the power of utilising the advantages which these centres offer, and in many cases obviates the necessity of residence where day schools are preferred to boarding establishments. It is by no means unusual to find in a single school as many as fifty young people who daily journey by train or otherwise for their school attendance.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The natural history of the county presents features of more than ordinary interest on account of the wealth of material found dispersed over its hills and dales and in the sea lapping its extensive coastline. Few counties indeed in England can boast of such *feræ naturæ* as the red deer, fox, hare, otter, badger, and seal, the first four being regularly hunted by packs of hounds especially trained for their individual quarry. The squirrel, too, may be seen in almost every wood springing lightly from bough to bough, while stoats, weasels, hedgehogs, *et hoc genus omne* abound, much to the annoyance perhaps of the game preserver, but much to the joy of the lover of nature.

But it is not so much the mammals that prove so attractive in dear old Devon as the beauty of its flora, and the extraordinary number of birds found within its boundaries.

The ferns of Devon bear a world-wide reputation for luxuriance and beauty, and though the number of species found (thirty-one) is not large, this is amply compensated for by the profusion with which each kind grows: The stately *Osmunda regalis*, revelling in the shady glens bordering on Dartmoor, rearing its royal head eight to ten feet high, and in such dense masses as to simulate the jungle of an Amazonian forest. The male fern with fronds six feet long, strewn our woods and covering the hedges of our country lanes, and as if to testify to the salubrity of our climate, remaining fresh and green to the depths of winter. Well indeed has Devon been named the land of ferns, for they are ubiquitous.

As regards the flowering plants there are no less than 1,142 species indigenous to the county, so only a few can be briefly touched upon here, and only those of interest to the casual observer; yet from January to November our hedges and wooded vales are hardly ever without some floral tribute. First the snowdrop, and then in quick succession primroses, daffodils, violets, bluebells (wild hyacinths), orchis, foxglove, honeysuckle, dogroses, cornflower, poppies, marguerites, and very many more.

A Devonshire hedge in the spring or early summer before the ferns have full sway is a veritable garden in itself, and would be a revelation to many; the primroses simply clothe

the hedges, and are in turn smothered with the profusion of bluebells, which come out just as the primroses are going off. In the woods and orchards the ground is literally carpeted, first with daffodils, and as they die down with wood anemones and bluebells. But to do justice to our native flowers they must be seen to be appreciated. The finest trees are undoubtedly those of the elm, which are closely pressed by the beech; fine specimens of the ash are getting scarce on account of demand for the wood, and there are few large oaks; the reason perhaps may be that the sons of Devon sacrificed their oaks to carry on their commerce over the sea, and also to defend their country with those stout bulwarks of oak built into their ships, the trees being close at hand and used freely. As bearing on the mildness of the climate in the winter, it may be remarked that in the extreme south of the county oranges, myrtles, and many sub-tropical ferns and shrubs flourish in the open air, whilst the magnolias climb to the roofs of the country mansions and open their large white flowers with perfume rich and rare quite fifty or sixty feet from the ground. Along the coast, too, will be found many a flower to brighten the scene; the squill, the sea pink, and prickly poppy with its silvery leaf and large yellow flower all catch the eye, even of the most casual. All these plants are of general distribution in the county, but naturally some of the rarest species are of local distribution, and it is asserted as showing the wealth of some districts that in one parish in North Devon no less than one-half of the whole number of species found in the county flourish there. One of the features, too, of the county is its apple orchards, and when these are in flower in May with the trees a mass of pink, backed maybe by a gorse or furze brake in a flame of yellow, we may well cease to wonder at Linnæus's depth of emotion as he came upon such a sight.

The avifauna of Devon is a very extensive one, embracing three hundred species or more, whilst no less than one hundred and twenty-eight are breeding species. Indeed, be where we may, on sea or moor, strolling along our hedgerows or laying beside the purling brook, we shall everywhere find a feathered host to minister to our delight. All along our coasts thousands of herring gulls keep guard, warning the mariner and toiler of the sea by their cat-like call when approaching too near the rocks in foggy weather. In the north, especially at Lundy Island, hundreds of sea-fowl breed; guillemots, razorbills, puffins, gannets, kittiwakes, and others, which drown the thunder of the surf when they cry. In our estuaries flocks of waders, consisting of dunlin, ringed plover, turnstones, knots, sanderlings, and so forth, entrance the eye by their evolutions on the wing. At one moment a flash of white, the next one of grey, as by a simultaneous manœuvre the whole flock turn their back to the observer. Then in the winter thousands of wildfowl find a favourite feeding ground on the sand or mudbanks of the estuaries, and in the gathering twilight, as the "lowing herd wind slowly

o'er the ley," little flocks may be seen coming in from the sea, where they have found a sanctuary by day. Along our swift and boulder-strewn rivers the water ouzels will be noticed, running along at the bottom of the river, their sombre plumage becoming spangled with the imprisoned air-bubbles as they rise from their feathers, whilst over the silvery pool the kingfisher flashes like a meteor, and ever and anon we stumble on a heron watching still as a statue for his slippery prey. Nor are our hedgerows less attractive, for in the spring the host of migrating birds find food and shelter in the tangled growth, dallying with delight in such luxurious quarters, and charming the passer-by with songs of ravishing sweetness. What heart so hard that cannot soften at the glorious tuneful note of mavis or of merle, which from topmost twig fills the very valley from hill to hill with melody so simply sweet, or, what more, cannot fail to be impressed by the wondrous beauty of their plumage. To mention all these lovely songsters were but to weary the patience of the reader, but amongst those famed for the beauty of their plumage may be mentioned the golden oriole, hoopoe, goldfinch, turtle dove, sheldrake, etc., which may regularly be looked for on migration or as breeding species.

Our birds of prey, alas! have greatly diminished in number; it is only rarely one sees Montagu's or the hen harrier, but yet for all the decimation meted out to these birds the peregrine falcon and the common buzzard may be seen any time in a walk either along the coast or round the rugged tors of Dartmoor Forest.

One word about the fish, both fresh water and sea, and we have done. This is not the place to descant on the many varied forms found off our shores and in our estuaries, nor to particularise on the many new species Montagu added to the British list, and indeed to science, from specimens obtained in Devon waters, but rather to point out merely what a number of rivers fall into the sea, both on the north and south coasts, and how all these streams are run into by salmon, and are tenanted by that speckled beauty the trout, which affords endless sport to the enthusiastic fisherman. As regards coarse fish, Slapton Ley stands without a rival for the size of its pike, perch, and rudd, whilst its neighbour at Torcross falls not far short. But there is another kind of fishing, affording splendid exercise and recreation to the sojourner amongst us, fishing that only wants to be known to be freely indulged in, and that is pollack fishing off our skerries and rocky headlands. There is no difficulty in obtaining as much of this sort of fishing as may be liked, as the fishermen dwelling in those little hamlets snugly ensconced in the coves, are ever ready to respond to a request to be taken on the pollack ground, which in the majority of instances is no great distance off. Once there, and the fish well on the feed, the sport is fast and exciting, it not being an unusual circumstance to catch two hundredweight of fish, some of which will weigh ten pounds and over. Tiring of this, an hour or two can be

employed whiffing for mackerel, which, in the summer months simply swarm around our coast, and in the excellent boats used by Devon fishermen with a rippling breeze no more pleasurable excitement can be imagined.

Space prevents us touching on entomology, but the student will find much in this subject, especially in the lepidoptera, to interest and instruct.

DEVON WATER SPORTS.

YACHTING AND SAILING. "The sea! The sea!" shouted the Greeks, two thousand years ago, when, led by Xenophon, they once more saw the blue Euxine, doubly welcome after their weary march. It would be strange indeed if the sons of Devon, descendants of Elizabethan "salts," were less attached to their silver streak. No wonder, then, that water sports should flourish in sea and river, and sailing most of all.

Yachting, of sorts, existed in Charles the Second's time, and Pepys in his gossipy way tells us a good deal about it. Later on, the Irish, ever good sportsmen, gave it a fillip by founding the Cork Water Club in 1720, and towards the close of last century yachting had made its way to the Thames. In the troublous period of Waterloo, smugglers were constantly being chased by king's ships, and out of these extempore sailing matches yacht racing arose.

But yachts and yachtsmen were few in numbers, and not until the arrival of the famous *America* in 1851—the *America* was designed by George Steers, whose father, a Devonshire man, had emigrated to the States—did modern yachting really "come to stay." From that time, however, there has been no retrogression, and during the last dozen years, yachts, sail and steam, and particularly what are known as the "small classes," have multiplied enormously, until, approximately, their first cost runs to seven million pounds, their maintenance to eleven hundred thousand, and the men employed afloat number from nine to ten thousand. Devon, with its lovely coastline and its landlocked harbours, has naturally shared largely in this happy state of things.

It may be well, perhaps, to explain that all organised yacht racing in Great Britain is under the jurisdiction of the Yacht Racing Association, founded in 1875, and, for brevity, termed the Y.R.A. The Y.R.A. rule of measurement—that in force at present being known as the "Linear Rating Rule," abbreviated to L.R.—for "class raters," its scale of time allowances, and its sailing regulations form the accepted code.

By "class raters" are meant yachts built to conform to the Y.R.A. rating rule extant, and they may be roughly divided into two divisions:

THE BIG CLASSES.

Yachts over	79 feet L.R.—that is, of about	120 to 300 tons (or more)	Thames measurement.
Yachts not over	65	72 to 80 tons	T.M.
"	52	32 " 38	"
"	42	— " —	"
"	36	11 " 21	"

THE SMALL CLASSES.

Yachts not over	30 feet L.R.—that is, of about	6 to 10 tons	T.M.
"	24	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " 3	"
"	18	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ " —	"

In addition to the above, handicap races are sometimes provided for ex-racers and cruisers of over thirty tons T.M., thirty to ten tons, and smaller still.

There are also "one-design classes" from twenty tons to twelve feet, which, as the name implies, are all alike, and, upon the "reduction on taking a quantity" principle, are much cheaper than the inordinately costly "rater." At the leading regattas in Devon, as elsewhere, nearly all the "classes" are offered races, and there are handicaps as well. There are at present a couple of one-design classes in the West, one the fourteen-foot sailing dinghey, costing about £30; the other a larger boat, just agreed upon, of twenty feet water-line length, about three and a half tons T.M., and to be built for £75. Possibly other classes will be arranged next year.

Yachting in Devon is organised by seventeen clubs, or, including a pair just over the border in Cornwall, nineteen. These are varied in their constitution and functions, and the social status necessary for membership differs widely. There are also "port" or "town" regattas in almost every haven, big and little, from Torquay, Plymouth, and Dartmouth, where the yacht racing is of the first order, the latter, in particular, an ideal spot for water frolics, to the numerous little places where shore sports predominate.

Torquay, Dartmouth, and Plymouth are the principal yachting centres in Devon. Annually, in August, the first has a two-day, the second a three-day, and the third a four-day, regatta. At each of the trio, on two days the largest class raters *inter alia*—*Ailsa*, *Aurora*, *Bona*, and so on—are catered for, and compete. Visitors both ashore and afloat receive the warmest of welcomes, and much harmless jollity prevails. But it must not be supposed that Devonians only wake up for these annual carnivals. Throughout the summer, most of the clubs hold weekly races for their localised small fry, and make things hum. Moreover, Torquay, Dartmouth, and Plymouth are kept very much alive with daily yacht arrivals and departures, almost as numerous as those of a monster hotel at a fashionable watering-place. Exmouth and Salcombe share in a lesser degree, but in their case the yachts are smaller. Speaking generally, plenty of use can be found for the steam launches and sailing cutters carried by the larger yachts in exploring rivers, creeks, and inlets.

Perhaps the best way to sketch the clubs and their characteristics will be to follow the South Devon coastline from east to west. Coming down Channel from Portland, yachts usually lay a course for Torquay, forty-two miles distant,

and the reason is obvious, for it is no joke to be embayed in Lyme Bay if a south-westerly gale should arise. Even in a sailing yacht, however, but with a high and steady barometer as a *sine quâ non*, it is a pleasant experience once in a way to work along the shore, keeping not less than a mile off until Exmouth is neared, when great wariness is necessary. Certainly, the first seventeen miles from Portland Bill are dreary and uninteresting, but after Bridport is passed, the land becomes bold and remarkable, chalk headlands towering up several hundred feet, especially the Golden Cape, east, and Beer Head (the westernmost chalk cliff in England), a few miles west of Lyme Regis. The Devon coastline begins a little west of Lyme, but the warm colouring, we expect, does not appear all at once. Axmouth, Seaton (a rising watering-place), and Beer are the first towns and hamlets to be sighted. A few miles further and Sidmouth is reached. Unfortunately, these places, notwithstanding their many charms, are as naught from a yachting point of view, and wholly unsuitable.

Sidmouth, indeed, has simply an open beach, but the sporting instinct of Sidmouthians, trampling on difficulties, formed, in 1894, the Sidmouth Corinthian Sailing Club, a young and small, but growing and vigorous, club, which promotes fortnightly races in summer amongst fourteen-foot dingheys and other open sailing boats. After Sidmouth, clubs come thickly.

Exmouth, as the Pilot Book says, "is at all times difficult of access, unapproachable in a heavy sea, and must on no account be depended upon for refuge." There is a long shallow bar, the Channel is narrow and winding, and the tides are rather terrible. However, pilots can easily be got, and the Exe itself is worth exploring in craft of very light draught, but the navigation is as intricate as the entrance. An enterprising Exmouthian owns a modern Noah's Ark in the shape of a houseboat, which is not only used for river cruising, but is occasionally to be seen at neighbouring regattas. The Exe Yacht Club, founded ten years ago, possesses a nice little house, from which the club racing is in full view. Fortnightly matches for dingheys, small raters, and yachtlets, take place in the season, and the members number one hundred. Four or five miles up the Exe lies Topsham, where is quartered the Topsham Sailing Club, dating from 1886, its membership fifty, and the racing interests centred principally in dingheys.

Further along the coast, after passing Dawlish, a pretty and prosperous watering-place, is Teignmouth. A pilot is as indispensable as at Exmouth, perhaps more so, for there is a bar which is ever changing, and is unapproachable in a heavy sea. There are two or three ship, yacht, and boatbuilding firms in the locality, and there are also two sailing clubs, the Teign Corinthian Sailing Club, founded in 1883, at Teignmouth, and the Shaldon Corinthian Sailing Club, eleven years younger, on the opposite side of the estuary, at Shaldon. Each has a club-

room of its own, and both are devoted in friendly rivalry to the interests of the small classes, and of the smallest in particular, for in Teignmouth the fourteen-foot sailing dingheys, excellent little ships common to most Devon clubs, had their origin.

Proceeding west past ruddy Babbacombe, Hope's Nose, and the islets of Orestone and Thatcher, Torbay is entered. Both for a day's idle cruise, and for sailing matches of yachts small and great, Torbay is ideal. Weather conditons, difficult to tell in a landlocked harbour, can be seen at a glance, whilst the wind, if there is any at all, blows true and steady. So much so, indeed, that upon more than one occasion a speed record in yacht racing has been made over the Torbay course, and a few years ago it was adopted as the best neutral water for deciding between the merits of the *Dacia* and the *Natica*, the crack English and Scotch five-rating champions of the time. The natural beauties of Torbay need not be dwelt upon here, not only because they are famous far and wide, but they are fully treated elsewhere; moreover it is difficult, in a county where all is beautiful, to specialise in æsthetics. As already mentioned, Torbay is one of the principal local yachting centres, and there are two clubs in the town. The Royal Torbay Yacht Club dates from 1875, and has its home in most comfortable quarters close to the harbour, with spacious rooms, good cuisine, and excellent cellar. Once a year, in August, a regatta of first-rate importance is run under its auspices, but for the rest of the year sociability rather than sport is the ruling quality. The other club, the Torquay Corinthian Sailing Club, founded four years ago, and devoted to small raters, dingheys, and cruising yachts up to ten tons, holds weekly races in summer.

At Paignton, in the middle of the bay, there is a small harbour which dries out at low water. The Torbay Sailing Club, now ten years old, wields the nautical sceptre and promotes the interests of a racing *clientèle* nearly similar to that of the Torquay Sailing Club.

Brixham, the fishing metropolis of the West, lies in the southern angle of Torbay, and, although not strictly a yachting centre at all, it must not be passed over altogether. In the first place there are several shipwrights' yards, and a racing yacht which has carried away any spars at the Torquay regattas cannot do better than run over to Brixham for renewal, if promptness is required. But, in addition to this, the annual regatta is so absolutely unique in its way that everyone interested in aquatic sport should see it at least once.

Towards the end of each August, Brixham dons holiday attire, and for two days both townsmen and visitors are wholly given up to regatta festivities. Ashore there are shows, roundabouts, steam organs galore, also athletic sports, and the greasy-pole-with-leg-of-mutton business in all its glory. Afloat, besides swimming matches and other aquatic attractions, the fishing vessels race in three or four

divisions. Something more than "a good sailing breeze" is wanted to make the "dandies," and the "camels," the "bumble bees," and the "hookers" show their best paces. There is no sport like this anywhere else. Each starter sails right through to the bitter end, even when miles astern of the leaders—no limit to racing canvas. Prior to the racing a sort of "spoiling of the Egyptians" is enacted, inasmuch as the lucky possessors of light weather sails, if not competing themselves, are expected to lend them to those who want them. And what racing! Crews in crowds! Skippers as keen and vigilant as any knight of the tiller hailing from Itchen or Wivenhoe. A happy give and take in the matter of fouls, and, at the finish, unlimited cheering, winners and losers alike. Right good men they are, too—as seamen, hard to beat; as men, willing and ready, warm-hearted and true.

A quartet of clubs is to be found at Dartmouth and Kingswear, twelve miles from Torquay. The Royal Dart Yacht Club, formed in 1866, at Kingswear, and the Start Bay Yacht Club, in 1889, of Dartmouth, hold each a regatta of the first order once a year, wherein the largest class and other "raters" sail, and sometimes during the summer months they cater for the small classes. The R.D.Y.C. possesses a picturesque clubhouse prettily situated in its own garden, close to the river, whilst the S.B.Y.C., opposite, occupies an excellent flat equally near the harbour. Neither, however, is a lunching or dining club. Fortnightly races for the smallest raters, and for a miscellaneous collection of sailing boats, are well looked after by the Dart Boat Sailing Club, dating from 1873, and by the Dartmouth branch of the Minima Yacht Club. Both these clubs are purely sporting, and do not possess premises of their own. The great local event of the year is the three-days' regatta. The last Thursday and Friday in August have, by prescriptive right, been allocated as the date of this function for very many years past, and after the manner of the Medes and Persians it changeth not, although, of course, the third day may fall on the 1st of September. The opening day is wholly given up to sailing and rowing matches in the harbour, whilst on the second, in addition to the "inside" sports, the R.D.Y.C. superintends yacht races outside the harbour, and on the third and final day the S.B.Y.C. manages the yacht racing outside, a swimming gala being meanwhile held inside. Some years ago one of the great attractions of the opening day was the race for steam launches. Extraordinary preparations were made, specially-picked coal being soaked in petroleum beforehand, and the boiler during the race fed with warm water. Funny things used to happen occasionally, and, once upon a time, as the launches foamed along with flames yards out of the chimneys, the forced draught fans humming like myriads of bees, the funnel of one boat was seen to bend gracefully forward, and soon to topple right over. The intense heat had caused the casing to melt! It is but just to add that, although minor mishaps occurred sometimes, no serious accident was ever

recorded. As the novelty died away, the entries became each year smaller and beautifully less, until, at last, the race itself was consigned to the limbo of the past. All through the festivities, of course, steam organs, roundabouts, swing boats, strolling minstrels, shows, and the "rollicking fun of the fair" are going on. The "New Ground," a flat space about five acres in extent, planted at intervals with trees and shrubs, makes a perfect show ground, and when adorned with triumphal arches and other appropriate decorations, with picturesque booths and caravans, with a background of yachts "dressed" from stem to stern, and with many illuminations at nightfall, the *tout ensemble* is strangely striking. To be sure, it is rather noisy, but it only comes once a year, and brings much grist to the mill, so it is naturally very popular in Dartmouth. Moreover, the classes and the masses mix indiscriminately upon these occasions. Each evening an *al fresco* ball takes place, and is conducted with great propriety. It is *de rigueur* for high and low to visit the fat giantesses and the living skeletons in the shows, and perhaps the "smartest" thing is to spend a sovereign or two a day on the "horses" of the steam roundabouts. The utmost good nature prevails everywhere, and there is a total absence of any rowdiness or intemperance. Indeed, the local police court more often than not can show a clean charge sheet at the Petty Sessions following the regatta.

Dartmouth has been well named the "Ladies' Harbour," for comfort and safety within its landlocked basin are absolute. It can be approached in any weather, day or night, and pilots are always on the *qui vive*. Certainly, tides run somewhat strongly, and the services of a tug when the wind is light and the tide adverse are sometimes necessary, but, after all, this is a single drawback, whilst the advantages are many. There are several ship, yacht, and boatbuilding yards, and a well-known firm of steam launch builders is quartered hereabouts; building and repairs, therefore, can be well looked after. The Dart itself is navigable for launches and boats, tide permitting, as far as Totnes, about twelve miles up. For nearly a decade past, the ninety-ton cutter *Galatea*, except for occasional short cruises, has lain at anchor in Dartmouth Harbour. In 1886 she did her best to retrieve the America cup.

It is time, however, to move on westwards, towards Salcombe and Plymouth. Once round Start Point, seven miles from Dartmouth, a magnificent twelve-miles stretch of rugged and lofty cliffs is opened out, and rather more than half-way across lies the entrance to Salcombe. There are the drawbacks of a bar, difficult access to the harbour, and strong tides, but once in, Salcombe offers a well-sheltered anchorage and charming scenery, together with a river navigable for a steam launch or boat, four or five miles up to Kingsbridge.

At Salcombe is to be found the Salcombe Yacht Club, five years of age, and here, too, the Cruising Club, the headquarters of which are in London, has an "out station."

Beyond some half-dozen miles of beetling crags, sublime but grim, the remaining nine or ten to the entrance of Plymouth Sound are not interesting until Plymouth is neared. The Sound is an almost perfect course for yacht racing, and, like Torbay, the competitors are in full sight of the spectators from start to finish. Although well buoyed, both the approaches and the Sound itself require to be well known, particularly for large yachts of deep draught. There are several anchorages, but the safest for craft of moderate size is up the Cattewater. Here again acquaintance or local advice is desirable. Yachts' launches and sailing cutters may revel in the Sound and its neighbourhood for days, not to mention the river Tamar, and their owners will derive constant pleasure therein.

As may easily be supposed, in such a populous locality there are plenty of building and repairing facilities. Many excellent yachts of moderate size have been constructed at Plymouth and its vicinity, as well as in Shaldon, Teignmouth, and Dartmouth yards. Moreover, during the last decade several "class" boats of the smallest ratings, designed and built at these ports, have proved themselves very much up to date in all respects.

With regard to the Plymouth clubs, the Royal Western Yacht Club holds one first-rate regatta annually during the Plymouth week, its sporting activity remaining dormant at other times, but it possesses a very fine clubhouse on the Hoe with a grand view of the Sound. The club accommodation is on a baronial scale, and the commissariat is not only excellent, but the charges are most moderate. It has a large membership, four hundred or more, and was established in 1827. Sport receives constant attention from the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, founded in 1877, which has just taken possession of a new and excellent clubhouse, and at the hands of the Royal South-Western Yacht Club, younger by thirteen years. Both clubhouses are situated near the Hoe, and the roll of members in each case is over three hundred. For their annual regattas these two clubs arrange races for yachts of fifty-two feet, linear rating (yachts of about thirty-five tons), and all classes below, in addition to which they hold numerous minor regattas, weekly and oftener, during the season. As is befitting the second naval port in the kingdom, races are regularly given by these clubs for "Service" yachts and boats, and a prominent item in the sailing programmes is that of a "ladies' day," when three classes of small yachts and boats are steered entirely by "up-to-date sportswomen," as many as fourteen yachtlets starting in one race. Quite recently the Plymouth Boat Sailing Club has been formed, and its attention will be directed primarily towards the promotion of handicap matches amongst the small fry and dinghey racing. The list must not close without mention of two other clubs in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, although actually they are in Cornwall, viz., the Torpoint Mosquito Sailing Club, founded in 1893, opposite Devonport Dockyard, interested

in racing sixteen-foot sailing boats, and the Saltash Sailing Club, formed under excellent auspices in the present year. Dinghey sailing is to be its especial care, but it will also foster handicaps amongst small boats.

Nearly all the clubs between Portland Bill and Land's End annually in February send delegates to the West of England Yacht and Boat Sailing Conference, which was established in 1890, and meets at various places to discuss sundry inter-club matters, and in particular those relating to small class racing.

Æsthetic attractions are equally great on the North Devon coast, but, unfortunately, so far as safe anchorages go, the shore is not so hospitable as its inhabitants. To reach the Bristol Channel, yachts must pass along both sides of Cornwall, and, of course, round the Land's End in doing so. The only possible harbours in North Devon are Appledore and Ilfracombe.

Appledore and Instow are bothered with a bar, but once in Appledore Pool, yachts not exceeding fourteen feet draught may lie comfortably afloat, and their owners can explore the river Taw with Barnstaple at its mouth, and the Torridge, which flows past Bideford. Should bad weather come on, there might be plenty of time for this, as a vessel would then be bottled up, probably for some time, without a chance of getting away.

Ilfracombe is at present a "dry" harbour, and yachts moor against the harbour wall, if permitted, or else use "legs," when a yacht becomes a biped. It is difficult to enter or to leave, for the entrance is narrow, and rocks are scattered about. Ilfracombe, it is said, is thinking of spending a couple of hundred thousand on the construction of a really fine harbour. Let us hope it may be so. As a refuge in dire necessity, Lundy Island roads give shelter and good anchorage, except with east wind. Apart from this, Lundy offers no inducement for a visit. Throughout North Devon there are not any yacht and sailing clubs, but perhaps when the new Ilfracombe harbour is *un fait accompli* this lamentable state of affairs may be remedied.

Within the compass of a brief sketch it is impossible to outline a tithe of the beauties to be sought, or of the dangers to be avoided, so it should be distinctly understood that for those unfamiliar with either coast, pilotage books and sailing directions must be consulted, and pilots taken as occasion requires. As regards South Devon, however, with ordinary precautions, few more highly-favoured cruising grounds for yachts, sail and steam, small and great, can be found, and, once known, the desire to return becomes ever stronger.

MODEL YACHT SAILING. Of late years model yacht sailing has risen in popularity in a wonderful way. At one time confined more or less to schoolboys, it now enjoys the patronage and active support of men of mature years and of scientific attainments all over the country. Devon is not behind its neighbours, and possesses model yacht clubs

at Turf near Exeter (on the canal), Brixham, Dartmouth, and Plymouth. There are a few additional clubs further west—in Cornwall—and an inter-club challenge cup is competed for annually with great keenness.

CANOEING. Canoeing (sail and paddle) is more or less exotic to Devon. However, the British Canoe Association, which is the central organisation for cruising—with a little racing thrown in—pitched its annual “camp” at Salcombe in 1894, and meets at Falmouth this year.

ROWING. The oarsman in Devon will find plenty of variety both in craft and form. He may gaze upon huge boats with nearly as many oars as an ancient Roman galley in close proximity to light river “four-oars”; while he may see and compare the sea with the river style of oarsmanship, side by side, so to speak. Rowing is a great feature of the regattas—indeed, at the principal galas it is probable that popular interest is centred in the rowing matches. Five and twenty years ago competitive rowing in Devon was confined to the sea boat and the sea style. Gradually, however, river craft and the river stroke have superseded the former, until nowadays, although “eights” are not to be seen, excellent “fours” are turned out by the clubs, and whilst the boats are not strictly “outriggers,” they are fast, good carriers, and will stand an astonishing lot of sea without swamping. But rowing races, it may be said, is not the only thing worth doing; certainly, if we look round we shall find the variety already alluded to. The open sea or exposed estuaries are scarcely the place for up-river types; even on the calmest day a “bobble” may arise in literally no time, and it is better at such moments to be caught in a yacht’s boat or a waterman’s skiff than, say, in a Thames “wherry,” so delightful for meandering about the backwaters of the Thames, but, with its low freeboard between the rowlocks, wholly unsuitable to a channel lop. Still, on the upper reaches of estuaries and the smooth waters of rivers, the wherry, or tub, and other somewhat similar types may be found pleasant enough. It is surprising how few of these dainty craft there are in the county, and, as a rule, the freshwater oarsman had better bring his own boat if he intends to make a stay of any time. Sea boats predominate in the district, and men-of-war pinnaces, yachts’ gigs, and watermen’s boats are the most characteristic. Of course, two great drawbacks to the sea boat when rowing for pleasure in smooth water are the stretchers and the heavy ash oars with narrow straight blades. As the sea stretcher is only a thin square staff about an inch and a quarter in thickness, it does not allow the oarsman to get a proper grip, and throws undue work on his arms. But although it would be difficult, and perhaps undesirable, to alter this in the sea boat, at the same time, as regards oars, it is easy enough at the local yachting centres to get light oars and paddles with scoop blades. Paddles are the sea equivalent to river sculls, but, funnily enough, they are useless if “scooped” for sea “sculling,” which,

unlike its river namesake, is done with one paddle or oar. The paddle is placed in a line with the boat's keel, the leather resting in a semi-circular notch cut in the top of the sternboard, and it is then moved from side to side with a curious wrist action, which imparts a motion somewhat akin to that of a screw-propeller. It is common enough to see apprentices of coasting and other vessels standing up and sculling unwieldy tubs at amazing speed with apparent ease. But woe betide the unwary! It looks very easy, but, like punting, of which, by the way, there is none hereabouts, pride may lead to a fall and a ducking as well.

The serious oarsman, so to speak—he who likes to row some distance—can find more than one river with a good stretch of water, notably the Tamar, up which he may row some thirty-five miles from Plymouth or Devonport, and the Dart, with twelve miles of exquisite scenery. Neither let him entirely neglect other rivers, creeks, and inlets, wherewith he may pleasantly occupy many days, such as the Exe, Teign, and Salcombe in the south, and the Taw and Torridge in the north.

At leading "town" regattas in the West there is always a long programme of rowing races for men-of-war cutters, pinnaces and gigs, yachts' gigs, cutters, and dingheys; races for boys, races for the out and out racing boats, which will be described presently, and last, but by no means least, a race for women. Formerly, it was no unusual sight to see half a dozen or more light four-oared gigs manned—the Hibernicism must be pardoned—by the ladies of Tamar and Dart, for, curiously enough, these sporting Amazons seem to have been mostly raised at Saltash and Dittisham. Over a three miles course they dauntlessly pulled for all they were worth, although, if it is not ungallant to hint at such a thing, some of them were of uncertain age. But, *sic transit*, nowadays it is difficult to get more than four couples in pair-oars to start. Tradition hath it that once upon a time a quartet of these stalwart dames and lassies went over to Cherbourg to challenge a crew of Frenchmen. Moreover, the ladies won. Let us hope the well-known gallantry of our neighbours did not prompt them to row too generously.

Organised rowing in Devon is controlled by the West of England Amateur Rowing Association, established in 1896, "to regulate amateur rowing generally; to decide all disputes and questions affecting the same; to decide the status of amateur oarsmen, and of seniors and juniors." Each associated club has the right to nominate two members, of whom one only can vote, and these delegates form the committee which meets at the discretion of the officers, whilst general meetings of the association take place twice a year at Newton Abbot. Rule 7 enacts that "no seaman, waterman, fisherman, nor anyone who has received or competed for a money prize, shall be eligible to compete under the rules of this association, but the committee shall have power to reinstate on application." Byelaw I.

requires regatta committees to state on their programmes, official notices, and advertisements that their races are held under the rules of the W.E.A.R.A., and declares that any associated club taking part in a regatta where this rule is ignored renders itself liable to expulsion from the association. The second byelaw defines the recognised classes as follows :

- (1.) Four-oared boats with coxswains; length not to exceed 36ft.; leverage not to exceed 2ft. 6in.
- (2.) Pair-oared boats with coxswains; dimensions as in four-oared boats, or pair-oared boats without coxswains; length not to exceed 18ft. 6in.; leverage not to exceed 2ft. 2in.
- (3.) Sculling boats; length not to exceed 18ft.; leverage not to exceed 2ft.

Length is defined as the shortest line that can be drawn from stem to stern exclusive of rudder, parallel to keelson. Leverage is defined as the shortest line that can be drawn from any rowlock to amidships, parallel to thwart. These are known as "wing boats," and are provided with sliding seats.

Other regulations distinguish between seniors—those who have won a first prize in any senior open race—and juniors, enact that a race shall not be less than one or more than three miles, that each club must register its members with the association, and make due provision for starting and umpiring. The affiliated clubs are: Bideford, Bideford Athletic, Dart (Totnes), Dartmouth, Exeter, Paignton, St. Thomas (Exeter), Torquay, Torquay Albion, and Totnes. In bygone days the victors were rewarded with money prizes, but in the early eighties all this was changed, and the amateur principle began to be rigidly enforced.

Another step in advance took place in 1890, when the Dartmouth A.R.C. offered a hundred pound cup to be won twice running or any three times, to be raced for at Dartmouth Regatta. The Dartmouth Club won it twice running, it therefore became that club's property again, but with true sporting instinct the members subsequently offered it as a perpetual challenge cup for annual competition at Dartmouth. The event takes place accordingly at each regatta, over a course averaging three miles, and under W.E.A.R.A. rules. The Dartmouth men continued their victorious career until 1895, when they suffered defeat at the hands of the Totnes Club, which in turn lost the cup the following year to Torquay. As the Torquay Club won the races of 1897 and 1898, it is consequently the holder of the coveted trophy at the present time.

SWIMMING AND WATER POLO. A knowledge of swimming, which its votaries delight in calling the "poetry of motion," is by no means so universal as its merits deserve. In a sea-girt country whose sons go down to the sea in ships in such numbers, it is astonishing to find how many there are who cannot swim and do not care to learn. True,

clubs everywhere are trying to remedy this, yet much remains to be done.

Swimmers in Devon who dislike the stickiness of salt water may resort to splendidly-built covered baths—tepid—at Exeter and Ilfracombe, whilst open fresh-water baths await their pleasure in some of the small towns, but, alas! the pleasure may soon be converted into pain, for these open tanks are horribly cold. One of the safest, prettiest, and most pleasant open water bathing places is that of Dawlish. Although few clubs possess the luxury of a swimming bath, they generally provide themselves with dressing pavilions and spring-boards. From these or from rocky promontories bounding shelving beaches along the south coast, the diver can find ample scope for his skill. Yet, let him be wary lest any treacherous rock lurk near the surface. Scattered around Devon are thirteen clubs, which exist to promote swimming, life-saving, and water polo.

Needless to say, in these days of multi-organisation it has been found necessary to establish a central authority, so in 1894 the Devon County Amateur Swimming and Water Polo Association was founded, to be merged, three years later, in the Devon Local Centre of the Southern Division Amateur Swimming Association. Under excellent management, and with an incomparable hon. secretary, the D.L.C. receives loyal support, and professionalism is ostracised in no uncertain manner. The delegates of the affiliated clubs form the committee of the centre, and it meets at Newton Abbot, except upon the occasion of the annual meeting, which is held at Exeter and Plymouth in rotation. The principal objects of the D.L.C. are according to Rule 6:

- (d.) To institute a local centre championship, which is decided by teams of four members from each club swimming 50, 100, 200, and 300 yards respectively.
- (e.) To suspend for a time or disqualify anyone proved guilty of an infringement of the laws of the A.S.A., or of any unfair practice connected with the sport, and to remit or shorten any such sentence upon due cause being shown.
- (f.) To secure the registration of all open meetings, and to grant or refuse all permits in the centre.
- (g.) To consider and decide all protests affecting the art of swimming or the game of water polo, and to appoint official referees for water polo.
- (h.) To enforce the observance of the laws of the A.S.A. and rules and byelaws of the S.C.A.S.A.

It is obligatory upon regatta committees to apply to the secretary of the district association for a "permit," which, if granted, necessitates an undertaking to carry out all the A.S.A. rules. Otherwise persons taking part in swimming matches *not* under A.S.A. rules would cease to be amateurs, and reinstatement is always a troublesome matter.

The clubs affiliated to the Devon local centre are: Dartmouth Amateur Swimming Club, Dawlish Swimming and Water Polo Club, Exmouth Swimming Club, Exeter Swimming Club, Exeter Bath Swimming Association, Friernhay Street Y.M.S. Swimming Club, Ilfracombe Swimming Club, Morice Town, Stoke, and Ford Swimming Association, Paignton Y.M.C.A. Swimming Club, Plymouth Amateur Swimming and Life-saving Society, Port of Plymouth Swimming Association and Humane Society, Stonehouse Swimming Club, and Torquay Swimming Club.

Ex uno disce omnes—or rather by four examples:

The Port of Plymouth S.A. and H.S. is supposed to be the oldest swimming organisation at present in existence, the thirty-sixth annual gala having taken place in 1898. The annual matches of this club are one of the great events in the swimming world, and competitors flock to them from all parts of the country. The Plymouth A.S. and L.S.S., by winning both the championships for two years, holds the strongest position both in racing and water polo. This society, quite a young club, by the way, devotes considerable attention to teaching children and to life-saving matters.

The Exeter Club is, without doubt, one of the busiest and most practical. In teaching school children it does a highly meritorious work, and keeps itself in low water financially in consequence; the club spends £30 to £40 a year on this alone. Life-saving also receives much attention, and each year a number of members pass through the Life-saving Society's examination.

The Dartmouth S.C. has to contend with many difficulties. Its swimming and polo matches take place in a tidal basin, whilst its bathing headquarters, dressing-house, etc., are situated at the harbour's mouth, more than a mile—by road—from the town. Moreover, there is always the chance that a more than usually furious gale may seriously damage or even totally destroy its property. The club has no regular instructor, but the senior members, with praiseworthy zeal, and with notable success, both teach the young and try to inculcate a love of swimming generally.

The Devon Water Polo League, founded in 1894, was won that year and in the following one by the Exeter S.C., in 1896 by Plymouth Leander S.C. (since defunct), and for the last two years by Plymouth A.S. and L.S.S. The championship of the centre was established in 1897, in which year Plymouth A.S. and L.S.S. was placed first and Exeter S.C. second. Last year this order was repeated.

SEA FISHING.

Amongst the various attractions that Devon affords are its sea and river fishing. Whilst the Devonshire trout are

known far and wide, the sea fish that are captured around its coast and sent to London and the inland markets form a prominent part in the staple food of the people.

It is not of the professional fisherman that we wish now to speak, but of the facilities afforded at various seaports and small towns on the sea coast for the amateur fisherman and tourist. It is pretty generally agreed that no county offers better facilities for sea fishing than Devon, whether it be from the yacht or boat, or for those who cannot stand the motion of the sea to fish from the various piers, rocks, and breakwaters that are to be found on the coasts.

The fishing may be classified under three headings, viz., deep sea, surface, and rod fishing from the shore.

DEEP SEA FISHING. Some hundreds of boats of all sizes, from a lordly ketch of fifty feet to the humble punt of ten feet, are engaged in this class of fishing, and the modes differ somewhat in different places as regards the style of mounting their gear, but in the main it consists of a line varying in length from twenty to fifty fathoms, according to the depth required, having a lead attached, a snood or sid strap, and two or more hooks, which are baited with natural bait. As a rule, the boat is taken to a certain spot which the fisherman knows, and is generally found by cross bearings taken over the land; there the boat is moored or anchored, and the line with the baited hooks is lowered to the bottom, and then raised about two feet so as to keep the baits just clear of the bottom.

The fish caught are hake, cod, conger, ray, bream, dab, brill, turbot, plaice, whiting, and, nearer the shore, small silver whiting, pouting, blaine, chad, etc. The distance the fish are caught from the shore varies from one to twenty miles, and at depths from ten to thirty fathoms. For the greater distances those desiring to fish can always manage to get a berth on board one of the regular fishing boats by the payment of a small sum, or sometimes by taking some refreshments for the crew. But for the shorter distances a boat can be hired, either by itself or with a man who knows the marks and who will provide bait. In some towns boats can be hired at from 4d. to 6d. an hour, if the fisher prefers to manage the boat himself.

SURFACE FISHING. This consists of either rowing or sailing and towing one or more lines astern. The fish to be caught are bass, pollack, mackerel, scad, gurnard, tub, and other surface fish. For this class of fishing a line from ten to twenty fathoms is used, having a lead, a long snood, and gut trace, attached to which are the various artificial baits that are found most taking in the different localities. This class of fishing affords more sport, inasmuch as you get the exercise in rowing your boat, or the invigorating action of a good breeze in sailing, and there is no more exhilarating occupation or a better pick-me-up for a tired or over-worked body than to sit in a boat with a good breeze and sailing through the water at four or five knots an hour with four or six lines astern whiffing for mackerel; it puts new life into anyone. It is no uncommon thing for a sailing boat

to catch from five to thirty dozen mackerel in a few hours of a morning when they are about, and the sport is all the more pleasurable as they can be caught with a silver spinner, and there is not the bother of getting or using natural bait. A friend of the writer's one morning in a half-decked boat single-handed with six lines took over sixty dozen of mackerel off Plymouth. For pollack or bass fishing the method is somewhat different. A small boat is necessary, and you pull gently near the rocks or sunken reefs with a light lead and fine trace; these fish run from a quarter of a pound to twenty pounds, and the larger ones require some careful handling and strong gear. It is a well-known fact that a pollack soon gives in after being hooked; it makes about two rushes, and if it does not break away during this period it can be hauled alongside of the boat for the landing net or gaff. The best baits are the white or red fly, the indiarubber sandeels of different patterns, the soleskin bait, and, for the larger ones, a bright metal spinner. The bass is rather a shy fish, and will not as a rule follow in the wake of a boat; the lines for this class of fishing must be very fine and long, the best bait being a drab sandeel, plano-convex minnow, or imitation brit. Another mode of fishing for these surface fish is to moor your boat in a tide-way or spot where the fish are known to frequent. Lines are used with floats or lightly-leaded ones that are sufficiently light to be floated away with the tide; this is a favourite sport near the shore when the tide is either ebbing or flowing. For this class of fishing the natural bait, such as the lugworm, the ragworm, sandeel, or the lamprey, are required; the lines are not in motion as they are when the fishers are rowing or sailing.

FISHING FROM ROCKS OR PIERS. The various piers, breakwaters, and rocks around the coast afford great facilities for the fisherman and tourist who cannot stand the motion of a boat, and many a pleasant hour can be spent whilst sitting on the seashore with a line or rod, and often a nice catch of fish adds to the enjoyment of the breakfast or tea, especially when there is the satisfaction of knowing they are fresh caught. One sort of gear that can be used for this class of fishing is what is termed a throw line of about twenty fathoms, having a lead at the bottom, and three or four hooks at intervals of about a foot above each other; the hooks are baited with pieces of squid, pilchard, mackerel, or even limpets or mussels. The lead is thrown well off shore, taking care, of course, that the other end of the line is made fast to prevent you losing it. The lead goes to the bottom, and the hooks fish at various depths. Flat fish, bass, codling, and conger are the principal fish caught, the latter sometimes very large.

ROD FISHING. Rod fishing has great attractions, inasmuch as the tackle required is lighter and the sport more exciting. Any old salmon rod can be used for the purpose, or an East India cane or ash rod will answer equally well. A good size reel is essential, and from sixty to one hundred

yards of fine running line, terminated by the various patterns of paternosters, and using as bait the ragworm, small pieces of squid, or the soft green crab. There is scarcely a seaport around the coast where this class of fishing cannot be indulged in. Spinning and fly-fishing for bass and pollack are getting more and more popular every year, and few people are aware of the excellent sport to be obtained from our rocky headlands or piers that abound on the coast. It has the advantage that it can be followed when the sea is much too rough to allow boat fishing to be pleasant. For this style of fishing a lighter rod is required, and one with which you can throw a fly or spin a minnow, and should not be less than from fourteen to eighteen feet long. The bass is in the sea almost what the salmon is in the river, and when hooked by any of the artificial baits shows game by fighting hard and sheering right and left in true salmonic style. As he ranges from three to fifteen pounds in weight, he becomes a fish worth notice. He is generally found in estuaries, making his way in with the tide, sporting generally on the surface, although he not infrequently feeds at the bottom. A gaff should always be handy in case it is wanted, as many a bass has been lost for want of skill in landing.

Having described the various modes of tackle that are used in Devonshire, there may now be mentioned a few spots where sport is to be obtained.

Taking the south coast, the village of Seaton (L. and S.W.R.), mouth of the Axe, affords a good centre. Throw lines may be used from the beach, and by crossing the ferry visitors can fish from the Axmouth Pier for bass, using the natural bait or the sandeel or gaudy salmon fly. Pollack are also caught with a rod off Beer Head.

At Sidmouth and Budleigh Salterton (L. and S.W.R.), mackerel, mullet, pollack, whiting, and flat fish, and on the rocks called the Ledge large bass, can be taken. Rogers, the boatman at Budleigh, is a good man.

Exmouth (L. and S.W.R.) offers good facilities for pier fishing, as well as throw lines from the beach. This is a great place for bass.

Dawlish (G.W.R.) possesses a long stretch of sandy beach. You can only fish from a boat, and you must be careful of the wind springing up, as it is difficult to land again. A sandeel seine is kept there, and this bait is good for large pollack, which can be taken near the Parson and Clerk Rocks. This is also a good mark for Teignmouth (G. W. R.)

Torquay (G.W.R.): Angling from the pier for pollack, dabs, and pouting. Throw out lines for conger; whiffing for pollack is good from the Axbrick Rock, and near Livermead Head and round the Thatcher, Orestone, and Flat Rocks.

Dartmouth (G.W.R.): Boat fishing and whiffing for pollack and bass. Whiting can be caught abreast of Blackpool

Beach in ten fathoms of water about one mile from shore. Pollack and bass are to be found near the Mewstone and Eastern Blackstone. There is also good whiffing along the coast from Dartmouth to Start Point and Bolt Tail.

Plymouth (G.W.R. and S.W.R.): This is a very fine station, and fishing of all kinds can be obtained in any weather. The fish to be caught are bass, pollack, mullet, conger, bream, whiting, cod, hake, pouting, smelts, mackerel, gurnard, and flat fish. Good boatmen and boats can be obtained at a moderate cost, or those who would prefer to manage their own boats can get them for 6d. an hour, or 2s. 6d. a day. There is good pier fishing from the Turnchapel, Mount Batten, Promenade, or Millbay Piers, and also from the Breakwater, which is about two miles distant and one mile long. Good fishing is to be had at Penlee and the Rame Head, casting with a rod as in salmon fishing, using the indiarubber sandeel, minnow, or fly; bass and pollack are plentiful. Grey mullet can be caught at the Great Western Docks, fishing with a rod and paternoster; bait of all kinds can be easily obtained. Any information as regards boats, boatmen, or baits can be obtained from Mr. W. Hearder, one of the founders and local agent to the British Sea Anglers' Society, who resides at 195, Union Street, Plymouth.

The north coast of Devon is more rugged, and there are several small hamlets where fishing can be obtained. At Appledore (S.W.R.) there is good bass fishing in the summer on the flowing tide.

Ilfracombe is a great centre for tourists, and fishing can be obtained from the pier or from boats.

At Barnstaple (S.W.R. and G.W.R.) the principal fishing is for bass and grey mullet.

Taking the fishing all round, there is not another county that affords such facilities for the tourist or amateur fisherman as Devon. There is such a variety of fish and such various means of catching them.

HUNTING.

The county of Devon is as remarkable for its variety as it is renowned and conspicuous for the beauty of its scenery. Very widely differing geological formations contribute largely to produce this result, and the surface of the land is alternately elevated and depressed more markedly than in England is generally the case.

The highlands of Exmoor on its north-east extremity are confronted by the Dartmoor Hills on its south-western confines. Blackdown and the hills above Honiton in the south-east are balanced by the high ground of Broadbury, stretching to the coast of the Bristol Channel.

Between these limits there are ample lowlands, which differ widely from each other on account of diversity of

soil and elevation. These considerations have great weight when the county is regarded from a sportsman's point of view. Strictly speaking, it is not a famous hunting county, but the writer of this article, after an experience of half a century, can truly say that if a man can go well to hounds in Devonshire he can always elsewhere hold his own, and that for abundance and variety of sport the county is not to be surpassed. Here alone is it possible to hunt the wild red deer through deep combes of wondrous beauty on to wide stretches of open moor, as well as to follow the fox with a dozen packs through every variety of country.

The hare can be pursued on horseback or on foot with the assistance of fast harriers, bell-mouthed beagles, and even of bassets, which the writer believes to resemble the German dachshund.

The rider can find ample use for a thoroughbred in a generally open country over water and loose stone walls, through long heather, which almost invariably holds a scent, or he can congratulate himself on the possession of a somewhat stouter horse which will carry him in safety over the big banks on Broadbury.

If he is a stranger and is willing to prolong his residence in Devonshire he can hunt throughout the whole of the year, for the otterhounds meet when the foxhounds finish, and they continue to show sport on the rivers until the staghounds recommence their work in the early days of August.

There are three packs of otterhounds in the county, and they penetrate the inmost recesses of the district, hunting up from the heads of many estuaries, through flat meadows, deep woods, and barren wastes, but always through scenes of extremest beauty.

In order to give information in its shortest form to an intending visitor who desires to hunt, it may be as well to select three or four centres, and briefly to describe what can be done from each.

The Broadbury country is the Melton Mowbray of Devonshire. It is not so open as it was when Woollcombe, and Russell, and Philips led the way over it in days gone by, but it is a rideable, banking, good scenting country, fairly well stocked with foxes, and over it everybody rides. It is hunted by Mr. Scott Browne, with twenty-eight couples of hounds, and by Mr. Sam Adams with the Lamerton. Everyone goes. Philip Back, the huntsman, will show a sportsman the way over deep-cut dyke and six-foot bank, or he can ride with Mr. Adams in similar fashion. Behind them follow a goodly company of sporting squires, well-mounted farmers, ladies, and youngsters, and they all ride boldly; it is a characteristic of these hunts.

A visitor can find good quarters conveniently situated at the Mid-Devon Hotel at Ashbury, or he can stay at the Stanhope or White Hart Hotels at Holsworthy, and from these centres hunt also with Mr. Brendon to the north, and with Mr. Eyton, master of the Stevenstone. Mr.

Bathurst, with the Eggesford, is sometimes within reach, and horses used to the country can be hired by those who do not bring their own at the Ashbury Hotel, and can also be procured from Mr. Millman, of Shebbear, and from Mr. Tapson, of Highampton.

A foxhunter quartered at Ashbury can well-nigh command the whole district from Tavistock to Okehampton and from Dolton to Stratton. He can be comfortably quartered, and ride over the best country in Devonshire. He will not require a racehorse to carry him, but should be mounted on a strong, clever animal well accustomed to banks. Occasionally, with the Lamerton he will get a day upon Dartmoor, but hardly on the best side of that upland region. He will with all the packs above mentioned be also in excellent company. Mr. Sperling keeps a racing pack of harriers which hunt on the Tavistock side, and, taking these into consideration, the sportsman at Ashbury can ride to hounds during the season on well-nigh every day of the week.

The next centre named shall be Ivybridge, in the very heart of the Dartmoor district. Here Mr. Coryton keeps probably the best pack of foxhounds in the county, and hunts four days in the week. Roughly speaking, the Plymouth and Exeter (Great Western) Railway divides this country into two portions—all to the north is moorland, all to the south incountry. There are plenty of foxes to be found, and the meets are well attended. Everything is done in first-rate style, and sport can generally be with certainty obtained. The Dartmoor country extends from Ivybridge to Plymouth, and round by Princetown to Buckfastleigh, South Brent, and Kingsbridge again to Plymouth. On the moorside a galloping horse which can jump stone walls and water is required, and the incountry is full of banks. The scenery is varied and beautiful. Excellent accommodation can be obtained at Ivybridge, where the hounds are kept, and horses can be hired at Plymouth of Mr. Clarke, and at South Brent.

A visitor staying at Ivybridge can also hunt with the Modbury, South Pool, and occasionally with the Dart Vale Harriers, probably the smartest in the county. Taking these packs into consideration a visitor could, if he chose, probably meet hounds on every day in the week during the season, and see the best of Dartmoor in perfection. He would also at Ivybridge be within easy range of Plymouth and Totnes, and in the heart of the exquisite South Devon country.

If he desired to become acquainted with the remainder of Dartmoor he should select Ashburton for a third place from which to hunt. Here he can ride with the South Devon Foxhounds, under the management of Mr. R. Vicary and Mr. Singer, over the eastern and probably best face of wild Dartmoor. He can also from this centre have an occasional day with the Mid-Devon, and ride constantly with the Dart Vale and Ashburton Harriers. The Golden Lion Hotel will make him comfortable, and

he can obtain hunters at Newton Abbot, or hire from South Brent. If he is fond of scenery the valley of the Dart above Ashburton is one of the loveliest in the world. Passing by Exeter, and with slight mention of the East Devon Foxhounds, under control of Colonel Garrett, with the famous Tom Yelverton who carries the horn, and of the Tremlett Hounds at Crediton, which show excellent sport (both of which packs can be easily reached from the cathedral city), our riding visitor should repair to Tiverton, which is now a first-rate hunting centre. It possesses two excellent hotels. The Angel may possibly vary from the Palmerston in the matter of cuisine, but its proprietor, Mr. Moyle, is in closer touch with Dulverton and its varied capabilities of sport, and there he is in possession of another hotel. From him also hunters can be hired. At Tiverton Sir John Amory maintains a pack of staghounds (thirty couples), with Mr. Ian Amory as master, and Messrs. de Las Casas as whips (all amateurs). These hounds hunt the country outside that of the old Exmoor pack, to the south of the railway from Taunton to Barnstaple, over the fine scenting and fine going moorlands of Witheridge and deep combes and woodlands of Stoodleigh, where red deer are abundant. Sir John also keeps a pack of harriers, quite pure bred old-fashioned white hounds, which hunt hares around the ancient city of Tiverton, while Mr. E. H. Dunning at Stoodleigh, not far away, shows sport with his bassets, deep-chested little hounds very docile and intelligent, which go fast enough to keep the field, who are allowed no horses, in ample exercise. These little hounds are hunted by young Mr. Frank Dunning with the assistance of a couple of whips, and are sometimes followed by a hundred sportsmen on foot. At Tiverton Mr. Unwin keeps a pack of foxhounds, which, numbering thirty-three couples, hunt the country from Rackenford to Wellington and from Exe Bridge to Silverton on Mondays and Thursdays. In the deep woodlands foxes are plentiful, and the banks are big, and the going is good around Cruwys Morchard and Witheridge. In the summer season from Culmstock Mr. Collier's otter-hounds work the Exe, the Lowman, and neighbouring streams. A sportsman at Tiverton can also sometimes reach both the old staghounds and foxhounds at Dulverton, and Tiverton is in all respects a first-rate hunting centre.

This contribution is already nearly sufficiently long, and the writer will only say further that the George at South Molton is a comfortable hotel from which much sport can be obtained over excellent moorland and inland country.

In old days South Molton was ever considered to be an excellent resort for a sportsman, and Barnstaple also has its claims to regard. Torrington affords the best headquarters for the Stevenstone, and possesses very tolerable hotel accommodation. Hunters can always be obtained on hire at Barnstaple and at Bideford.

Go where he will in the fair county of Devon the sporting visitor can hardly go wrong, but if he disregards the Exmoor Staghounds, which, strictly speaking, are a Somersetshire pack, the writer of this article, who is a veteran in the West, having hunted continuously in Devonshire since the year 1848, would select Ashbury, Ivybridge, and Tiverton as places to hunt from, with Ashburton, South Molton, and Torrington in reserve as deserving of secondary choice. Well-bred, fast horses are wanted for the moors, and Irish, Welsh, or Cornish bankers are excellent inland.

Appended is a list of the principal Devonshire packs of hounds, with their respective masters and days of meeting where these are known :

STAGHOUNDS.

TIVERTON : Sir John Amory—Wednesday and Saturday.

FOXHOUNDS.

DARTMOOR : Mr. Coryton, Ivybridge—Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday.

MID-DEVON : Mr. Spiller, Chagford—Monday and Thursday.

EAST DEVON : Colonel Garrett, Exeter—Wednesday and Saturday.

SOUTH DEVON : Messrs. Vicary and Singer Denbury—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

MR. BATHURST'S HOUNDS : Eggesford—Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

MR. SCOTT BROWNE'S HOUNDS : Buckland Filleigh—Tuesday and Friday.

MR. BRENDON'S HOUNDS : Stratton (Border of Cornwall)—Monday and Thursday.

TIVERTON : Mr. Unwin—Monday and Thursday.

STEVENSTONE : Mr. Eyton, Torrington—Monday and Thursday.

LAMERTON : Mr. Adams, Lew Down—Monday and Thursday.

TREMLETT : Sir John Shelly, Crediton—Monday and Thursday.

HARRIERS.

MODBURY : Modbury—Wednesday and Saturday.

ASHEURTON : Two days a week.

MR SPERLING'S : Tavistock—Two days a week.

DART VALE : Mr. Hingstone, Staverton—Monday and Thursday.

FURLONG : Mr. Bragg, Chagford—Tuesday and Saturday.

SILVERTON : Silvertown—Tuesday and Saturday.

SOUTH POOL : Kingsbridge—Two days a week.

HALDON : Newton Abbot—Two days a week.

BARNSTAPLE—Two days a week.

There is also a pack of foot-beagles kept by the officers of the *Britannia* at Dartmouth, and the Trethill Beagles are constantly accessible from Plymouth.

FRESH WATER FISHING.

If three counties in England and Wales were mentioned as having especial claims to be considered fishing counties, Devon would most certainly be one of them ; and if, in addition to numberless rivers and streams, it were imperative that there should be divers varieties of scenery to compensate the tyro for his little defects in fishing, and to add to the pleasure of the adept, then, perhaps, equally as certainly, Devon would, of the three, be first. The fish which are indigenous to its rivers are, without doubt, of the highest and gamest class, albeit in the leas and ponds and slow heavy streams of higher temperature there are the humbler brethren, and they live and thrive.

Every fisherman knows, however, that a big basket of trout, or a tough fight with a salmon or peal, or a spin from a boat for jack is not the *summum bonum* of fishing. He wants the additional attraction of something to look at when sport is "off," and here in the south-west he can, if he likes, satiate himself. Does he want moorland? He has Dartmoor, the exploration of which would take him a fortnight, and leave him very little time "between whiles" for trying the multitude of streams with their little golden, fighting trout. Does he want pastoral scenery when he is peregrinating with his rod? It is certainly not necessary to say one word about Devon as a pastoral county. Does he want woodlands? Let him wander along the Dart above Totnes, the Tamar almost throughout, the Plym through the beautiful Bickleigh Vale, the Tavy below and above Tavistock, the Lyd at Lydford Gorge, the Torridge by Torrington, the Taw by Eggesford, the Avon by Brent, the Exe by Dulverton, the Bray and Mole by South Molton, the Teign by Fingle Bridge, and he shall be amply satisfied with these consolations for a bad day's sport, and revel in the steep valleys, whose foliage dips right down to the banks of the river, now and then arching and meeting over it. Of course, the fisher whose sole end is fish does not want too much "arching and meeting over it," but even he, be he a true sportsman, welcomes the little relief from continual fishing which the occasional wood or the high overgrown bank affords him.

A first visit, for instance, to Fingle Bridge on the Teign from a sportsman whose mundane pursuits have been confined to a great extent to the busy town, or the more monotonous levels of the Midlands or the East, would be, as likely as not, such a change as he by no possible means could pre-estimate. A tramp might be taken from Moreton-hampstead, a high, airy old-time town on the fringe of Dartmoor, right away through lanes not two feet of which are perfectly level, over successions of hills, every one of which gives him a new picture to linger over, round right-angled bends suggesting to the pedestrian that the original designers of the road must have made a bit at a time as it could be purchased cheap, across brooks, down some thousand yards through a huge wood, the floor of which is covered thickly in the season with hyacinths and whortleberries, and on to the romantic secluded bridge under which flows the beautiful Teign.

Just below, a year or two back, there was a battle royal with a huge cannibal trout. The fisher had risen and hooked a little fellow of two or three uncies, and was getting it to land for the purpose of returning it, when a big black-looking fish came up and deliberately laid hold of it. He made every effort to get both, but on nearing the bank, and feeling the bottom, the big one let go. In a fit of disappointment the fisher threw back the little fish without unhooking it, and again came the gourmand for another attack. Strange as it may seem, the fight continued until the sixth or seventh round, when the bigger fellow was

drawn so far in that the fisher got round it and kicked it out. It weighed two pounds seven ounces, and must have destroyed the peace and comfort, and the lives even, of hundreds of its smaller congeners. Drewsteignton, a mile up among the hills, the fisher can, if he choose, make his headquarters. He will be certain of good accommodation, homely and substantial fare, and the purest air. It is a stiffish climb to the village, which is some six or seven hundred feet above the river, but climbing slowly up or loosely slouching down hills is a necessary feature in a Devon fisher's programme, whether he cares for it or not. He, however, may prefer Chagford, which is four miles up the river, and a purely Dartmoor town. If he does, he will fish up, and he will not desire anything more beautiful than the valley he passes through, nor, if the trout are in the humour, anything better than the sport he will get.

Sometimes salmon run up these higher waters before the close of the trout season, and, should the river be fairly high in July, August, and September, the fisher will have the chance, and by no means a remote one, of adding a peal, the gamest fish that swims, to his basket.

A very strong disposition to cater for the sportsman exists in many Devonshire rivers by occasional restocking. The Teign conservators have put trout in; the private owners of the Tamar have also, and in many other streams, such as the Taw, the Torridge, the Mole, and the Dart, the same attempts to preserve the prestige of the streams have been made, and made, too, successfully.

Open moorland trout fishing is a feature of itself. The trout are small and numerous, but they fight well, and are delicious food. Go out on a breezy day with a single fly, or two at most, use the help of the wind to make your cast, and if you are not altogether satisfied with the weight of individual fish, you will be delighted with the aggregate of sweet little black and gold trout you take back with you.

Should the fisher prefer larger streams, and consequently larger fish, and to have as little difficulty about trying for them as possible, let him try the Otter from Ottery St. Mary or Tipton St. John's, the East and West Dart from Dartmeet up, the Axe above Axminster, or the Taw below South Molton Road Station, and he may slog away to his heart's content without much hindrance to his casting, although he will have to expect, of course, better educated fish, and display more art in catching them. It is unnecessary to mention that trout, whether they are pastoral or moorland, are not so very unsophisticated that they will take anybody's fly at any time. The little fish has big pretensions, and his humour must be studied.

Some fishers may desire their sport to be as near a railway station as possible. Most do not, but time is a great deal to some, and this difficulty, backed up by any inability to negotiate a long-legging tramp, may be obviated by using the Culm at Cullompton, the Dart from Totnes, Buckfastleigh, or Princetown, the Tavy from Tavistock, the Exe

from Bramford Speke, and many others, which the enquirer will find without much trouble.

So much for trout. One cannot particularise rivers; they are too numerous, but it may be said of Devon that there are few towns indeed from which trout fishing cannot be got within easy distance.

But, happily, the fisher's efforts are not of necessity confined to the capture of trout. In all the bigger rivers there are salmon and peal (*salmo trutta*). Where there are long tidal estuaries there are more of these fish, of course—the Tamar, the Plym, the Tavy, the Dart, the Taw, and the Torridge may be instanced. The fisher must, however, have previous information about the river he contemplates visiting for this purpose. There are monopolies, as in the Tamar and Exe, and these have “first pick” of the salmon. There are heavy weirs, as in the Erme and the Taw, beyond which it is useless to expect a salmon, except in the heaviest floods. Still, it is very pleasing to mention, as a result of individual desire and the imperial demands, the growing effort which exists to prevent any and every obstruction to the upward passage of salmon and peal; and the Devon rivers will, before long, be among the very best in England and Wales. The Dart, the Tavy, and the Plym in the south are the principal depending streams for a battle with either of these fish, and the Taw and Torridge in the north. The Tavy has no obstruction below Tavistock, and here some of the local sportsmen have aggregated peal by the hundred and salmon by the dozen in a single season. Many valiant fights have taken place in a romantic bend of the river by Virtuous Lady Mine, and often, too, after sunset, the water being, except in flood, brilliantly clear. Further down the fishing is preserved by the riparian owners, but to the sportsman who is visiting the neighbourhood of Plymouth, a single day is rarely forbidden.

Dry seasons like those of 1898 and 1899 have, it will be understood, a serious effect on the fishing and the run of salmon and peal. In Devonshire, where the rivers are of high moorland and mountain origin, and the flow is rapid, a prolonged drought is particularly disastrous. Six hours' rain will produce a raging torrent, which exhausts itself in twelve more, and the stream becomes normal.

It would be too lengthy here to describe under what conditions and terms one may fish for either trout or salmon. Each river has its separate association of riparian owners and its conservators. By way of comparison, on the beautiful Dart a day or week can be had at a fee which is almost nominal, but on the Exe at Tiverton the non-residing fisher is practically discountenanced, and the fishing kept for a favoured few. A great deal of trout fishing is, as may be expected, retained entirely by the riparian owners, permission from whom must be previously obtained, but on the whole in no part of the kingdom can one be more certain of getting sport, and that, too, at a comparatively low figure—comparatively, because the price for

which he obtains it is altogether incommensurate with the pleasure he will get.

Some of the rivers, like the lower Exe, hold coarse fish, but they are not encouraged in streams which hold the better kinds, and even in the Exe it is now realised that jack are in some parts enjoying a most undesirable monopoly. At Slapton Lea, however, a capital fresh-water pond separated from the sea in Torcross Bay by a ridge of sand, over which at intervals during the day the Dartmouth and Kingsbridge coach rattles merrily along, there are coarse fish in plenty. Capital sport can be got here, and in Torcross Lea as well, when the river fish are not in season, or when they are. The fisher, be he also a shooter, will find his sport interestingly varied by the sight of duck, teal, and widgeon, the conditions for shooting which can be had in the neighbourhood.

It is not too much, therefore, to state that the casual wanderer into Devonshire can keep his time fully occupied with his rod, and his holiday so spent will be relieved by such a variety of land and coast scenes as cannot be excelled, and, perhaps, for its kind, not equalled in any other county. This is, at least, the opinion of the writer, who is not a native, but a cosmopolitan fisher.

CRICKET.

Is there any cricket in Devon to attract the notice of visitors? Well, "No," and "Yes," we reply. No cricket of far-flung repute, no county cricket, such as inspires the Australian, the Parsee, and even the Philadelphian, to greater exertion and dreams of further conquest. But cricket from Devon has, however, reached Holland. In past years at intervals a few enthusiasts in so-called Devon colours have competed with their neighbours of Somerset, Dorset, and Cornwall, or played a tame M.C.C. match at a borrowed ground. And so we confidently say "no" to the tourist's question if he means that class of cricket which, as he passes from one big town to another, suggests a pleasant and fashionable pause in his journey that one of our best put-up county matches may be watched, and world-known champions may be introduced to the wondering eyes of the boys and girls of his party. No, as yet we have nothing of that kind to show him or delay him in his progress through our lovely county.

But stay, in one sense we may say "yes" indeed. Devon is the very place for the tourist cricketer—for forty years its attractions have ever and anon been proved at an ever increasing ratio.

Wonderful credit is due to Devon energy in this respect. Notwithstanding that nature has so richly dowered our county with what Milton sings of in his matchless way when he says :

"Such variety hath earth and heaven
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale"

—notwithstanding the primeval handicap that everywhere attends the efforts of Devon men when they look out for a “cricket ground”—still so dogged and determined has been the search on their part that it may be safely said “there are more good wickets in Devon than in almost any other county.” It is quite safe to say there are more good grounds open to the visit of any visiting team than there are in any other county. And that the grounds are good is not all that can be said in their favour. They are beautifully situate. No hideous and repellent hoardings block the view from the passer-by so that not even a glimpse of the interests within can be caught sight of till the harpies at the turnstiles are satisfied. With us the scene is entirely sylvan, with the exception of the arena itself. That, thanks to our soil and atmosphere, is generally green enough to cure “ophthalmia” at once. Take Torquay; the ground at Tor stands in an almost natural amphitheatre. Mount Wise, at Devonport, shows good cricket from noble vantage ground, and between the innings the untaxed looker-on may in a few moments freely walk to a spot from which amidst statues—monumental records of great men and brave—he may view the lordly heights of Mount Edgecumbe and the Hoe that remind him of far other days, and other games that no more than the cricket and football of our day unfitted their votaries for sterner tasks when the hour came and the cause justified.

Plymouth Town, too, has its ground, improved and improving, though yet in no way equal to the credit of the Three Towns. Newton Abbot can boast of three good grounds in its immediate precincts, and boys and men rival one another under the benign and time-honoured encouragement of our county worthies at good old Teignbride, where lovely woman is always welcomed, nor the dance neglected—a very palladium of old-world and conservative cricket. The “ever faithful” Exeter gives us a ground that for pure cricket and good light leaves nothing to be desired. Its Graslawn has but one fault; it is an eighteenpenny cab fare from the city, and, conjure as we will, in Devon as yet, cricket does not attract the crowd. Cricket is not as yet a game practised or understood of the people. Hill country folk—with few crowded centres, and scarce any town factories, iron dormant, and coal scarce—have neither the taste, energy, nor time for attendance at the long day’s cricket; but the strong grasp, the sleight of foot, that marked generations of wrestlers, brings our sturdy folk by shoals to witness with glee the sharp decisive struggle of the football game, to which the rank and file of our broad-shouldered sons are well adapted with its glorious rough and tumble horseplay. *Cricket* in our county generally demands enthusiastic fostering, and is not so easily created.

But for tourists’ cricket, let Exmouth, with its side wind blessings of purest breezes and soul-stirring views, that for various colouring well-nigh suggest new departures to

the most experienced artist—let Exmouth say “come and see” our cliff-commanded game. Let Sidmouth, choicest home of good cricket in the West, where in August cricket of very highest amateur class (and what is higher than cricket of the best amateurs?) may often be seen—let Sidmouth tell its record for sixty years past, of ground well laid, open to all comers, who sit in sheltered lines, now observing the white flashing movements of skilled players, and now looking seawards to water that as it reflects the varying sky, recalls the matchless imagery of Æschylus in Prometheus’s noble appeal:

“ποντίων κυμάτων
ἀνῆρι θμὸν γέλασμα”

rendered by Keble—

“The many twinkling smile of ocean.”

Come to such spots, ye tourists, and you will never repent. The cricket of our county may not be quite as solemn or serious a business as in some counties—passing well-nigh from a game to a profession, but the accidents of our games and grounds are delightful. If the jewel itself is not of the first water, its setting is still superb.

Why not visit Seaton, too? where many a stout young cricketer, while his friends basked and bathed, has qualified for the spurs he has worn with honour on more famous fields. Easy access there can be had to the use of good wickets by communicating with the authorities, whose courtesy is proverbial. But we must leave picturesque East Devon with barest mention of Honiton, cradled in hills; and Ottery, with its miniature cathedral; Bicton, with its gardens and tree-culture, all providing improving cricket for the “lesser breeds” not altogether without the law. Tiverton and Crediton are waking up to take their part in the noble game, catching the passion from their neighbour, Wellington.

And now, North Devon, with its wealth of moorland scenery and fine trout streams—a very reservoir of health for all comers—bids us remember the long rapid drives of bygone years that brought many of us hurrying to its trysting-place—be it Westwood Ho! or dear old Instow—to join the lovers of the game. Instow still has its healthy ground in a much improved state, where now, new to the memory of past years, the most fiery of bowlers scarce quickens the pulse of the most timid of batsmen; skirted, too, as it is, by sandiest soil, where one may stretch one’s listless length in no fear of cold and damp, with natural flower beds of thyme, rest-harrow, and heart’s-ease charming the observant eye. A drive home along either river—Taw or Torridge—to Bideford or Barnstaple will probably treat the visitor to the glories of the sun as it sets behind Bideford’s flashing bar, where the two tidal outlets struggle back to sea. Many other spots of Devon—varying as we all know its formation to be—itsself of varied England the epitome, are not unvisited of the cricket enthusiast, under whose genial encouragement the old game repeats itself in the most

unlikely spots. Barnstaple is quite waking to the game; even Lynton, "the Switzerland of Devon," and Ilfracombe will not be denied their share, and the vigorous lines of the old Eton cricket song express the result:

"A few sticks of willow, a handful of leather,
A score of good fellows, a bit of good ground,
Just bring them together in fine summer weather,
And where can more perfect enjoyment be found?"

FOOTBALL.

"Up Devon" has been the cry throughout the football season of 1898-9 in the Western Counties, as well as in the narrower confines of the county of Devon itself, and "Up Devon" has been the response. "Up" and "up" and "up," until on the afternoon of the ever memorable 8th of April, 1899, the message flashed from far-off Newcastle-on-Tyne that Devon had won the championship of England in Rugby football.

To one who has been connected with club and county matters for the last quarter of a century, what recollections the proud position now attained recalls. It is but in the last few years that football in the county has come so much to the front, but steadily through a period of one generation has the tree been watered, nurtured, and brought to fruition which has borne such good fruit in this year of grace. Five and twenty years ago but little football was played in the West except at the public schools and big towns, and then it was before possibly half a dozen more or less interested spectators who had to be induced to come, and had the privilege of free admission; without referee or touch-judge, each captain a law unto his whole team. Disputes resulted in a temporary stoppage of the game while the matter was settled, and failure to settle the point at issue meant the withdrawal of a team from the field. These were the good old days of give and take, when football was ever a pleasure, free from the elements of rough play and misbehaviour on the part of the crowd which latter-day matches so often regretfully call forth, and which the executives of the four Western Counties have determined to deal with in a firm and united manner. County matches were then scarcely known—certainly, so far as any proper organisation went, unknown. Still at times inter-county matches would take place between the neighbouring counties of Devon and Somerset, which even then called for a rivalry which has continued with increasing force to the present time. The writer remembers a so-called county match at Wellington, when the Devon team went up with ten men, and picked up substitutes on the ground where the match was commenced, but never finished, as it ended in what bid fair to become a free fight, checked only by the promptitude with which the captain on either side brought into play the absolute control he then exercised over his team. But from that date Rugby football has made steady, and

latterly rapid, strides in "Devon, our county." The seeds were sown when the cup (later known as the Senior cup) was started to be played for during the last three months of the season by the chief clubs. The rivalry was of the keenest, the excitement intense, and though the cup has since passed into the limbo of the lumber room, and been voted a nuisance, it undoubtedly was the means of starting and fostering the rivalry which has since so much improved the general class of play among clubs.

The great improvement in local teams naturally led to a determined effort to place the county executive upon a firm basis, and the formation of the Devon Rugby Union at once led to the selection of a team more worthy of the name of county than in the days of yore. Still, it was for a time a difficult matter to get matches with the leading counties of the North, and Devon men cherish and ever will remember with gratitude the kindly help of Lancashire in giving them their first hand across the slough. Time after time defeat for Devon was the only result, but with the dogged determination which in the days of good Queen Bess stood England in such good stead, the "Dumplings" plodded on, each year reducing the points scored against them. At last dawned the day when Somerset, her old rival, was beaten, and Devon's star began to rise, never to set again, it may be hoped.

The rift in the North on the vexed question of professionalism gave the Western and Southern Counties a chance, and long distant may be the day when the pure amateur spirit which here now marks the sport shall have to give way before the flood of "broken time." In the season of 1897-8 Devon's chances looked bright of being the champions of the South, only to be dashed to the ground by the narrow margin of three points by the Midland Counties. In the season 1898-9 she determined to make no mistake, and by a brilliant score of thirty-seven points to nothing she ran up to the top, defeating Kent and Northumberland in the ante-final and final, though only after stubborn contests with them, and with Gloucester in the first stage. The proud position at last secured was due to the great improvement shown by Devonport Albion, Exeter, Barnstaple, Keyham Students, Torquay Athletic, and the other chief clubs, and they in their turn owed their success in no small measure to the lessons learnt from Welsh clubs. Owing to the comparative proximity of the Western Counties with the Principality, home and home matches have for some seasons past been played between the leading clubs of Devon and Wales, and the latter being *par excellence* the finest exponents of their own, the four threequarter, game, the clubs of Devon were not slow to study and learn their methods.

The season of 1898-99 particularly has shown that in club matches Devon can more than hold her own with the leading clubs of England and Wales, and the record of Albion in particular stands out as a monument of good work done and lessons well learnt, while the Keyham

boys and Exeter have made their fame widespread as the pretty teams for classy play.

The grounds, too, have been vastly improved, and in the Devon County Ground at Exeter, Home Park and Rectory at Devonport, and at South Devon Place, Plymouth, the county is admirably served.

To the would-be resident intent on football in its most fascinating form, Devon will prove a more than happy hunting-ground, with excellent clubs in every chief town (Barnstaple, Exeter, Crediton, Newton, Torquay, Sidmouth, Tiverton, Devonport, Plymouth), and very good junior clubs in all the smaller centres of population, and in this, as in all other matters, the "Dumplings" know how to extend a warm welcome to the visitor. With the future of Rugby football dependent largely upon the South of England, the prospects of the West Country, and Devon in particular, are bright indeed. The Association game is as yet only in its infancy, but a very healthy infant it is, and though devotees of the Rugby code will ever stick up for it as *the* game, they gladly welcome the sister code, the knowledge of whose game adds so largely to the success of a Rugby forward.

GOLF.

Golf is no new thing in Devon, though the progress of the game in the last few years has been rapid. The county links are all admirably situated, and they are breezy spots in most cases, giving that bracing that is most beneficial and valuable. At the same time many of them are situated in the vicinity of very fine scenery, even in a county that is profuse in this direction.

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL (Tiverton). Strictly the club of present and past scholars and masters of this celebrated school, and closed during the summer months. A natural course of six holes.

BUDE. This charming spot is not in Devon, but as it is but a little way over the borderline it comes within the scope of the country covered by the operations of the United Devon Association. Golf at Bude is all the better, perhaps, from being in contiguity to grand and beautiful natural surroundings. The ground is an eighteen-hole one with a course of three miles or so. Short grassy herbage on a sandy base, with plenty of sport in the hazards, makes the links ideal. Weekly tickets may be had, and there is a golf house.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. A high and breezy course two hundred feet above the sea. The course runs to a mile and a half of nine holes, and embraces considerable variety.

CHURSTON. This is in the celebrated Torbay district, near the Churston Railway Station (G.W.R.) It is an eighteen-hole course of good turf, with plenty of enjoyable hazards.

Paignton, Kingswear, Brixham, and Dartmouth are near by.

DEVONPORT. There are links on the grounds of the Royal Naval Barracks on the banks of the Tamar, overlooking the extensive docks, Her Majesty's ships in the Harbour, and the Cornish hills. The links are, of course, not public, but visitors to the officers may probably be able to test their quality.

EXETER. The links are at Pennsylvania, near the city, where is plenty of good accommodation. Views of a most picturesque character can be had from the high ground. The course is of nine holes with plenty of bunkers. Visitors pay a fee per month, week, or day.

EXMOUTH. The grounds of the club are about three-quarters of a mile from the station (L. and S.W.R.), and Exmouth is less than a dozen miles from Exeter, to which city there are frequent trains. This is a nine-hole course of considerable variety.

HONITON. Pedestrians will find the way up a rather stiffish hill from the station (L. and S.W.R.) It is a nine-hole course, with good natural hazards and in considerable variety. The neighbourhood is very charming, and the air good.

ILFRACOMBE. This town is known for its freshness, and the links keep up the reputation, being five hundred to six hundred feet above, and distant about one and a half miles. The course is a little over a mile in length, and is a nine hole. It is full of such difficulties as skilled players like. Ilfracombe may be reached either by the L. and S.W.R. or the G.W.R., and there is plenty of accommodation, either for summer or winter residence.

NORTHAM. This North Devon place is growing in popularity, and the club uses the Royal North Devon Club links at Westward Ho!

SEATON. The Axe Cliff Golf Club links here are about a mile and a half in length on a cliff on the south-east coast of the county, the surface being a fine grass, and the bunkers are all natural. The course is only a quarter of a mile from the station (L. and S.W.R.) Good lodgings abound.

SIDMOUTH. This lovely little spot on the south-east coast of Devon (L. and S.W.R.) has a very charmingly situated course up among the hills. It is of nine holes with agreeable variety in the hazards. The accommodation in the neighbourhood is ample, and the district is altogether enjoyable.

SOUTH BRENT. This is a very small and quiet town in South Devon on the G.W.R. near the southern border of Dartmoor, with a bracing air. The South Devon Golf Club's course is of nine holes. The nearest station is Wrangaton, which is distant half a mile from the course.

SAUNTON. This spot is close to Braunton (L. and S.W.R.) in North Devon, and is a breezy neighbourhood. The course is not far from the sea, and, mainly, is over a sandy

soil with plenty of hazards. Barnstaple is the nearest big town, seven miles away.

TAVISTOCK. A capital place for golf and for fresh moorland bracing breezes, and long landscape vistas of moorland, even to the sea. A little way out of the town are the links on Whitchurch Down, and the game is played among the heather and the tussocks. People travel some distance to play, and there are facilities for cheap tickets to and from Tavistock by the railways (G.W. and S.W.)

THURLESTONE. This is a quiet and little known place on the south coast about four miles from Kingsbridge. A nine-hole course with striking and enjoyable difficulties. A good boarding-house is near the links, and Kingsbridge is but a little way away.

TIVERTON. This is a very enjoyable inland town on the eastern side of Devon, about a dozen miles from Exeter. The green is not far from the railway station, and the course is nine holes. The hazards have variety, including a brook. There is plenty of accommodation in the town, and the neighbourhood is a very enjoyable one.

TORRINGTON. This is Great Torrington in North Devon, and not far from Bideford town. The links are on the commons near the town, and adjacent to the station. There is furze in quantity, and much enjoyment may be got out of it.

TORQUAY. The links are in connection with the Torquay and St. Mary Church Golf Club, and are at Wall's Hill, Babbacombe. The course is of nine holes, and includes very considerable variety of hazards. Visitors pay by the day or month. There is plenty of accommodation in the neighbourhood everywhere.

TOTNES. A very charming old town at the top of the navigable waters of the Dart. The course (nine holes) is on the Exeter Road, less than a mile from the station (G.W.R.) There are plenty of hotels and boarding-houses in the town.

WESTWARD HO! The Royal North Devon Golf Club is over thirty-five years old, and the eighteen-hole links here are (on the Northam Burrows) perhaps the best in Devon, or the West generally. It is the Kingsley country, and the natural scenery is very delightful. The course is said to require considerable skill in playing, and it has produced some skilled players. Bideford is the nearest town (L. and S.W.R.) The Northam Golf Club play on these links also.

WOOLACOMBE. This charming spot in North Devon has a very nice course indeed, full of sport, good natural hazard, and all that makes the game enjoyable. The course is a nine-hole one, and is close to the town. Accommodation is good.

CYCLING.

For the cyclist, pure and simple, it may at once be admitted that Devon is not an ideal county. Neither the surface of

the roads nor the gradients of the hills admit of the hasty rush so much beloved by the "scorching" fraternity. On the other hand, the genuine tourist, who uses his machine as a means to an end—that end being the enjoyment of a great variety of scenery—will find the attractions so numerous, and so irresistible, that the longest holiday will be all too short, and he will leave the land of cream and junket with a fixed determination to return again and again. Perhaps the best itinerary, taking into consideration the prevailing winds, would be as follows: Dulverton, Simonsbath, Lynton, Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, Clovelly, Torrington, Okehampton, Tavistock, Plymouth, Kingsbridge, Slapton, Dartmouth, Paignton, Torquay, Teignmouth, Dawlish, Exeter, Exmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Sidmouth, Seaton, and Lyme Regis.

Dulverton is reached by the G.W.R. from Taunton (no Sunday trains). The railway station is two miles distant from the village; the road is level and skirts Pixton Park (Lord Carnarvon). From the village there is a choice of routes to Exmoor, the best being by a narrow lane at the *back* of the church and school, leaving both buildings on the *left*. Thence to Winsford Hill, where the visitor is fairly on the moor, on his left being Tarr Steps, and on his right Winsford and Exford. His next *point d'appui* will be Simonsbath, which may be reached *viâ* Withypool (beloved of fishermen), and which forms a convenient half-way house to Lynton. Leaving Simonsbath the road passes near Exehead (on the left), while on the right will be seen the entrance to the Doone Valley and Badgeworthy Water, immortalised in "Lorna Doone." The approach to Lynton and Lynmouth is, so far as surface and gradients are concerned, as bad as it could well be, but the reward is at every step. Lynton is a good centre for pedestrian excursions, and the cyclist will not regret a day or two, without his machine, exploring the Lyn Valley and other delightful spots in the neighbourhood. From Lynton to Ilfracombe, *viâ* Paracombe and Combe Martin, the road is still heavy. Moreover, the best of the scenery lies by the coast road through Wooda Bay, and the visitor is recommended to work this in, if possible, during his stay at Lynton or Ilfracombe. From Ilfracombe the cyclist will enjoy an easy run down to Barnstaple, and on to Instow, Bideford, Westward Ho! and Clovelly. Another good day's ride, inland, will take him through Torrington and Hatherleigh to Okehampton, one of the best centres for excursions on Dartmoor, Cawsand Beacon and other famous "tors" being in the immediate neighbourhood. Between Okehampton and Tavistock are Lydford, Bridestowe, Mary Tavy, and Peter Tavy, all worth a visit, while from Tavistock at least one *détour* should be made to Princetown. *En route* to the "Three Towns" (Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport) are the world-renowned "Buckland Drives." At Plymouth several days may be spent on sea, river, or shore. But for details the visitor is referred to local guidebooks. Following the suggested route from Plymouth to Dartmouth, a

halt should be made in order to take the boat up the Dart to Totnes and back again. This trip should on no account be missed. The ride from Dartmouth to Dawlish, following the coastline, is one of the most charming in the world. Between Torquay and Teignmouth the road is so hilly that the visitor may be tempted to evade it by taking Newton Abbot. This, however, would be a mistake. Newton is easily visited from Torquay or from Teignmouth, but the scenery between the two latter towns is worth far more trouble than the journey actually entails. From the cyclist's point of view the ride from Dawlish to Exeter and down the estuary to Exmouth is wearisome, and not to be recommended if Exeter itself can be visited otherwise. It is better to cross from Starcross to Exmouth by the steam launch (which meets all trains), and then proceed by Budleigh Salterton to Sidmouth. The route from Exmouth is exceedingly hilly all the way to Lyme Regis, but, as elsewhere, the trouble is amply compensated for if only the cyclist will be content to ride slowly and rest often. One word of advice to the visitor. He (or she) is strongly recommended to become a member of the Cyclists' Touring Club (47, Victoria Street, Westminster) before beginning to tour in this county. Not only does the club roadbook describe minutely the best routes from village to village, and from town to town, but the handbook gives the names of about three hundred hotels, farmhouses, and boarding-houses in the county, at any one of which the cyclist may be sure of a hearty Devonshire welcome; of scores of repairers, who may be relied on in case of a breakdown to do whatever may be necessary, and to do it promptly, skilfully, and at a very moderate (fixed) tariff; and last, but by no means least, of a large number of local cyclists (including several ladies), who are always willing to supplement by their local knowledge and experience the details given in the various guidebooks, and generally to do what they can to aid the visitor in obtaining the greatest extent of pleasure with the least possible inconvenience and trouble. Mr. Herbert M. Rankilor, chief consul C.T.C., Blundell's School, Tiverton, will be glad to give any information to intending visitors (whether members of the club or not) provided that a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for reply.

DEVON AS A HEALTH-RECOVERING GROUND.

The following adaptation of certain parts of an abstract made by Dr. W. Harvey, Medical Officer of Health for the County Council, of the reports of Medical Officers of Health for South Devon during 1898 gives concisely the information most visitors seek.

Excluding the special spas, health and recreation resorts may be divided into three types, the Marine, the Upland,

and the Social; all three are well represented in the county, and all are easy of access from every part of England.

As regards the first of these, the Marine, the southern coast of the two western counties obviously surpasses any other part of the kingdom, for there alone can the blue Atlantic be seen in all its phases, "in breeze or gale or storm," and there alone can sea fishing and sea bathing be attained in perfection. It must be admitted that these advantages grow as we go westward, culminating at Penzance and the Scilly Isles, but many places in Devon not only closely approximate these, but have, moreover, counterbalancing attractions that weigh greatly in their favour. The marine climate is warm, moist, and soothing, adapted for many complaints, especially those of the nervous and respiratory systems. The word spas has been used; there is no better spa than the sea, but its waters require warming to be on a par with the celebrated natural springs of Bath and other places. Few towns along the coast have as yet the appliances for hot sea baths, and as the public is ignorant of their merits, they have not proved, where instituted, to be directly remunerative, and municipalities have not ventured to subsidise them. It will not be long, however, before every seaport aspiring to the reception of visitors will be obliged to have them, or fall behind in the competitive race. For those protean maladies associated with pain, popularly known as chronic or muscular rheumatism, neuralgia, suppressed gout, etc., there is no remedy to equal a hot sea bath at a temperature of 100°. Sea trips in steamers, yachting, fishing, and boating are, of course, more or less available everywhere. Few sights are more engaging to strangers than watching a crowd of fishing boats coming into harbour, and discharging their varied catches of fish, and the drawing of a seine net, say, on the beach at Dawlish. Such a sight acts as a magnet to every visitor there, and as an electric battery to the younger people amongst them. Bathing, it need scarce be added, is everywhere attainable.

THE UPLANDS. Devon is admirably endowed in this respect, containing the lofty plateau of Dartmoor, with rocky picturesque peaks exceeding 2,000 feet in height, that forms the great central granite boss of the country. The climate of this locality is dry and very stimulating, and as such has special merits of its own. In many parts it is still a primeval wilderness, but it may be affirmed that there is a future dawning on it as a summer resort when access to its interior is rendered easier than at present and the accommodation there has improved. Along its southern slopes are beautifully-wooded and sheltered ravines, which even now attract a residential population. The elevated dell at Lustleigh is of the loveliest of these, even where all is lovely, and already a large number of villas have sprung up there, so that the attractions of society are not wanting. Another favoured spot that has a considerable visiting population is Roborough Down. This, however, the chosen of Plymouthians, is moorlike in

character. Dartmoor is well adapted for hardening the juvenile constitution, is preventive of phthisis, is advantageous in the preliminary stages of that disease, and is well suited for those who are run down by city life, or merely debilitated from other causes, but in case of actual disease, or, at all events, advanced disease, must be tried cautiously, and by degrees. The malady is sometimes stimulated, rather than the sufferer, by the sudden taking up of residence in these elevated regions. The loftiest towns on the Moor are Princetown (1,300 to 1,400 feet), Chagford, and Moretonhampstead, in a descending series; the latter is, perhaps, the most accessible of the three, but the others are in the heart of the locality, from which all parts can be explored. The little town of Brent on the main line is favourably situated on the southern slope of the fine hill from which it derives, or to which it gives, a name.

THE SOCIAL. Advantages of this sort are on every hand. All the towns have numerous villas around and within them; indeed, some are almost wholly composed of villas. The people inhabiting these create attractions for each other, with the result that gentlemen's clubs exist in every town, and that lawn tennis, cricket, football, boating, and even scientific clubs abound. The district is not anywhere surpassed as a pleasure resort, both for ladies and gentlemen. Packs of foxhounds and harriers are numerous, and there are facilities for fishing in the numerous fine streams of the county. In this particular respect all tastes can be gratified, all conditions complied with, from the solitude of an isolated house on Dartmoor to the advantages of county society, or the attractions of a great naval and military centre like Plymouth and Devonport. The Devon Council report, to which reference has been made, says on this point: "The social in the fullest sense exists in London, where the attractions of a great city, the capital of a mighty empire, where all the accumulated sights of the world and of ages past, are concentrated as far as possible in small space. Yet Devon is not without some of these, both in the historic and the modern sense, as well as in the scientific. It is not within the special purpose of this abstract to enter at length into this subject, but it may be safely asserted and strongly upheld that of all three types of places, the marine, the upland, and the social, Devon contains them in greater variety and of easier access than any other county in Great Britain.

"Closely akin to this subject is the open-air treatment of consumption, which has a great future before it. Consumption (and, indeed, all other forms of tubercle) is essentially a disease of the indoor-living populations of northern climes, and is scarcely seen amidst the teeming, semi-starving crowds that dwell in hot countries; the open air, therefore, is the natural and obvious remedy for it. What part of England is better adapted for this than the cliff-protected beaches of the coast, the warm and sheltered valleys leading down to the sea, which abound in

South Devon, or, if preferred, and if the conditions are favourable, the uplands in the interior. I venture to affirm that in a few years there will develop in every seaside resort along the south-western coast some form of pavilion which invalids can resort to at all times, breathe the practically aseptic atmosphere of the ocean (or the Moor, as the case may be), and yet be protected from draughts and fear of cold. There will, I believe, be a rivalry amongst towns as to the perfection of the accommodation thus offered to the visiting public. As regards Dartmoor, the immense hummock known as Hamil Down, 1,800 feet high, is really the highest land there, omitting the rocky peaks or tors, and there are admirable sites along its slopes, or even on its loftiest part. Haldon, too, is an elevation with exceptional advantages for the purpose indicated, being an almost uninhabited plateau 800 feet in height, composed of the greensand formation, the best and driest of soils, and is largely covered with groves of pine trees. Being under the lee of Dartmoor as regards rain-bearing winds, it rarely is enveloped in fog, has good level roads available for walking or bicycling, and commands most beautiful views of the coast and the Channel. There might, however, be a little difficulty encountered in the provision of a water supply, but this could be surmounted. It is, in my view, an ideal place for a sanatorium of the sort required.

"I would further point out that Devon offers great attractions to the scientist, especially to the botanist, the geologist, and the palæontologist. The physiography of the county in its main aspects is simple, yet in detail offers many interesting points for consideration, and the great question of the antiquity of man has received more support from here than from any other part of the world. The fossils of Haldon, the day-by-day formation of a delta in the Teign now going on, the hut circles of the Moor, the miocene lake of Newton, Kent's Cave at Torquay with its associated museum, Brixham Cave, and a host of others constitute an assemblage of its kind not equalled elsewhere. There are facilities for the study of all these, abundant literature exists concerning them, and an association for their exploration and protection where required is ever at work."

HEALTH REPORTS BY MEDICAL OFFICERS OF HEALTH.

BARNSTAPLE. The borough of Barnstaple is situated on the northern side of the river Taw, and is thus placed in a position of great advantage as regards the amount of sunshine and warmth it obtains, whilst its position on the river Taw, so near its outlet to the sea at Bideford Bay, allows of a frequent interchange of air with the incoming and outgoing tides. The population is now about 13,500. Its death rate has been continuously on the decline since 1886, and now stands at 15.52 per thousand. The

zymotic death rate for 1898 was 2.07 per thousand. The borough therefore compares favourably in both these respects with the corresponding rates for England and Wales generally. There is an abundant supply of water, which was reported by Dr. Wynter Blyth, of London, in 1897 to be "excellent, both bacteriologically and chemically."—

MARK JACKSON, M.D.

BIDEFORD. This town, from its situation on the banks of the river Torridge, which is essentially a tidal river, and built chiefly on the slope of a hill, lends itself to the system of "sewage drainage" known as the "water carriage" system. By constant attention to the sewerage, and by improvements thereto, the present state of the drainage is in a satisfactory condition; this is shown by the very rare occurrence of enteric fever. The town possesses a good water supply, the reservoirs with filter beds having been enlarged to meet the growth of the population, which during the past ten years has rapidly increased. The air of Bideford is bracing, especially so at the higher parts of the town, where building operations are extending. The climate is equable, and a ridge of hills protects to a great extent from the east winds. The birth rate is high for a town of its size, the average for the past three years being thirty-one per one thousand. The death rate (which is of more importance as showing the health of a place) has much diminished of recent years. The rate for 1895 was 16.5 per thousand, for 1896 15.1, for 1897 17.3, and for 1898 15.3.—M. R. GOODING.

DARTMOUTH. The general health of the town is very good; as a proof is the longevity of the inhabitants, there are at present a large number who were born and have lived comparatively their whole lives in the town above eighty-five years of age. The mortality for the past twenty-two years, including residents, visitors, H.M.S. *Britannia*, Cottage Hospital, and port, is sixteen per thousand. There should be at least one or one and a half per one thousand deducted from this to arrive at anything like a fair average for the actual residents. For the past year 1898 the death rate was 14.7 per thousand. Under the heading of zymotic diseases, including H.M.S. *Britannia*, 0.82 for the past year. The birth rate for the past twenty-two years has been 28.6 per thousand; for the past year 24.4 per thousand, the lowest birth rate I have known. The water supply is continuous through the year. Chemical analysis has been frequently made, and the reports always have been highly satisfactory. Great attention has been of late years paid to the drainage; at present it is very good.—R. W. SOPER.

DAWLISH. The water supply of this charming little marine resort is derived from the uncultivated hill called Haldon, and is delivered constantly. The modernisation of the sewerage was completed last year, the outlet being into and below the surface of the sea one thousand yards north of the town, so as not to interfere with the bathing places, which are in a southerly direction. Having com-

pleted the sanitary arrangements, the council will now proceed to add to those visible attractions so engaging to visitors. At present they are somewhat undeveloped, but the bathing is admirable, the rocks and beaches safe for children, whilst the low cliffs afford excellent shelter for invalids from cold north winds. Room for artificial development exists in this direction. The birth rate is low, the death rate about sixteen per one thousand, with a very large proportion of senile mortality.—W. HARVEY, F.R.C.S.

DEVONPORT. A dockyard town with extensive suburbs, bounded on the south by the open sea, on the west by the river Tamar, which separates it from Cornwall, and on other sides by the tors of Devon and Cornwall. The position, added to the fact that the ground rises in a gradual ascent from the sea and river level, ensures a free circulation of the purest air, partly sea and partly moorland. It forms a centre from which all that is most beautiful in both these particulars can be readily visited by steamer and train. For such as might find the air of the locality itself at all relaxing, there are the high grounds of Dartmoor within half-an-hour's reach, where good houses and lodgings can be had, and where residence is practicable and enjoyable all the year round. Devonport is supplied with the purest water from Dartmoor; it is frequently analysed and found to be unexceptionable; it is pleasant to the taste and soft to the touch, as it contains no lime. The death rate for the last ten years averages 16.9.—J. MAY.

EXETER. The conditions for good health in this city are excellent. There is a good supply of water, and the sanitary conditions are well looked after. It is situated on a hill or hills rising from the Exe, and the natural drainage is therefore free. The death rate for 1898 speaks for itself:

In Exeter for year 1898 it was	15.66	per 1,000 inhabitants.
In all England and Wales it was	17.6
In the thirty-three great towns... ..	19.0
In the sixty-seven large towns (in which Exeter is classed) it was	17.2
In rural England, excluding the one hundred towns	16.7

The rate for Exeter for 1898 is probably the lowest on record, and one-third of the deaths were amongst people over sixty years of age.—JOHN WOODMAN, M.D.

EXMOUTH. A very popular and rapidly-rising health resort, well sheltered from east winds, with a mild and yet fairly bracing climate. The rainfall is low. Drainage has received great attention; the sewage is carried out to sea. The water supply is excellent, with one degree of hardness. The amusements are bathing (pavilion), good beach, golfing, noted tennis and cricket grounds, fishing; social, masonic, and yachting clubs; fine promenade, public gardens, and excursion steamers. The death rate is about fourteen. There are shelter seats. Beautiful river and sea scenery prevails. A further large sum is about to be expended on works of sewerage.—ARTHUR KEMPE, M.D.

GREAT TORRINGTON. This town during 1898 enjoyed an excellent bill of health, the death rate being

17.72 per thousand, and of those making up this, thirty individuals were over sixty-five years of age, the eldest being ninety-four. The death rate for the two preceding years was only 12.783 per thousand. The sanitary needs of the borough are well looked after, and sanitary matters generally are in an excellent condition. The water supply is good.—EDWARD MORSE.

HONITON. The town of Honiton consists chiefly of one handsome street—the High Street—a mile long, running almost due east and west. It is most picturesquely situated in the beautiful vale of the river Otter, which rises eight or nine miles away, and winds its course through some of the richest grazing lands in the country, through Honiton and Ottery St. Mary, down to the small but rising seaside resort of Budleigh Salterton, where it joins the sea. The health of the district is excellent, and during the last twenty years the progress made in sanitary matters has been very great. The death rate is ordinarily much below the average, rarely exceeding fourteen or fifteen per thousand per annum, while zymotic disease is becoming of rarer occurrence each year. The town is well drained, and its supply of water when the present works are completed promises to be of the very best, both in quality and quantity.—T. W. SHORTRIDGE, M.D., D.Ch., L.R.C.P. and S.

ILFRACOMBE. Taking a period of the past fifty years, the death rates of this urban sanitary district may be bracketed with those of the Isle of Wight and of Lynton as the lowest of any health resorts in England. The water supply and sewerage are good. The soil is dry and porous, mostly shale. The average winter temperature is 44.9°: summer temperature 57°. The daily range of temperature, 1882-8 inclusive, is 8.4°, the mean daily range of twenty-eight other seaside health resorts being 11.6°. The death rate for 1898 was 13.5. The average death rate for past three years is 12.7; zymotic rate .5.—ED. SLADE-KING, M.D.

MORETONHAMPSTEAD. This district, which comprises the parishes of Moretonhampstead, Lustleigh, North Bovey, and Manaton, and situated on the outskirts of Dartmoor, is without doubt the healthiest district in Devonshire. From its altitude, averaging some hundreds of feet above the sea level, it is well suited for those suffering from chest complaints, and for those requiring a bracing moor climate. The death rate is very low, epidemics being almost unknown, most of the deaths registered being due to old age. The Notification of Infectious Diseases Act is in force in the district.—LEO V. LAURIE.

NEWTON ABBOT. This town is in many respects well situated from many points of view, especially as a great railway junction and as a tourists' centre, from which every place from Plymouth to Exeter, from Dartmouth to Dartmoor, can be easily visited. Its water supply is the same as that of Torquay, whose mains pass through its streets. During the last three years its average death rate has been

only 13.7 per thousand inhabitants, and in 1897 it had the lowest rate by far, 10.2, of all the thirty-three sanitary districts in South Devon.—W. HARVEY.

OKEHAMPTON. The population is estimated at 2,200. The average birth rate for last three years is twenty-eight per thousand. The average death rate for last three years is 12.8 per thousand. The average zymotic death rate for past three years is 0.38 per thousand. There are few places in Devonshire more deserving of the attention of visitors and tourists than the moorside market town of Okehampton. Situated on the northern borders of Dartmoor at an elevation of seven hundred to eight hundred feet above sea level, the town is well looked after on its sanitary side by a progressive town council. Okehampton is clean and bright looking, has lately been drained on modern principles, and derives its water supply from Dartmoor. It boasts of having one of the lowest death rates in the county. As a health resort it is gaining in popularity year by year, and not undeservingly. To the lover of nature Okehampton offers special attractions. Dartmoor—with its rugged granite tors, its wide expanse of moorland covered with gorse and heather, flanked by verdure-clad valleys down which the moor streams toss and tumble on their way to the ocean—adjoins the town. The scenery around the moor is by no means to be despised, even in the fair county of Devon. For some five months during the summer the artillery utilise a portion of the moor as a practising ground.—EDWARD H. YOUNG.

PLYMOUTH. Situation: Latitude 50° 22' N.; longitude 4° 10' W. Geological formation: Slate and limestone. Area of the borough: 2,462 acres. Density of population: 43.3 per acre. Population: 100,637. Birth rate: 29.6 (1898). Death rate: 19.55 (1898); average (1889-98) 20.4. Water supply: Abundant; one of the purest waters in the kingdom, piped from source twelve miles distant. Climate: Mild and equable. Rainfall: 1897, forty inches; average for thirty years thirty-eight inches. Mean temperature: Twenty-five years, 52.1° Fahr. The fifth sunniest station in England. General remarks: Plymouth may be said to be unrivalled as a tourist centre for the two counties of Devon and Cornwall, the town being served by two systems of railways, the G.W.R. and L. and S.W. There is excellent hotel accommodation in the town, and many good boarding houses. For yachting the port possesses many advantages. To those visitors who are fond of sea trips, especial facilities are afforded for seeing practically the whole of the south coast of Devon and Cornwall, as during the summer months a fleet of ten steamers makes daily excursions to all parts of the coast, also to points of interest in the harbour, and up the rivers Tamar, Yealm, and Tavy. The harbour and offing afford splendid sport to the angler, as also does the rivers Tamar, Plym, and Tavy should he prefer fresh water fishing, these being within easy distance of the town. For the visitor during the winter months ample amusement is provided, two good

theatres, music halls, numerous concerts, organ recitals, military band concerts, and frequent entertainments at the different public halls.—F. M. WILLIAMS, M.R.C.S., D.P.H. Cantab.

TAVISTOCK. The conditions for good health in this town and district are excellent. The death rate for the past year is 10.87 per thousand, which compares very well with that of any other town in the West. The water supply is abundant, and of excellent quality, and all the sanitary arrangements are well looked after, the soil being a good natural drainage.—C. C. BRODRICK.

TEIGNMOUTH. An attractive health resort at all seasons. The sea front faces south-east, but the Brimley and Coombe Valleys are completely sheltered from easterly winds. The water supply has been much improved during 1898 at a cost of £9,000, and is now ample in quantity and of exceptional purity. The main sewerage system is complete and efficient, and unremitting attention is bestowed on house sanitation. A system of sanitary certification of lodging houses and hotels has been in force for many years. The district is a very healthy one; it includes Shaldon on the opposite bank of the river Teign. The vital statistics in 1898 were: Population, 8,185. Birth rate, 17.10. Death rate, 13.81; or, excluding visitors, 12.71. Zymotic death rate, 0.37. Infantile death rate, 114.—F. CECIL H. PIGGOTT, M.D., B.C. Cantab.

TIVERTON is pleasantly situated on rising ground between the confluence of the rivers Exe and Lowman. The hills surrounding the town afford shelter from the colder winds, while adding picturesqueness to the view. There is a pure and ample water supply, which is regularly analysed, both chemically and bacteriologically; a modern system of sewerage; well kept streets; and the general sanitary well-being of the town is well looked after, the death rate of recent years being about thirteen per thousand, while the zymotic death rate is under one per thousand.—R. BLAIR CULLIN.

TORQUAY. This is the principal health resort and residential town in the West of England. There are no manufactures, and the object of the municipality is to attract people to reside in the town. Enormous sums have been laid out in roads, sewerage, and water, no less than £60,000 having just been expended in purchasing the whole of the watershed, and removing every farm and other human habitation from its surface. Other towns, like Manchester, Liverpool, etc., have obtained control over their watersheds, but it is doubtful if anyone has taken the precaution of sweeping away the population, and thus making the water absolutely free from pollution. Every effort is made to bring each house up to date in a sanitary sense, and intending residents should demand fresh proof of this having been done. The air will be found mild in winter and cool in summer; indications of the latter statement are beyond doubt. The corrected death rate is 13.1, while that for England and Wales is 17.6.—PAUL Q. KARKEEK.

FOTNES. The conditions for good health in this town and district are excellent. There is an ample supply of water, and sanitary arrangements are well looked after. The death rate in 1898 was 17.68 per thousand, which compares favourably with that of the whole of England and Wales.—KENNETH R. SMITH, M.D.

VISIT OF THE QUATUOR CORONATI.

The members of the Lodge Quatuor Coronati of London, one of the most learned and distinguished of the masonic lodges of the world, visited Devon in June of the present year, and a record of the visit has appeared in the Transactions of the Lodge. It would appear that the trip was one that gave great satisfaction and enjoyment, and was one of the most successful the lodge had ever had. The United Devon Association had been able to help in making a portion of the arrangements complete, and it is satisfactory to know that the tour turned out so well. The party arrived in Exeter on Thursday, 15th June, from Waterloo. On Friday the principal engagements were a visit to the Guildhall and to the Cathedral. At the Guildhall Mr. G. R. Shorto, town clerk, gave an address on the history and antiquities of Exeter, and as this is a subject in which the Town Clerk takes an enthusiastic interest the address was one that was absorbingly interesting, and held the visitors in rapt attention to the end. At the Cathedral Canon Edmonds, in that characteristic and charming way of his, delighted the party with a description of the venerable pile. This is a subject upon which the Canon is quite at home, and in which he delights. On Saturday, after an early breakfast, the party travelled by a special train to Bovey Tracey. The charm of the first portion of the journey to Bovey Tracey evoked hearty praise. From here the party journeyed in brakes in a long and interesting ride across Dartmoor. They were joined *en route* by Mr. F. P. S. Amery, J.P., of Druid, Ashburton, a member of the Devonshire Association, who is an enthusiast in all that pertains to the Moor, and who was able to give much interesting information. The village of Widecombe in the Moor was the halting place for a short stay, and the "Cathedral of the Moor" was visited, Mr. A. H. Dymond describing it and the many objects of interest near by. Wistman's Wood, near Two Bridges, the remains of a very ancient and peculiar wood of stunted and gnarled oaks, dating from prehistoric times, was also seen, and near here the chairman of the Association, Mr. W. J. Richards, of Torquay, and Mr. R. Hansford Worth, C.E., of Plymouth, a member of the Devonshire Association, joined the party. The drive skirted Princetown, and then to Merrivale Bridge, near which are hut circles and remains of remote ages. Mr. Worth, who follows a distinguished father, Mr. R. N. Worth, in his researches on

Dartmoor antiquities, gave a description of the Merrivale hut circle and moorland archæological remains generally, gaining the close attention of his hearers. As soon as this matter had been dealt with, the party drove on to Tavistock, and there joined a special train back to Exeter, skirting the moorland by the London and South-Western Railway, having accomplished a very considerable circuit, and having used the two railway systems that serve the county. The day closed with social festivities at Exeter, the party returning to London the next day. The members of the lodge expressed their thanks for the excellent arrangements made and carried out in good time, and to the letter, and said the trip had been so delightful that they looked forward to another visit with pleasure.

UNITED DEVON ASSOCIATION.

HEAD OFFICE: 17, BEDFORD CIRCUS, EXETER.

President: The Right Honourable Lord Clinton, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Devon, Heanton Satchville, Devon.

Chairman: Mr. W. J. Richards, Riversdale, Torquay.

Council and Executive Committee (not yet completely formed): Messrs. W. Beavis (Mayor of Torquay), W. Braund (Mayor of Bideford), C. E. Roberts Chanter (Mayor of Barnstaple and Chairman Northern Section), Geo. J. Gibson (Mayor of Totnes), W. Hornbrook (Mayor of Devonport), Robert H. Matthews (Mayor of Honiton), John Pethick (Mayor of Plymouth), Jas. Sanders (Mayor of South Molton), John Thorne (Mayor of Tiverton), W. Vaughan (Mayor of Torrington), S. Ward (Mayor of Exeter), Thos. F. Wood (Mayor of Okehampton), J. E. Bone (Chairman Urban District Council, East Stonehouse), W. Bromham (Paignton), W. P. Ditcham (Dartmouth), Geo. Evans (Chairman Urban District Council, Seaton), H. L. Friend (Chairman Urban District Council, Dawlish), T. H. Gill (Chairman Devonport Mercantile Association), Thos. Harrison (Chairman Southern Section, Torquay), F. Harrison (Devonport), J. S. Hurrell (Chairman Urban District Council, Kingsbridge), W. Kempson (Chairman Urban District Council, Budleigh Salterton), T. Kennet Were (Chairman Urban District Council, Sidmouth), J. R. Lake (Chairman Plymouth Mercantile Association), Col. Morrison (Chairman Urban District Council, Teignmouth), Robert Pople (Chairman Central Section, Exeter), G. A. Rae (Devonport), C. T. K. Roberts (Chairman Exeter Chamber of Commerce), J. Snowden Smith (Chairman Mercantile Association, Tavistock), W. J. Watts, jun.

(Newton Abbot), T. G. Greek Wills (Chairman Plymouth Chamber of Commerce).

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. W. J. Richards, Riversdale, Torquay.

Secretary: Chas. R. Rowe. To whom communications on the business of the Association should be addressed at the Head Office, 17, Bedford Circus, Exeter.

The following is a list of subscribers (according to Rule 10) so far as returns have been received:

Acock, M.A., W., the Engadine School, Torquay.
Acott, R. P., draper, Fore Street, Exeter.
Albion Hotel, Millbay Railway Station, Plymouth; Geo. Fowler, proprietor.
Allen, J.P., W., painter and decorator, High Street, Barnstaple.
Allen, T., South View, Teignmouth.
Ascott, H., hotel keeper, New Inn Hotel, Bideford.
Austin, S. A., draper and silk merchant, Bank Street, Teignmouth.
Avant, G. B., auctioneer and estate agent, 26, Strand, Dawlish.
Baker, Thos., hotel keeper and coach proprietor, Castle Hotel, Lynton.
Balkwill & Co., chemists, 106, Old Town Street, Plymouth.
Banfield, H., Dolphin Hotel, Honiton.
Banfield, D., Museum Hotel, Exeter.
Barnstaple Town Council.
Barratt, F. Layland, 68, Cadogan Square, London, S.W.
Barrett, G. R., waterproof and indiarubber depôt, Bank of England Place, Plymouth.
Barrons, Nicholls, and Co., woollen merchants, High Street, Exeter.
Bartlett, C.C., Jasper, Warfleet Brewery, Dartmouth.
Bearne, Lewis, J.P., C.C., St. Bernard's, Newton Abbot.
Bartlett, E. N., West Lawn Boarding House, Teignmouth.
Beachcroft, C., hotel proprietor, Royal Hotel, Dawlish.
Beaufort Hotel, 154, Union Street, Plymouth; J. Perkins, proprietor.
Beavis, W., the Worshipful the Mayor, Torquay.
Bedford, His Grace the Duke of, Tavistock.
Berry, S., merchant, Beech Hill, Barnstaple.
Besley & Dagleish, printers, South Street, Exeter.
Bewes, A. G., architect, Courtenay Street, Plymouth.
Bideford Town Council.
Bland, G., Gibbon's Hotel, Torquay.
Bolitho's Bank, Devonport.
Bond, J. Kinton, B.A., B.Sc., 13, the Crescent, Plymouth.
Boundy, G. L., Southcroft, Heavitree Road, Exeter.
Bovey, E. P., builder and contractor, 2, Clifton Grove, Torquay.
Bowering, Lady, 7, Baring Crescent, Exeter.
Braund, W., the Worshipful the Mayor, Bideford.
Brendon & Son, printers and publishers, West Hoe, Plymouth.
Brock & Co., furnisers, Fore Street, Exeter.
Brown, John, 8, Queen's Gate, Plymouth.
Browning, T. B., Moretonhampstead.
Burd, J. T., Cresswell, Higher Compton, Plymouth.
Burnett, C. W., wine and spirit merchant, Teignmouth.
Butt, E. J., seedsman and manure merchant, High Street, Barnstaple.
Callard, W., baker and confectioner, 162, Union Street, Torquay.
Cary, Col., Tor Abbey, Torquay.
Cary, Mrs., Tor Abbey, Torquay.
Carmouche, H., fancy goods repository, 63, George Street, Plymouth.
Carpenter, C. F., hydropathic establishment, Bishopsteignton.
Carpenter, C., Huntley, Teignmouth.
Carr & Quick, Ltd., wine and spirit merchants, Queen Street, Exeter.
Carlton, A., C.C., Devonport.
Cathedral Dairy, Exeter.
Channon, J., dairyman, Bedford Street, Exeter.
Chanter, C. E. Roberts, Councillor, Barnstaple.
Charlick, F. R., Devonport.
Churcher, G. P., artist, Highgrove, Ashburton.
Churston, The Rt. Hon. Lord, Lupton, Churston Ferrers.
Cole's Bazaar, High Street, Exeter.
Collier, Messrs., wine and spirit merchants, 4, Fleet Street, Torquay.
Collier, H. C., Castle Hotel, Dartmouth.
Colson & Co., drapers, High Street, Exeter.
Commin, J. G., bookseller, High Street, Exeter.
Cox & Sons, Victoria Parade, Torquay.
Croydon, S. A., steam laundry and printer, Teignmouth.
Curtis, R. C., confectioner, 1, High Street, Dawlish.
Dartmouth Corporation.
Dartmouth Steam Packet Co.
Davis, Hadland, draper, High Street, Exeter.
Daw, R. Harvey, corn merchant, G.W. Docks, Plymouth.
Depee, F., jeweller, High Street, Exeter.
Devon & Somerset Stores, High Street, Exeter.
Devonport Mercantile Association.
Dew, S. W., Torrington.
Dymond, A. H., Exeter.
Dingle & Co., E., drapers and house furnisers, 29-31, Bedford Street, Plymouth.
Dinham, J. C., photographer, 34, Union Street, Torquay.
Ditcham, W. P., Tremorvah and S.B.Y.C., Dartmouth.

Dobell, S., architect, Sea Lawn, Dawlish.
 Doe, G. M., town clerk, Torrington.
 Doidge, T., Bedford Square, Tavistock.
 Drew, J. F. H., surveyor, Queen Street, Exeter.
 Dunning, J.P., C.C., E. H., Stoodleigh Court, Tiverton.
 Duke of Cornwall Hotel, Millbay Railway Station, Plymouth.
 Dymond, Son and Blackmore, carriage proprietors, Bideford.
 Eales, Dr. Young, 1, Matlock Terrace, Torquay.
 Eland, H. S., bookseller and art gallery, High Street, Exeter.
 Erridge, F. B., bank manager, Bank House, Lynton.
 Evans, H., Tor, Torquay.
 Evans, Gadd, and Co., wholesale chemists, Fore Street, Exeter.
 Farley Hotel, Union Street, Plymouth; A. Routley, proprietor.
 Ferguson, H. T., Wolleigh, Bovey Tracey.
 Ferris, R. B., brewer, the Brewery, Dawlish.
 Finch, C. T. W., Half Moon Hotel, High Street, Exeter.
 Finch, W. D., principal, School of Art, Teignmouth.
 Fischer, F., Imperial Hotel, Torquay.
 Fisher, W., yeoman, Pottington, Barnstaple.
 Ford, W., C.C., Devonport.
 Fraser, M., draper, Wellington Street, Teignmouth.
 Friend, H. L., accountant, clerk to School Board, 3, Priory Terrace, Dawlish.
 Frost, F. C., house and estate agent, Teignmouth.
 Fry, R. H., gentleman, Upper Norwood, Lynton.
 Fullers, Ltd., confectioners, High Street, Exeter.
 Gamble, Cooper, and Lemarchand, Barnstaple.
 Gamlen, A. F., outfitter, Devonport.
 Gaylard, J., fancy goods repository, 196, Union Street, Plymouth.
 Geare & Matthew, solicitors, Queen Street, Exeter.
 Gibbons & Sanders, wholesale grocers, Newton Abbot.
 Gibson, G. J., M.D., Totnes.
 Giddie, W., Tanton's Hotel, Bideford.
 Giles, Wm. J., Globe Hotel, Newton Abbot.
 Goodbody, C. A., café and restaurant, 2, Bedford Street, and 45, George Street, Plymouth.
 Goss, J.P., S., Barnstaple.
 Goulding & Co., watchmakers and jewellers, 43, George Street, Plymouth.
 Grand Hotel, The Hoe, Plymouth; J. H. Stanbury, proprietor.
 Gray, H., care of G. R. Purvis, 6, Barton Villas, Dawlish.
 Gray, W., care of G. R. Purvis, 6, Barton Villas, Dawlish.
 Great Torrington Town Council.
 Green & Son, drapers, High Street, Exeter.
 Gregory & Son, Tiverton.
 Grogan Bros., *Torquay Times* newspaper proprietors, 64, Fleet Street, Torquay.
 Grose, J. May, hosier and glover, 66 and 67, George Street, Plymouth.
 Gunning, A. E., grocer and wine merchant, Wellington Street, Teignmouth.
 Hacker & Michelmore, solicitors, Newton Abbot.
 Ham & Co., wine merchants, Fore Street, Exeter.
 Hambly, T., gentlemen's outfitter, Wellington Street, Teignmouth.
 Hamling, J. G., merchant, Newport, Barnstaple.
 Hannaford, T., florist and seed merchant, Den Road, Teignmouth.
 Harding, J., 1, Higher Summerlands, Exeter.
 Harrison, Thos., Queen's Hotel, Victoria Parade, Torquay.
 Harrison, F. P., C.C., Royal Hotel, Devonport.
 Havill & Sons, butchers, High Street, Exeter.
 Hawke, J. B., photographer, 8, George Street, Plymouth.
 Hayman, B. W., draper, 40, High Street, Totnes.
 Hayser, Jackson, and Harper, Barnstaple.
 Heard, R., C.C., Devonport.
 Heath, W., and Co., opticians and photographers, 24, George Street, Plymouth.
 Heaviside, C., pianoforte saloons, 27, Torwood Street, Torquay.
 Heavitree Brewery Co., Exeter.
 Heywood & Son, drapers, Bideford.
 Hibberd and Co., wholesale grocers, Queen Street, Exeter.
 Hill, W., Manor Office, Torquay.
 Hodges, Edward, confectioner, Lynton.
 Holman, J. W., hotel keeper, Valley of Rocks Hotel, Lynton.
 Hornbrook, W., Right Worshipful the Mayor, Devonport.
 Hoskens & Son, confectioners, High Street and St. Sidwell's, Exeter.
 Iredale, Andrew, bookseller and librarian, 13, The Strand, Torquay.
 Jackson, G. F., and Co., printers and publishers, 13, Frankfort Street, Plymouth.
 Jarvis, H. G., engineer, Alexandra Road, Barnstaple.
 James & Co., timber merchants, Devonport.
 Jeboult & Son, china merchants, High Street, Exeter.
 Jenkin, R. H., gentleman, Lynton.
 Jennings, Davis, and Varnier, coal merchants, 8, Westwell Street, Plymouth.
 Jolliffe, J., C.C., outfitter, Devonport.
 Jones Bros., general merchants and contractors, Lynton.
 Kellock, T. C., solicitor, Totnes.
 King, Mrs., lodging house keeper, The Elders, Berry Head Road, Brixham.
 Lake, J. Ellett, jeweller, High Street, Exeter.
 Lake, J. Hinton, chemist and druggist, High Street, Exeter.
 Lake & Son, outfitters and tailors, 95, Union Street, Plymouth.
 Lander, J.P., Alex, architect, Strand, Barnstaple.
 Lane, H. Langridge, Commercial Union Assurance Co., Exeter.
 Lane & White, solicitors, Frankfort Street, Plymouth.
 Layton, L. A., Royal Hotel, Teignmouth.
 Lelue, John, Torbay Hotel, Torquay.

Levy, Asher, pawnbroker, watchmaker, dealer in plate, 190, Union Street, Plymouth.
 Liptons, Ltd., grocers, 24, Bedford Street, Plymouth.
 Lisle, W. R., jeweller, Fore Street, Exeter.
 Littleton, W., J.P., C.C., builder, Devonport.
 Lloyd, J. E. L., cider merchant, The Plains, Totnes.
 Lloyd & Son, H. C., wholesale tobacconists, Fore Street, Exeter.
 Lockyer Hotel, Lockyer Street, Plymouth; G. W. O. Siddall, proprietor.
 Lord, W. H., Bythorn, Torquay.
 Luff, H. G., architect, Devonport.
 Mackenzie, H., 1, Vaughan Parade, Torquay.
 Maer & Son, wine importers and spirit dealers, 18, Strand, Dawlish.
 Mallett, Major, gentleman, Torrington.
 Mann, Mrs., Kistor House, Torquay.
 Mann, W. O. C., Prudential Office, Torquay.
 Martin, T., auctioneer, Bedford Circus, Exeter.
 Massingham & Co., electrical engineers, Fore Street, Exeter.
 Matthews & Sons, Ltd., H., café and restaurant, and confectioners, 11 and 12, Bedford Street, and 67, High Street; factory, Palace Street, Plymouth.
 May & Son, grocers and wine merchants, Teignmouth.
 McGrath, Rev. H., 3, Richmond Road, Exeter.
 Meklin, O. J., music dealer, Square, Barnstaple.
 Micklewood, E. H., wholesale stationer, 46, Kinterbury Street, Plymouth.
 Miller & Lilley, timber, coal, and general merchants, Honiton.
 Mock, R., poulterer and fish merchant, Martin's Lane, Exeter.
 Morrison, Col., Rowdens, Teignmouth.
 Mortimer, John, Portland Boarding House, Teignmouth.
 Mortimer & Son, stock and sharebrokers, Bedford Circus, Exeter.
 Mostyn, Roger J., Start Bay Yacht Club, Dartmouth.
 Moyle, E. M., Angel Hotel, Tiverton.
 Nelder, C. W., Carnarvon Arms Hotel, Dulverton.
 Newcombe & Co., ironmongers, etc., Fore Street, Exeter.
 Newton, E. P., solicitor, Lawn House, Dawlish.
 Nicholls, E. O., Bideford.
 Nicholls, R., bank manager, Totnes.
 Norman & Pring, City Brewery, Exeter.
 Odell, Dr., Ferndale, Torquay.
 Old Brewery Co., Tiverton.
 Otton, W., ironmonger, Fore Street, Exeter.
 Owen, F. B., royal library and stationer, Teignmouth.
 Packham & Son, surgical instrument makers, Queen Street, Exeter
 Paignton Improvement Association.
 Paish & Co., musical instrument dealers, Fleet Street, Torquay.
 Palace Theatre of Varieties, Union Street, Plymouth.
 Palmer & Edwards, confectioners, South Street, Exeter.
 Passmore, G. A., saddler, Exeter.
 Pedder, E. J., general merchant, Lynmouth.
 Pelling, J. J., milliner, High Street, Barnstaple.
 Pethick, John, Right Worshipful the Mayor, Plymouth.
 Petter, F. W., architect, Strand, Barnstaple.
 Phillips, Thos., boot and shoe stores, 68 and 69, Fleet Street, Torquay
 Phillpotts, Capt., M.P., Cockington, Torquay.
 Philp, J. L., Philp's Cavern, Grotto Terrace, Brixham.
 Piggot, Dr., Orchard Gardens, Teignmouth.
 Pinsent, W. S., brewer, Newton Abbot.
 Pitcher, R. W., decorator, Devonport.
 Player, Geo., coal merchant, Wellington Street, Teignmouth.
 Plymouth Incorporated Chamber of Commerce: A. Latimer, secretary.
 Plymouth Incorporated Mercantile Association: R. D. Breeze, hon. sec.
 Plymouth Promenade Pier and Pavilion Co., Ltd.
 Pomeroy, E., West Street, Tavistock.
 Popham, Radford, and Co., drapers and house furnishers, 36 to 41, Bedford Street; 12 to 16, East Street; 5, 10, 11, Market Alley; Victoria Buildings, Plymouth.
 Pople, Robt., New London Hotel, Exeter.
 Pote, W. H., outfitter, Fore Street, Devonport.
 Pryor, W., Shorthand and Type Writing Academy, 9, Westwell Street Plymouth.
 Rae, Dr. G. A., J.P., Devonport.
 Rankin, Reginald, Lanscombe House, Cockington, Torquay.
 Renwick & Wilton, coal merchants and shipping agents, 53, Fleet Street, Torquay.
 Riddell, W. & K., hotel keepers, Tors Hotel, Lynmouth.
 Richards, W. J., Riversdale, Torquay.
 Richardson, H. J., Devon and Cornwall Bank, Tavistock.
 Risdon, G., C.C., baker and confectioner, Devonport.
 Robinson, J. F., J.P., Ipplepen.
 Rockhey, J. F., draper and outfitter, 50 to 53, Fleet Street, Torquay.
 Rodgers, T., boot and shoe manufacturer, Teignmouth.
 Rohrer & Sons, watchmakers and jewellers, 39, Frankfort Street, 54, Union Street, 21, Bedford Street, Plymouth.
 Ross, J. & G., tailors and outfitters, High Street, Exeter.
 Rongemont Hotel Co., Exeter.
 Rowe & Sons, Mark, furnishers, High Street, Exeter.
 Rowell, J. W., Devon Estate Office, Newton Abbot.
 Royal Hotel, Lockyer Street, Plymouth; S. Pearse, proprietor.
 Rundle, Rogers, and Brook, wholesale drapers, Old Town Street and Treville Street, Plymouth.
 Sale, R. D., ironmonger, Devonport.
 Sanders & Co., Exeter Bank, Exeter.

Sanders & Son, auctioneers, High Street, Barnstaple.
 Seale-Hayne, Right Hon. C., M.P., Pitt House, Chudleigh.
 Searle, Geo. C., surgeon, Burton House, Brixham.
 Searle & Sons, G. E., goldsmiths and watchmakers, 21, Bedford Street, Plymouth.
 Seymour Bros., tailors, High Street, Exeter.
 Shapland & Petter, Ltd., Raleigh Cabinet Works, Barnstaple.
 Sharp & Co., timber merchants, Queen Street, Exeter.
 Slade & Sons, grocers' and provision stores, 1, 2, 3, Abbey Place, Torquay
 Slocombe, F., Den Leigh, Teignmouth.
 Sloman, G., Councillor, Barnstaple.
 Smerdon, R., Wellswood, Torquay.
 Smith, Dr. Snowden, Tavistock.
 Smith, The Misses, music sellers, etc., Queen Street, Exeter.
 Smyth, W., gentleman, Riversdale, Barnstaple.
 Snow & Co., wine and spirit merchants, 11, Gandy Street, Exeter.
 Soares, E. J., gentleman, Upcott, Barnstaple.
 Solway & Co., woollen merchants, 65, Longbrook Street, Exeter.
 Somes, Mrs., Annery, near Bideford.
 South Molton Town Council.
 Southwood, Mrs., hotel proprietress, London Hotel, Dawlish.
 Southwood & Co., wine merchants, Broadgate, Exeter.
 Sparshatt, Rev. J., St. Olaves, Exeter.
 Spital, John, Raleigh Hotel, Dartmouth.
 Spooner & Co., drapers and house furnishers, 54-58, Bedford Street, 4 and 7
 Old Town Street, and 1-5, Market Lane, Plymouth.
 St. Anne's Well Brewery Co., Ltd., Exeter.
 St. Levam, Right Hon. Lord, St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, and Devonport.
 Stanbury, J. H., Clarence Hotel, Exeter.
 Stanbury, J. H., Grand Hotel, Plymouth.
 Stanfield & Co., carriage builders, St. Sidwell's, Exeter.
 Starkey, Knight, and Ford, brewers, Tiverton.
 Stevens, Dr., Moretonhampstead.
 Stocker, H., tailor, High Street, Exeter.
 Stone & Son, druggists, Fore Street, Exeter.
 Struben, Fredk. P. T., Kya Lami, Haldon Road, Torquay.
 Swansea Devonian Society (S. T. Drew, sec.),
 Sydenham, J., Den House, Teignmouth.
 Symons, Philip, auctioneer, surveyor, etc., Totnes.
 Tapper, W. C., auctioneer and estate agent, Piermont Place, Dawlish.
 Tavistock Mercantile Association.
 Thomas & Co., F., tailors and outfitters, Totnes.
 Thomas & Co., J. L., oil merchants, Fore Street, Exeter.
 Thorne Bros., Tiverton.
 Three Towns Dairy, 52, Union Street, 16, Bedford Street, Plymouth.
 Thorne Bros., house agents and furnishers, Tiverton.
 Townsend & Son, printers, Little Queen Street, Exeter.
 Towell, H., draper and silk merchant, Teignmouth.
 Tozer, J. C., J.P., C.C., Devonport.
 Trapnell & Merefield, drapers, Bideford.
 Truscott, R. D., café and restaurant, 47 and 48, Bedford Street, Plymouth.
 Tucker, L. Owen, Devon Square, Newton Abbot.
 Tucker & Co., H., pawnbrokers, dealers in pictures, antiques, 23, Whimble
 Street, Plymouth.
 Turner, H., draper, etc., Fore Street, Exeter.
 Vaughan, Wm., Mayor, glove manufacturer, Torrington.
 Vaughan, Col. E. H., Mowbray House, Heavitree, Exeter.
 Veitch & Son, seed merchants and horticulturists, High Street, Exeter.
 Vivian, Kitson, and Co., The Strand, Torquay.
 Walter & Phillips, brewers, Totnes.
 Ward, S., merchant, Exeter.
 Watson, Dr., 8, Portland Place, Torquay.
 Watts, Francis, solicitor, Newton Abbot.
 Watts, jun., W. J., J.P., The Firs, Newton Abbot.
 Way, John, York House Restaurant, Dartmouth.
 Waycott, W. J., J.P., C.C., Devonport.
 Weeks, Phillips, and Co., shipping agents, Southside Street, Plymouth.
 Westcott, W. F., printer and publisher, 14, Frankfort Street, Plymouth.
 Westlake & Son, stock and share brokers, George Street Chambers, Plymouth.
 Wheaton & Co., A., stationers, High Street, Exeter.
 White & Godbeer, coachbuilders, Gandy Street, Exeter.
 Whiteway & Ball, coal merchants, North Quay, Torquay.
 Whidborne, J. S., Hill House, Dawlish.
 Whiteway-Wilkinson, W. H., Teignmouth.
 Willcocks & Willcocks, wholesale tea merchants, Fore Street, Exeter.
 Willey & Co., gas engineers, The Basin, Exeter.
 Williams, G., saddler, Tavistock.
 Williams, J. B., general merchant, Post Office, Higher Brixham.
 Wills & Co., grocers, George Street, Plymouth.
 Wills, George, Moretonhampstead.
 Wilson, T. P., restaurant, High Street, Exeter.
 Wilton, Alderman Thos., Hawarden, Dartmouth.
 Windeatt, T. W., the Worshipful the Mayor, Totnes.
 Windeatt, E., solicitor (Town Clerk), Totnes.
 Winsor, J., dye works, Exeter.
 Wippell, H. H., clerical tailor, High Street, Exeter.
 Wippell Bros. & Row, ironmongers, High Street, Exeter.
 Wreford, R. W., Fore Street, Exeter.
 Yolland, Husson, and Co., woollen merchants, High Street, Exeter
 Young, H., general stores, Teignmouth.
 Youings, C. A., Imperial Hotel, Barnstaple.

The following have expressed their accord with the President of the Association:

The Earl of Devon.
 Earl Fortescue
 Viscount Sidmouth.
 Viscount Ebrington.
 Lord Clifford.
 Lord Poltimore.
 Lord Churston.

Lord St. Levan.
 Lord Northcote of Exeter, C.B.
 Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P.
 Right Hon. Charles Seale-Hayne, M.P.
 Sir Edgar Vincent, K.C.M.G., M.P.
 Sir Thomas D. Acland, Bart.
 Captain A. S. Phillpotts, R.N., M.P.

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